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THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A.

BY HIS SON.

Setting the Dog

LONDON

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BY HIS SON,

W. WILKIE COLLINS.

VOLUME II.

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MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

1831—1833.

Letters to Mrs. W. Collins and the Rev. R. A. Thorpe—Remarks—Exhibition of 1832—"The Skittle-players"—Country Visits—Letters to Mrs. W. Collins—Labours in the Art—Letter from Sir David Wilkie—Exhibition of 1833—Visit to the late Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.—Letters to Mrs. W. Collins—Illness of Mr. Francis Collins—His Death—Sketch of his Character—Death of the Painter's Mother—Remarks.

Some notices of Mr. Collins's professional employments, and of the social and political events of the day referred to at the close of the preceding volume, will be found in the two following letters from his pen:

"To Mrs. William Collins.

"Bayswater, Oct. 17th, 1831.

"Your letter relieved our anxiety about your delayed journey, and I trust by this time, the weather having been favourable for Brighton rides and walks, you may, by the blessing of God, have found some benefit to your health. We have been dull enough

without you. I know not what to say about going to bring you home; however, if you think it necessary, I will endeavour to do so. Write to me upon the subject again, in a day or two, and especially upon the state of your health. * * * Mr. Dodsworth continues his sermons upon the fearful character of the present times. What does our friend Dr. Thompson think of the signs afforded by recent events? You will have seen by the papers, that the French have determined to get rid of the hereditary peerage, by a majority of 384 to 86. The mob is quiet enough here; although the illness of the King and the report of a prorogation of Parliament till Christmas create much anxiety among the friends of the Reform Bill. * * *

"Affectionately yours,

"William Collins."

"To the Rev. R. A. Thorpe.

"Bayswater, Nov. 26th, 1831.

"My dear Sir,—I cannot plead guilty to the charge of neglect in not having answered your former letter, for it was unfortunately without an address. As I am, however, a gainer by this omission, by receiving two letters from you instead of one, I cannot but rejoice,—especially as it affords me the opportunity of assuring you that, not being last year a member of the Academy Council, I had no share in the discredit brought upon us, as a body, by the acci-

dental omission of your name at the dinner,—which Etty, Landseer, and myself most sincerely deplored, and which we trust cannot occur again.

"Upon the receipt of your first letter, I put aside the picture I had begun for you, until I should have the pleasure of seeing you. A slight sketch of it I now send; the title I should give it is, 'The Stray Kitten.'

"Of the two scourges now afflicting us,* I know not which is the worst; but I *do* know that we have fallen into the hands of God in both cases, and not before we deserved it; but, now that we are brought publicly to acknowledge that our trials are of his ordering,† we may safely indulge in the hope that we may be preserved through all troubles. With respect to the pestilence, whatever our men of science—I am almost tempted to say, falsely so named—may choose to *call* it, we are all certainly much deceived upon the subject; but, although whatever may be the contingencies, we cannot but suffer much, yet great benefit must arise to all parties, from the course adopted in the holes and corners of our closely-packed and overgrown cities.

"I have, since the spring, as usual, projected many *great* works. What is to become of them; whether we shall have another Exhibition at all, or whether, if we do, "The House of Delegates" will demand the produce of it,—or whether the present

* The Cholera and the Reform Bill riots.

† Referring to the public appointment of a Fast Day.

aspect of affairs in Art may brighten after starvation has thinned the ranks of the artists, I know not; but as I am unfit for anything but painting, I go on, letting *no day pass without a line;* and, in justice to my stars, I must add, deriving new delights from my calling, 'as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.' Were I not already ashamed of writing so much about myself, and what I think upon high matters, I should fairly tire you out. For the present, then, thanking you for your kind recollection of me, and most sincerely hoping I may soon see you in increased health and spirits,

"I am, most faithfully yours,

"William Collins."

Though he writes jestingly, the painter had good reason to refer to the "great works" projected since the spring, which he notices in the above letter; for this autumn the well-known cottage scene, called, "Rustic Civility," shared his easel with the arduous experiment of the picture of "Skittle-players." Indeed, during the present year, the history of his life must be comprised in the history of his works. In the general panic of the times, when even social meetings and public amusements partook in a great degree in the disastrous influences that governed more important matters; when people thought more of preventives against infection than of invitations to assemblies, and found more interest in Parliamentary

debates than in literary or pictorial novelties; the painter's usual visits and amusements suffered a temporary suspension. Thrown therefore upon his own resources more than usual, he naturally turned the more gladly to those projects in his Art which have been already noticed, and to those family pleasures which, being uninteresting to others, in proportion as they are delightful to those whom they most intimately concern, it is useless to refer to here. Of such anecdotes therefore of his intercourse with his fellow-painters and with the world, as have hitherto followed his progress in these pages, none present themselves during this year; and for those descriptions of his foreign adventures and foreign impressions, which have still to be recorded, the time has not yet come. It is for this reason that the present survey of his life will pass at once to the next season's Exhibition, in compliance with the plan of arrangement which has been adopted in these pages, to avoid the presentation of matter publicly uninteresting, viz., that of leaving all the intermediate portions of Mr. Collins's biography, from his birth to his death, to be limited and divided by the *events*, and not the *years*, of his life; thus securing, it is hoped, an equal diffusion of the incident and subject which it presents, over the whole surface of the present work.

The Exhibition of 1832, opened under the most unfavourable circumstances of commercial, political, and general depression. My father's contributions

to it, were three in number :—the picture of "Skittle-players;" "Rustic Civility;" and a small sea-piece, called "Fisher Boys."

The general characteristics presented by the "Skittle-players" to the spectator, were—a strikingly original composition of eight principal, and eight second and third-rate figures; a disposition of light and shade, harmonious and scientific; and a tone of colour, brilliant, various and true. Of its more particular merits of story and character; of drawing, arrangement and execution, a more careful and particular review is required.

The skittle-ground is the stage on which the characters of the picture are displayed. It runs up obliquely, from the right-hand foreground, to the left-hand centre, of the composition. The game has been hotly contested for some time; and the decisive moment has now arrived. Five skittles are down; and four, in difficult situations, remain up, to be levelled at one stroke, if the game is to be won. Under a picturesque old shed, which occupies the middle of the picture, and on a line to the right of the skittles beneath it, stand three of the players —a cobler, a blacksmith, and another man. The two last, press forwards towards the skittles, in their over-anxiety to witness the decisive "throw;" but the cobler is too enthusiastic about the fairness of the game, to permit the possibility of their interfering with it, in any way. With his raggedly-clad legs fixed firmly on the ground, his aproned body

bent forward in intense expectation, and his lanky arms stretched out horizontally on each side of him, he bars the sturdy blacksmith and his friend from advancing another step; while he turns his face in the all-alluring direction of the playing man. This figure is placed in the right-hand foreground of the picture. His back is towards the spectator, one of his legs is in a bending position, the other is stretched behind him to its fullest extent. His head is thrown back, and he is exerting his utmost strength, at the moment of "delivering" the heavy ball. The "pose" of this figure is magnificent—clothed though he is, the violent muscular effort, the athletic *fling* of his whole body, is discernible in every limb. The perfect correctness in the drawing of this difficult and original attitude, preserves it from the slightest appearance of exaggeration, and makes the bold nature of its intention immediately apparent to the most ignorant eye. At the left-hand side of the skittle-shed, three lads, squeezing themselves half-through the aperture in the poles that support it, and watching the game with speechless eagerness, complete the skittle-observing and skittle-playing groups. The figures in the other division of the picture, finely contrast, in their comfortable, careless attitudes, with the agitation and action of the rest of the scene; but are preserved from any appearance of artificial separation, by the skill of the composition, which, though dividing them by almost the whole breadth of the picture, from the man bowling,

connects them naturally with his companions, by the propinquity of a table, round which they are grouped, to the backs of the lads who are watching the game. One burly sun-burnt fellow, is lighting his pipe at a tallow-candle, placed on the table. A hearty, handsome, benevolent old farmer, sits next him, (in the left-hand foreground,) feeling for a piece of money in his waistcoat pocket, while he jests good-humouredly with a roguish little apple-girl, on the quality of the fruit she is offering to him for sale. Near the apple-girl, is the clumsy red-haired pot-boy of the inn, replenishing a mug of ale from his can, while the public-house dog by his side, sniffs inquiringly at the bright froth above a jug just filled. Beyond the table, and further towards the left-hand distance, "mine host" stands at his own door, giving a direction to a female pedlar and her child, at whom his wife looks suspiciously over his shoulder: while, still further, two little boys are walking through the public-house gate, with a jug of beer, towards the village, which is partially indicated in the distance. The branches of a large tree—the foliage of which is painted with wonderful intelligence and skill—extend over the roof of the skittle-shed, and fill two-thirds of the upper part of the picture; the rest being occupied by a patch of sky, and the trees behind the public-house. Such are the characteristics of this remarkable work which come within the imperfect limits of description. Of the dispositions of colour—powerful without exaggeration, and har-

monious without monotony; of the "execution"—in which finish never degenerates into feebleness, nor solidity into coarseness; of the minute study of Nature—without meanness, or vulgarity—which the picture displays throughout, an idea can only be gained from a sight of the work itself. As an assertion of the versatility of the painter's powers, its success was triumphant: but one opinion prevailed, as to the high rank it held among the works of its class. It was called, punningly, in reference to the attitude of the principal figure, and the advance in excellence that it displayed—"Collins's *stride*." But the most amusing criticism on its merits, proceeded from Mr. Collins's gardener; who, as a great skittle-player, was called in to test the correctness of the picture, as to its main subject. "Well!" cried that horticultural functionary, with genuine delight—"this is as downright a tough game, as ever I *see*!" Such a "dictum," coming from such a quarter, was to the painter as decisive a testimony to the truth of his picture, as was the laugh of Moliere's old housekeeper to the excellence of his jokes, when the great dramatist read them to her in manuscript, before he committed them to the stage.

Yet, complete as was the success of this picture with the public, so universal was the depression that prevailed this year over the monied world, that no one, during its Exhibition both at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, was willing to become its

purchaser, at the price which, by Wilkie's advice, Mr. Collins had demanded for it. Its existence and its merits were not however forgotten, when it was removed from the public view. As the affairs of the country brightened, and pictures of worth appeared, even as commercial speculations, to retain their importance as property of actual value, several offers were made for it, but still at a somewhat smaller price than the painter required and was still determined to require for it; viz,—four hundred guineas. It remained therefore on his hands, until the year 1844; when two gentlemen, each anxious to purchase it at the artist's price, came to his house on the same day—an interval of a quarter of an hour only, elapsing between their visits. The first, and consequently the successful applicant, was Mr. George Young, (an early and intimate friend of Sir David Wilkie's,) in whose collection the picture is now placed.

The cottage scene, called "Rustic Civility," was beautifully engraved in the "Literary Souvenir," by Outrim. It was sold at the Royal Academy, to the Duke of Devonshire; and was repeated by the painter, for Mr. Sheepshanks. With its perfect simplicity of subject, and its beautiful woodland landscape, this work was well adapted to hold its ground successfully, even against its more elaborate and ambitious companion. The ragged, good-tempered lad, who holds back the gate for the 'squire to ride through; the two smaller children, looking

towards the new-comer — one roguishly ambushed behind the bars of the gate, the other hiding itself against its elder brother, and peeping out with wild shyness from his side — are unsurpassed, in their grace and nature, by any of the artist's figures of this description. But the picture had, independently of these qualities, a peculiar element of success, which consisted in the novelty of the manner in which the approach of the traveller, for whom the cottagers are opening the gate, is indicated; nothing being seen of him in the composition, but the shadow of his horse and himself, which is thrown on the foreground, as preceding him. This experiment, whether it be regarded as intimating the story of the picture with equal fancy and novelty, or as a new exhibition of the graphic powers of Art, must be admitted to display that thorough originality of thought and purpose, which forms the most indisputable credential of genius, in its appeals to the attention of the world.

The delicate little sea-piece, called "Fisher Boys," made a worthy third, in the series of successful works exhibited by Mr. Collins during this year. It was sold to Mr. Burton Philips.

Having thus noticed the progress and effect of the painter's labours in the Art at this period, it is next necessary to follow him in his autumn recreations. The principle of these consisted in country visits to Mr. Greene, M.P.; to Mr. Marshall; to Mr. Parry, at the Lakes; and, in company with Sir David Wilkie, to Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton

Manor. His occupations and impressions during his absence from home will be found thus indicated in the following series of letters:

"To Mrs. William Collins.

"Whittington Hall, Kirkby-Lonsdale,
"Aug. 11th, 1832.

"I know your anxiety to hear from me, and therefore assure you of my safe arrival in this beautiful country. My journey, though much longer than I expected, was less fatiguing than I could have thought; and although my cold has not entirely gone, I am already considerably better. I arrived here about eight o'clock on Thursday, and from eleven to eight on Friday have been flying about, visiting some of the most romantic spots in this lovely place. I am delighted with my host and hostess,—Mr. and Mrs. Greene. Mr. Greville and Miss Brackenbury form the rest of our party, and very pretty pastime we make amongst us. * * * To-morrow I hope to hear Mr. Carus Wilson, the rector of this place, to whom I was introduced yesterday. He seems a most amiable man, and bears an excellent character.

"The family here seem delightfully happy—everything goes on as it ought; prayers morning and evening, and their accompanying blessing—cheerful and happy days. No dulness, no folly,—rational conversation: the beauty of the place, always suggesting the mercy and bounty of the Maker." * * *

"Aug. 20th, 1832.

"I am just on the point of setting off for Ullswater, and I hope to reach Mr. Marshall's by dinner-time. I cannot tell you how much I was delighted when I received your kind letter, just now. I see that I ought to have written on Saturday; but as you purposed writing at the end of the week, I thought it better to wait, in order to answer any part of your letter that might require a reply. I am sorry for your disappointment, and promise to gratify myself by more outward attention to all your little requirements; more inward and truly heartfelt attention to his wife, no one on earth desires to pay. So much for this little *contretemps!*" * * *

"To the Same.

"Hallsteads, Cumberland, Aug. 22nd, 1832.

"I arrived here safe and sound on Monday evening, and look forward with anxiety to Sunday next, when I calculate on the arrival of intelligence from home,—to me the place of all others I delight in, unless indeed its great attractions were here.

"At this moment—eight o'clock, A.M.—I am in my room, from the windows of which I behold a perfect paradise. The house is within two hundred yards of the edge of the lake, upon a promontory jutting out into the lake itself. This spot, much to the credit of Mr. Marshall's taste, was selected by himself as the site of the house.

"My time, both here and at Mr. Greene's, has

passed very agreeably; every sort of attention and kindness anticipating my wants. I parted from Mr. and Mrs. Greene on Monday, at Kendal, with much regret. More affectionate people I never saw; a fine little fellow, their son, about Willie's age, burst out crying during the ride, and after sobbing some time, upon being asked what he was so miserable about, said in the most artless manner, 'Because Mr. Collins is going to leave us!' The only drawback to all this delight is the state of the weather; it might, however, have been much worse, and I still hope may be found better. Tell Willie and Charley nothing affords their father more happiness than to hear they are good and attentive to their mother during his absence.—Adieu!"

"Sept. 8th, 1832.

"Your letter found me yesterday at Mr. W. Marshall's, in whose neighbourhood I had been sketching all day, so that I did not get it till six o'clock, when I returned to dinner. Mr. Marshall has a delightful house (Patterdale Hall), about six miles from this place. Our ride home by moonlight, the lake reflecting the mountains in a way 'tis impossible to tell of, either in poetry, or painting, was an enjoyment, like everything I have met with since I have left home, wanting but the presence of my wife to make it perfect. How grateful we ought to feel to Almighty God, for our perceptions of the witness he has not left himself without, anywhere; and in

all his mercies to *us*, especially. Amidst the grand features of this country one certainly feels the littleness of all 'the peopled city's busy vanity.' With this feeling, I cannot but quote you a verse from a poem written by ——, who is really a gifted person, with a sense of religion in all her thoughts, which in our whole day's sketching has been to me most gratifying. When she accompanies us, she either takes some volume of Cowper, (the poet whom properly to feel, one ought to read in such scenes as these,) or repeats from a vast collection of his 'Beauties,' selected with the greatest taste, some of the loveliest of them. Now you must not say to any one that she writes poetry—the Goths of this world would think her crazy. She has given me a copy of her volume, upon condition that I divulge to no one the author's name. As I told her that I had no secrets and pleasures in which my wife did not partake, she of course consented to my wish that you should read them, and know about them. If I am not much mistaken, you will be as pleased with the book as I am.—The conclusion of this letter I must now however defer; for here I am, writing to my wife, before I have even made my toilet. I did not go to bed until one o'clock this morning, and it is now only just eight. Fare thee well for the present; but I must first remember to give you my promised quotation—it runs thus:

'Glory to thee, Almighty! who didst make
This earth a place of beauty, and who still—

Though earth be ruin'd for her master's sake—
Dost, with the outskirts of her glory, fill
The lone recesses of her majesty,
And mak'st her silence eloquent of thee!"

"I cannot even now tell you when I may turn homewards—my kind friends still press me to stay: next week I will write again. We are now going for a ramble over the mountains. Farewell!"

"Wednesday morning. I received your letter with much satisfaction, especially as I fully expected it the day before it arrived. I am sure if I were to remain at this place for a month, I should be a welcome guest—more kind and attentive people I never met with. The great facilities of moving about, I find of the utmost benefit both to my health and professional pursuits. The weather is the only thing against us: it has been raining almost incessantly, since two o'clock yesterday. Monday however was enchantingly fine, and we were on the lake for six or seven hours. Before we started for the day, we rowed about within reach of a messenger I had posted to bring your letter on board; for, notwithstanding the eagerness of three delightful young ladies, under my sole direction and care, who were not much disposed to linger about the shores, so near home, and the surprise of the rest of our party, from the windows of the house, at our delay, wait I would; and wait I did, till I got my letter—and then I was as merry as the best of them; and a most delightful day we had. I must now however break off: for

some of the party are waiting for me; and, hoping the weather may favour our views, I must join them." * * *

"To the Same.

"Patterdale Hall, Penrith.

"*The never-to-be-forgotten Sixteenth of September.* This is I believe the first return of our wedding day, that we have been separated (in *body*)—in *spirit* we cannot, I pray, be ever asunder. This day, as indeed every day since I have left you, I have drunk your health after dinner, to myself; and am now in my own room, writing another letter to you, on my way towards home. Yesterday, I left Hallsteads, where I experienced, within two days of a month's kindness and attention, which I can never forget. To-morrow I go to Grasmere, and thence, in three or four days, proceed to Birmingham; and then home. How have we been favoured, that during ten years, this is the first wedding-day we have spent apart. May it be the last!

"Your last letter, received on Thursday, was a great delight to me. I had been riding for some hours, came home about six, and found a nice fire (thanks to Mrs. Marshall's kind anticipation of my more than expectations) to dress by, and just time to read your epistle before dinner, which made me happy for the night. As your next is the last I am likely to receive, let it be a long one—I know nothing *I* have neglected to tell *you*, except the thousand things I

reserve for our own fire-side—I never have a moment to spare; this letter must be sent to-morrow morning before eight, and I have sketching to do till four, when I have ordered my chaise for Grasmere. * *"

"To the Same.

"The Cottage, Grasmere, September 22nd, 1832.

"I had intended to leave this place on Wednesday or Thursday next; but, Mr. and Mrs. Parry, like the other *unreasonable* beings I have encountered since I have left home, will not give me up. They have however agreed to make every arrangement for sending me back—at least from this place—on Monday week; so, about Thursday week, I promise myself the greatest earthly happiness, that of returning to my family—that I loved them greatly I always knew; but how much, never till now. I cannot tell you how kind the Parrys are, and how much I enjoy the beauties of this neighbourhood; which I saw something of, when I was last in this country, with poor Sir George Beaumont, fourteen years ago.

"I have many places yet to visit; and, if the weather be but as fine as it has been since my arrival, I hope to get some useful sketches, and at least to derive much benefit from the air and exercise I take daily. Yesterday I rode twenty miles, upon a beautiful little white pony, and have been out all to-day. We have two pleasant people, Mr. and Mrs. Stinton, of Hampstead, who go with us in our sketching parties. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, wish

much that I should spend two or three days with them; but I have positively declined their kind invitation, and am determined to refuse every invitation but yours, and I hope to stay with you, until you are tired of me.

"The cottage I am staying in is perfectly unique,—the vale most tranquil and lovely; but of this anon. Perhaps I may some day have the great gratification of showing this and the adjoining county to my wife and children. All my friends have been kind enough to express a hope that, some day, I may bring you to see them and their places. They all think that I have the best of wives, but that I am too fond of her, and, (which *I* know too,) that I am quite spoiling her; but be this as it may, I cannot change my conduct to her now.

"I think you have no reason to complain of the shortness of my letters; at least, upon this occasion. As probably the next you write will be received so shortly before my departure for home, I shall expect a volume. Short or long, however, you know how I shall prize it.

"Affectionately yours,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

Soon after his return, the painter again departed with Wilkie to pay the last of his series of country visits at Drayton Manor, the hospitable mansion of Sir Robert Peel. From this pleasant sojourn, he writes briefly as follows:

"To Mrs. W. Collins.

"Drayton Manor, Oct. 12th, 1832.

"I take advantage of a frank to Kensington to send you a line, although I cannot yet say when I may return. We are quite well, and go about seeing everything that is to be seen. Yesterday, Sir Robert Peel took us to Tamworth Castle, (mentioned in 'Marmion.') To-day we go to Litchfield. Chantrey has been here, and is just now gone. He came on Monday.

"I am writing in the midst of conversation, and moreover *in the midst of the day*, so must come to a speedy conclusion. Tell the boys that there are two or three really good boys here, and that I trust they have been most excellent children.

"W. C."

A prevalence of unusually bad weather, and the anxiety attending too close an application to the study of his new subjects and contemplated pictures, somewhat injured Mr. Collins's usually good health at the close of the autumn. The bodily inconveniences of this year were, however, but the too faithful forerunners of the more serious visitation of mental affliction which was in store for him during the next, and to which it will ere long be needful more particularly to refer. In the mean time it is necessary to return to the date of his labours for 1833; and next, to notice the chief characteristics of the works he exhibited in that season.

His unwearied anxiety to diversify incessantly, his manner of making his Art instructive and interesting to the public, and his natural disposition to view success in one effort only as the incentive to attempt it in another, induced the painter to undertake another elaborate composition, which, while totally different in subject from the picture of "Skittle-players," should yet be treated upon the forcible and original principle that had presided over the execution of his last year's work. The scene he now selected to depict was the pursuit of the sea-fowl. His method of treating this subject was so bold and ambitious that a brother Academician, who was shown the sketch of the picture, declared that he had attempted to push the illustrative capabilities of Art beyond what they would bear, and that to execute such a design was next to an impossibility. It will be seen, when the Exhibition of 1833 falls under notice, that this impossibility was nevertheless accomplished, and accomplished so successfully that small repetitions of part of the composition were demanded subsequently by two of the numerous admirers of the work. In alternation with this undertaking, two other subjects occupied my father; one, another reminiscence of his tour to Boulogne, in the shape of a French sea-piece; the other, a third in the new series of cottage scenes, of which "The Venturesome Robin" and "Rustic Civility" had formed the first and second, called, "The Stray Kitten." This picture was twice afterwards repeated on commission, a

line engraving from it being also published by Mr. Alderman Moon.

Wilkie—whose temporary attendance as Court Painter at Brighton, at the beginning of the new year, made him absent from the painter's studio; did not however forget his usual interest in the projects and employments of his friend, and wrote as follows, to encourage and congratulate him. Mr. Collins's reply has unfortunately, in this instance, not been found:

"To W. Collins, Esq., R.A.

"Brighton, Feb. 14th, 1833.

"Dear Collins,—In case a continued silence might look as if I never thought of you and those about you during this protracted absence, I thus venture to break in on your unceasing labours, if only to assure you that I hope in a few days to interrupt them in another way, that I may have the pleasure of witnessing their successful result.

"I fancy how little I am doing and how much you have done since I saw you. For this year *you* will be strong with what you are getting up, while my year's labour is divided out into so many beginnings, that I shall be hurried now with any one. I was gratified to hear a very favourable account of the appearance and impression made by your "Skittle-players" in the Gallery. May not this lead to something? When little '*bits*' are in such request, have standard works no chance?

"Here, there is nothing connected with Art, and few to talk to,—particularly for one whose occupations do not admit of mixing with society. I saw a brother of Sir Robert Peel a few days ago, who was at Drayton Manor before we came, and regretted he could not stay till our arrival. Offer my best and kindest regards to Mrs. Collins, and to Willie and Charlie, and to Francis when you see him. With esteem and regard,

"I am, yours most truly,

"David Wilkie."

The feelings of despondency on the subject of his own efforts, expressed by Wilkie in the preceding letter, soon departed on his return to London; for his friend on again entering his studio, found in the new works that it displayed, the strongest arguments to convince him of the groundlessness of his temporary doubts. Both the painters therefore now recurred to their accustomed interchange of visits and advice, and both worked with their usual industry and care for the approaching Exhibition of 1833—my father, succeeding in spite of many interruptions from illness, in completing the three pictures, which in the preceding autumn he had originally designed to produce.

Of these works, the first in size as in importance was that entitled, "Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-fowl." From the top to the bottom of the

left-hand side of the picture, which was of an upright shape, run the precipitous extremities of a range of rocky cliffs, ending in a rugged ledge, extending across the whole foreground of the composition. Far beneath, and beyond this, lies the beach, dotted with a few figures reduced almost to specks by distance, and leading out hundreds on hundreds of yards onwards, to a rich luminous strip of sea. On the highest visible brow of the cliff, within a few feet of the sloping edge, and under an overhanging mass of rock, stands one of the sea-fowlers, relieved through the whole height of his figure against the sky, and looking attentively at his companion, who is descending the jagged face of the precipice before him. The position of this figure is most critical. Seated within a few inches of the perpendicular edge of the cliff, with one foot on a protuberance of rock, and steadying himself with a staff, he is attempting to find a safe place for his other foot on a point of crumbling stone and grass overhanging the outermost precipice; a sudden gust of wind would be enough, at such a moment, to whirl him over the giddy height. Below him is a deep recess in the rock, turning inwards, out of which some startled sea-gulls are flying. On a patch of ground, sloping outwards and downwards from this, stands the fowler's dog, his fore feet firmly fixed on the earth, to prevent his falling over the rocks immediately beneath. To his left rise two masses of stone, between which a boy is making his way, descending

by his hands and knees; while still further below are two other fowlers, already disappearing from the eye as they proceed in another direction, down a lower range of cliffs. At the right hand extremity of the rocky ledge, running across the foreground of the picture, stands a girl, pointing out their securest footing to the lads above her, who have been attempting "to make a short cut," while she has herself descended by another and a safer way down the rocks. The bright windy clouds, rolling downwards from the upper sky, and obscuring the sun on the distant horizon,—the sea-gulls disturbed, whirling confusedly and wildly over the heads of the fowlers,—the soft shadowy painting and fine aërial perspective of the beach and distant ocean, contrasted with the sharp, vigorous modelling of the great cliff,—the elaborate finish of every patch of grass and morsel of stone that finds a resting-place on its sloping surface, and the firm drawing and brilliant colouring of the living agents on the scene, give to the whole composition the vast, precipitous, striking character, that it requires, and make the perilous position of the principal figures doubly apparent and exciting. Throughout the picture, the power of the "handling" aids at every point the originality of the design, and dispels the obstacles to expressing height, depth, and distance at once, on the flat surface of a canvas, with extraordinary felicity. Equal to "The Skittle-players" in general popularity, this work shared its fate in returning from the Exhibition unsold.

Although the political and commercial agitation of the times was now subsiding, it was by no means yet calmed, and the general saleableness of costly and important works of Art still laboured under the depression of the former year. In 1837, however, during the painter's residence on the Continent, the picture was purchased by Mr. Bryant, of St. James'-street, passing afterwards into the collection of the late Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., and again changing its possessor at the sale of the modern portion of that gentleman's gallery, after his death. The two small repetitions of the upper part of it, referred to in a former page, were painted for the Rev. E. Coleridge and Mr. Alaric Watts; the work belonging to the latter gentleman being engraved as an illustration to his "Literary Souvenir" for 1835.

The widely circulated print of "The Stray Kitten," (the second picture of the year,) has rendered the general features of the work familiar to most of the lovers of nature and simplicity in Art. The swarthy, mischievous, merry-looking boy, and the pretty cottage girl and children, watching their chances of inveigling within their reach a plump, shy, little kitten, who has strayed, by the temptation of a dish of milk,—the sunny, fertile, woodland and mountain background, in the distant view,—and the rich soft glow of colour pervading the whole composition, were characteristics of this picture, not soon forgotten by any one who beheld them. Of the painter's two repetitions of this delightful cottage

scene, (which was painted for Mr. Holden,) the first was purchased by Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart., and the second, commissioned by Mr. Sheepshanks.

The third and last picture of the year's Exhibition was called, "A Scene on the Coast of France." The view was on the shore, near Boulogne; the figures were small, and the treatment was as fresh, natural, and brilliant, as in all the painter's works of this description. The purchaser of this picture was Mr. Fairlie.

Soon after the close of the Exhibition, an invitation from Mr. Collins's valued friend and patron, the late Sir Thomas Baring, to his country seat at Stratton Park, not only enabled the painter to recruit his health by rest and change of air, but procured him the advantage of enjoying the most agreeable social intercourse, in a house made doubly attractive to the lover of historical associations of the past, as the favourite sojourn of Lady Rachel Russell, after her husband's death. From this place, the beautiful scenery of which produced some of his finest landscape sketches, Mr. Collins thus writes:

"To Mrs. W. Collins.

"Stratton Park, Aug. 14th, 1833.

"You will be glad to hear that I find myself much better; my nerves are stronger, and the pain in my face is fast decreasing, my nights being almost as good as usual. I had, however, no idea how much I required quiet and change of air. Yesterday I rode

out on horseback for many hours, with Sir Thomas, and visited the 'Grange;' a perfect palace, belonging to his brother, Mr. Alexander Baring. I am now snatching a few minutes to write to you, previous to a repetition of this delightful exercise. I cannot tell you how much consolation and improvement I derive from my host's conversation. He is a genuine Christian; we agree perfectly. Lady Baring, Miss Baring, and Miss Maitland are our present party, and I could not be happier anywhere—*from home.*

"This is the only time that I can possibly spare to write; and I regret I can devote no more to you, for I have now to finish a letter to your aunt. I wish Frank to send here some of my prints, in a tin case. I think there is one at Bayswater; and I can bring back in it some Sir Thomas has given me. Adieu."

"August 23rd, 1833.

"I should have written two or three days since, for I am longing for a letter from you; but as yet I have been uncertain when I should leave this place. I have gone on mending pretty regularly, have taken a good deal of care of myself, and although I have many indications that I am no longer a young man, I am much happier than I used to be, and, praised be God, I am by his grace 'content with such things as I have.' Wretched and ungrateful beyond the common measure of unthankfulness should I be, were I otherwise! I am writing this the instant I have risen, for somehow my whole day is much occu-

pied. I seldom miss riding on a beautiful and safe horse belonging to Miss Baring. Yesterday, however, to Lady Baring's distress, I did; for she is determined I shall get all the benefit I can to my health, from the delightful air of this place. It is now striking eight. I must tear myself from you, and before post time snatch a moment to finish my scrawl.

"Since writing the above, I have received what I so much wanted,—your letter,—and am thankful that all is well. I have only time to add, that I know nothing but want of room in the coaches to prevent my starting for town on Monday.

"Yours affectionately,

"William Collins."

On his return from Stratton Park, Mr. Collins sent his wife and children to make a short stay at Ramsgate, under the care of his brother; whom he intended to relieve of his charge by proceeding to that watering-place himself, as soon as he should have settled some necessary business in London. This little excursion, designed to promote the health and happiness of his family, proved the innocent source of death to one of their number, and of the bitterest affliction that had ever befallen them, to the rest.

On the arrival of the painter at Ramsgate, his brother, after a fortnight's sojourn there, went back

to his London duties and engagements. In returning up the river he caught a severe cold, which almost immediately assumed so alarming a character, that his medical attendant wrote to Mr. Collins, to warn him that symptoms of typhus fever were already giving a serious importance to Mr. Francis Collins's disorder. Leaving his family at Ramsgate, the painter immediately repaired to his brother's bedside. Some days of anxious watching ensued; more medical attendance was called in; it was thought that ultimately the patient might recover. Mr. Collins then wrote to his wife to return—the chances of infection from the dreaded disorder having been declared to have diminished. She lost no time in obeying him; but, on entering the house, found her husband plunged in the deepest grief, and trying to console his aged and infirm mother. In the interval, the disease of the sufferer had suddenly and fatally increased; and on the day before, his brother Francis had breathed his last!

From the shock of this bereavement, Mr. Collins's moral system never entirely recovered. To the merest acquaintances, his brother had possessed the happy faculty of endearing himself in no common manner; to the painter, the void left by his death no other domestic tie was of a nature ever thoroughly to replace. His brother was associated with him, in his memory, as having painted by his side when as boys they amused themselves with "drawing pictures" in the little parlour of their father's abode,—as having

year by year, by his advice and approval, continued in the same position of encouragement and participation, which in those early days he so merrily and gladly held,—as having followed his father with him to the grave, and having laboured cheerfully with him, for the credit of his father's name,—as having partaken the bitterest adversities of his student life, and the happiest triumphs of his maturity in Art. It was to *him* one of those life-long afflictions which darken a bright trace of our connection with the past, and destroy a cherished source of our earthly anticipations for the future.

But it is in Mr. Collins's own words, as contained in some written reflections on the affliction that had befallen him, which have been found among his papers, that the best record is presented of his affection for his brother, and of his bitter grief at his loss. The following extracts from this document will, it is hoped, be found well fitted for perusal, as showing on what sources of consolation he depended under the bereavement which it had now become his duty to endure:

"1833. Saturday, November 2nd.—My beloved brother has this day been dead one month. During this period he has seldom, if ever, been out of my thoughts. God knows how much more unhappy I feel now, even since I awoke this morning, than I have felt since the day of his death! Why am I so cast down? How I loved him, and how good and

humble in the sight of God he was I know well; that he sleeps in Jesus I fully believe; that Christ will bring him with him in the great day, I pray: 'They who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;' and ought I therefore to sorrow as one who has no hope?

"November 12th.—This day seven weeks I returned from Ramsgate, to see my poor Frank. He was the most disinterested person I ever knew—how little did I then think he was so near the end of his pilgrimage! He seems to have had some indicatory symptoms even before he went to Ramsgate with my wife and children; but his extremely robust appearance (for *him*) after his return, gave us reason to believe that all was well. When I received a letter from Dr. Thompson, stating that he was labouring under fever, but that no symptoms indicating danger had yet shown themselves, I wrote directly, giving instructions for additional medical advice, as well as desiring further accounts. The next letter brought me to Bayswater, where he was staying when taken ill. I found that he had been wandering in mind and very restless; that he had endeavoured to leave his room, and that he had broken the window of the dressing-room, as it was supposed with a view of making his escape that way, crying, 'Murder!' and requiring the assistance of two or three men to restrain him. When I saw him, he was looking dreadfully ill, but was quite collected—occasionally however wandering upon the subject of

being in a strange house, and under an impression that a vast time had elapsed, and that all things had undergone great revolutions during that period. He talked very sensibly at intervals on religious subjects, telling me he had always said his prayers since his strange views had taken possession of his mind. As he became worse, I remained in constant attendance on him. Never was I in such misery. My wife and children were sent from home, to avoid infection; I was not without fears that I myself might be in danger (reduced as I then was by bodily suffering and mental anxiety); and I knew not what to do for the best, or what comfort to find, but in casting my care upon Him who careth for us all. Dr. Thompson kindly slept in the house; and we were both of us continually in my brother's room, until it pleased Almighty God that he should die! This heavy blow—the heaviest I ever experienced—took place at about a quarter before nine o'clock in the morning, on the 5th of October. My wife returned a few hours afterwards. She was spared much suffering, where she could have rendered no service; and I had alone to witness a scene, which none but a merciful God could have enabled me to support.

"November 15th—This day I attempted, for the third time since the loss of my beloved brother, to begin again to paint; but now, as before, I cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently. A dreary blank, with much mental and nervous suffering, has succeeded to his death and burial. God help me!

"November 16th—My dear brother was, during his life-time, never three months together out of my sight, and never out of my heart. I felt a sort of fatherly care for him, (for he was always a tender plant) as well as a brotherly love. He has been taken, I most firmly believe, to that happiness prepared for those who love God, and long for the appearing of his son Jesus Christ. I cannot sorrow, as those who have no hope, about him, or doubt the mercy of God to myself. He could have had no happiness in this world, as it is now constituted—before the times of restitution; which it would not be madness to compare with that enjoyed by those who depart to be with Christ! I do not believe myself so selfish, wretched as I am, as to wish, could wishing bring him back.

"I have now increasing duties to perform to my wife and children, to my mother, to my wife's family, and to the poor; and as I cannot perform the smallest duty of my stewardship but by the help of God, (and I praise his holy name that I know I have no other help to lean upon,) I humbly pray that I may be strengthened, and so ordered, that in passing through things temporal, I lose not the things eternal! May I be able to say—'it is good for me that I have been in trouble.'"

The character of the painter's brother was, in truth, one that claims a notice on the page, though it aroused no attention in the world. There are some

men, whose minds, unselfish as their hearts, toil not for themselves, and take no thought of treasure for their own advantage; whose ambition, admirably destitute of self-interest, centres in the aspirations of those they love, lives but for their service, expands in no triumphs but theirs; who go through the world, in the noble privacy inherited by that widest of intellectual charities, which gives its privileges with its benefits, to its neighbour. Of such an order was Francis Collins. Penetrating and philosophic, his mind improved the various information it acquired, as rapidly as that information was received. His knowledge, on the subject of Art especially, embraced, in addition to its more important secrets, all those quaint antiquarian curiosities of the science, which still remain excluded from the world, in the memories of the few who have had the opportunities and the capacity to imbibe them as he did. Strange anecdotes of the old painters, amusing peculiarities in the modern pedigrees of their different pictures, picture-dealing frauds which were publicly unknown, extraordinary plagiarisms and errors in by-gone criticisms on Art, minute characteristics of different schools of painting, were some of the more generally attractive portions of his knowledge; to which he added that remarkable tenacity of memory, which enables a man to be always prepared with a reference to the books, dates, and circumstances, connected with whatever information he affords. Yet, finding as he did, that these qualifications made him welcome

in all societies, and quoted in many disputes, he thought not of using them for his own advantage; of widening his circle of listeners, by seeking the approval of the world. If his knowledge and his anecdotes informed and amused his brother and his brother's friends; if they moved the interest and stored the memories; if they improved the conversation and increased the usefulness, of those whom he loved, they had fulfilled their highest purpose for *him*. Thus, his labours and his hopes beginning and ending within the magic circle of his brother's genius and reputation; happy in the privilege of existing for his brother's advantage, and rewarded by the constant testimony of his brother's affection and esteem; lived this amiable and Christian man. Dying, he left to all those who had known him, no remembrances connected with his character, that were not of kindly piety and natural gentleness, of various attainments and innocent humour, of good deeds humbly done, and of valuable benefits modestly conferred.

But it was not with the loss of his brother alone, that the family afflictions of Mr. Collins were to cease. While the traces of this first death were yet darkest in his household, another was soon to follow it. Age and infirmity but ill-disposed his mother's frame to bear the physical trial of her bereavement. Soon after her son's death, she was seized with a fit. For six weeks more she lingered—the object of the fondest care and attention—between life and death;

and at the end of that time expired. She was laid in the same grave where, but two months back, her son had been buried before her. The last earthly tie that had still connected the painter with the home of his boyish studies in the Art, was now sundered for ever!

At the period of this event, the MSS. from which some of Mr. Collins's reflections on his brother's death have been already extracted, is continued. Portions of it may be inserted as follows:

"1833. December 29th—This morning, at ten minutes past one, my poor dear mother was taken from this state to one, I hope, of bliss. She had been a great sufferer for the last six years; and since the death of my beloved Frank, her infirmities of mind and body had much increased. She spoke to me about an hour before she died, and resigned her breath without a struggle. God have mercy upon her, and remember her when He comes in His kingdom!

"1834. January 5th, Sunday—This day (my mother's remains having been laid in the grave on Friday, the 3rd) our solitude seemed sad indeed. Poor Frank was our constant visitor on Sunday. Alas, what a wilderness is this world! I have no relative now, either on my mother's or father's side, that I ever saw—I have buried three, and am left the only survivor!

"February 4th—This is dear Frank's birth-day—

a day on which we always made much of him. What a treasure he was: the Lord gave him and the Lord hath taken him away!

"May 5th—Yesterday was a particularly melancholy day—the nineteenth year since I became a member of the Academy, and the first without poor Frank's refreshing remarks upon all that I had to communicate to him about the Academy's anniversary. Perhaps had he lived, I had done better—never, never shall I look upon his like again! No day has passed without much thought about him, and, God help me, no thought without regret! But God only knew what was best for us both—His holy will be done!

"May 26th—I left town for Kent, on Wednesday last, and returned on Saturday; having enjoyed the consolation of passing these days amid the beautiful works of God, among scenes of peace, in the society of Christians. No other society can comfort me—the society of the world depresses me greatly. I am sadly low in mind at times, and in body weak—apt to be vexed, very impatient, not bearing my afflictions with that patience, which afflictions were sent to teach. My time is not so regularly employed as it ought to be, and I am therefore full of self-reproach—but praised be God, still desirous above all things to live to his glory!"

Here, although further details of these domestic calamities, and of their effect on Mr. Collins's pro-

jects and employments, might yet be given, the relation of his private afflictions must cease. In the progress of the page, as in the course of life, it is necessary to leave the departed to their dread repose, retaining them in thought, to resign them in action. But glancing therefore at the consolations derived by the painter, in the sadness of his first renewal of his Art, under auspices changed for ever, from the brotherly attention and kindness of his friend Wilkie, who was now more constantly with him than ever, let us pass from the observation of bereavement and grief, to the onward progress of the subject; to the new epoch in my father's life and studies, the fresh propulsion to his ambition and his energies, of which the occurrence and the history are now alike near at hand.

CHAPTER II.

1834—1836.

Pictures of 1834—Tour, and studies in Wales—Project of travelling in Italy—Pictures of 1835—Letter to Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam—Visits to the country, in the autumn—Letters to Mrs. Collins—Determination to pass a year in Italy—Notice of G. S. Newton, R.A., and letter on his character to Mr. Leslie, R.A.—Pictures of 1836—Preparations connected with the tour to Italy—Farewell letter to Sir David Wilkie—Departure, in September, for the Continent—Remarks suggested by the painter's entry on a new career.

To the Exhibition of 1834, Mr. Collins contributed two pictures. One—a fourth in his new series of cottage subjects—was entitled "Rustic Hospitality;" the other was a Cumberland scene, called "The Morning Lesson." To the melancholy interruption that his employments had suffered at the close of the last year, is to be attributed the diminution in the number of his new works at the present season's Exhibition. His productions, however, though lessened in quantity, retained all their wonted attractions in character. Both were engraved.

On the withered trunk of a felled tree, before a cottage gate, sits the object of "Rustic Hospitality." His coarse, dusty garments, his listless position, and his half-suffering expression of countenance,

indicate his humble station in life, his weariness, and the distance he has journeyed. In the middle of the picture is a group of three children, in many respects the happiest the artist ever painted. One fair, healthy little girl, advances slowly and seriously towards the traveller, carrying a jug of beer, with her younger sister by her side, who is turning to run away at the unusual sight of a stranger's face; while a chubby urchin, still more shy, crouches behind them both, taking an observation of the new guest from the securest position he can find. The children's dog, more inquisitive and less scrupulous than they, has already approached the traveller, and is relieving his doubts by the usual canine method of investigation, smelling the stranger's shin. At the opposite extremity of the picture, is the cottage gate. The door of the principal room in the little abode behind it, is open; and reveals the figure of the mother of the young cottagers, occupied in cutting bread and cheese for the traveller's meal. All the accessories of the picture suggest the primitive retirement and simplicity of the place and its inhabitants. The black-bird's cage hangs at the sunniest point of the cottage wall; the hollyhocks flourish brightly over its garden paling; the narrow strip of grassy ground between the gate and an old fence opposite, is marked but by one small foot-track, lost ere long amid the close tall trees, which—speckled here and there, through their graceful forms, with a glow of sunlight—present the woodland background of the

composition. The breadth and grandeur of light and shade, and the deep richness and transparency of colour, discernible in this picture, testify to the painter's successful study of the theory and practice of the old masters, and add forcibly to the sterling attractions of his simple and natural illustration of the subject. The original work was painted for the late Mr. Marshall. A repetition of it was then produced by the painter, for Mr. Hogarth, the print-seller; who published a clever and faithful line engraving from it, by Mr. Outrim, in "Finden's Gallery of Modern Art."

"The Morning Lesson," with its fresh, open, dewy landscape, its tranquil Cumberland distance, its "misty mountain tops," mingling with the delicate airy clouds, and its group of three foreground figures, (a rosy girl, teaching a little child at her knees to read the alphabet, and repressing the importunate playfulness of an idle boy behind her,) formed a complete contrast to "Rustic Hospitality," in treatment, subject, and composition; and pleasingly attested the capacity as well as the ambition of the painter to sustain that variety in production which is an essential requisite of successful Art. This picture was purchased, to be sent to America, by Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia. A small, poorly-executed, engraving from it was published in an American annual.

When the anxieties connected with the preparation of his pictures and the opening of the Exhibition had passed away, and as the fine summer

months approached, Mr. Collins began to feel that his constitution had been more shaken by the trials of the past autumn than he had imagined, and that a lengthened change of scene and a salutary withdrawal from the bustle and excitement of society were now the surest measures that he could take to effect the re-establishment of his health and spirits. Declining, therefore, all the invitations which now reached him as usual from his patrons and friends, he made arrangements for a tour with his family, through the scenery of North and South Wales; the attractions of which he had often heard of, but had never yet beheld. Accompanied, therefore, by his wife and children, he visited Chepstow, Tintern, and Ragland, proceeding through the beautiful scenery of that part of Wales to Aberystwith. Here, by the sea-shore, which his Art made an occupation and an enjoyment to him in all places, he remained for some time. His sketching excursions in this neighbourhood did not, however, delay him long from the contemplation of the more northward mountain beauties about Snowdon and Llanberris. With the pretty little village called by the latter name he was so much delighted, as to make arrangements for staying there several weeks. In the glens and lakes, mountains, and waterfalls around this place, he found new landscape materials for many of his future pictures; while the wild, barefooted, little Welsh children, scrambling about the mountain passes, presented a fresh collection of those unsophisticated

rustic models which he most delighted to study. None of these children could speak English, or had the remotest idea of sitting still on their chairs to be painted. Mr. Collins was, however, too experienced a student of children's natures, as well as children's figures, to be defeated in sketching them by any obstacles of this description. No tyro in the potent diplomacy of pennies, cakes, and sugar-plums,—he made models of them all. One after another, as they hovered doubtfully about his parlour-window, he lured them into his room, displayed his stock of bribes; and seizing the first position into which their astonishment or their fear happened to throw them, drew them at once, just as they were. One plump little boy was caught with his father's old stock buckled tightly about his short neck. This peculiarity in his costume obliged him to sit steadily, for his face at least; for it absolutely incapacitated him from moving his head, and kept him staring upwards with a comic gravity of expression, which the painter transcribed on his paper with genuine delight. Of all these models, the most difficult to manage was a tiny, sun-burnt, little girl, about three years old, who could only be induced to look up, even for a moment, by the painter's expedient of holding a halfpenny before her with one hand, while he drew from her with the other. She was afterwards introduced, (as then sketched,) into his picture called "Welsh Guides."

I venture to mention the above particulars, at the

risk of their being considered trivial, as they may convey some idea of Mr. Collins's quickness and facility in preparing those studies of cottage children, which, as transferred to his pictures, have afforded such general pleasure, and won him such general applause.

On leaving Llanberris, the painter proceeded to Bedgellert. Here the scenery changed. Less wild, varied, and original, the landscape now assumed a more quiet, pretty, monotonous character. Passing through it, therefore, with less delay than usual, my father gained his next place of temporary sojourn, Barmouth, without many additions of importance to his sketch-book. At this place he was once more by the seaside, with coast scenery of the most novel and picturesque order to employ his attention. Cottages perched grotesquely one above another on shelves of cliff,—a smooth winding beach,—the lofty Cader Idris close at hand,—and a noble background of clear blue hills, presented to him a familiar class of subject, displayed under a novel and attractive form. In the natural characteristics of this place, and in its motley population, composed partly of fishing and partly of market-people, he found the material for one of his next year's pictures, called, "Welsh Peasants, crossing the Sands to Market." In spite of the obstacles of frequent wet weather, he succeeded in making as many studies at Barmouth before he quitted it as he desired; for if a scene pleased his eye, he sketched its distinguishing fea-

tures in the rain, under an umbrella, as coolly and resolutely as if he were drawing them from the window of a house, or under a tranquil sky. From Barmouth he went to Dolgelly; the journey to which he always spoke of as presenting the finest scenery in Wales. Dolgelly itself, with its lovely "Torrent's Walk," its dashing waterfalls and rich-spreading woodlands, would have delayed him as long as Barmouth, but that it was now necessary that he should turn his steps homeward. He proceeded, therefore, slowly, by Montgomery, Ludlow, Hereford, and Ross, to Bath; where he made some sojourn,—ultimately returning, by way of Salisbury to London; fortified both in mind and body, by four months' quiet study and enjoyment of many of the finest beauties of Nature, which the scenery of this island can present.

On the painter's arrival at home, Wilkie, who was as usual the first to examine his new sketches, did not forget to revive the old subject of the advantages to be gained by his friend, if he would determine on a tour to Italy; declaring that the satisfaction procured for him by the home journey he had just taken would be doubled and trebled by the more varied and exciting attractions of foreign travel and foreign subjects. This time he found my father less resolute in absolutely resigning all hope of prosecuting the continental plan. One reason that had hitherto operated powerfully to retain him in England, the care of his infirm mother, had, by the bereavement of the year

before, been removed for ever; his energy and ambition, his own eagerness to behold Italian scenery and Italian Art, began irrepressibly to second Sir David's advice; and though as yet he determined on nothing absolutely, he already contemplated as probable that thorough change in his choice of subject and usual regular mode of life which, in the year 1836, did eventually take place.

In the mean time, through the autumn and winter, he now exclusively occupied himself in preparing for the Exhibition of 1835; to which he sent four pictures: "Children launching a Boat," (purchased by Sir George Philips, Bart.;) "Welsh Peasants crossing the Sands to Market," (purchased by Mr. Colls;) "Cromer, on the Coast of Norfolk," (purchased by Mr. Jacob Bell;) and "The Mariner's Widow," (purchased by Mr. Vernon.)

"Children launching a Boat" was a small inland scene, deeply and grandly toned, and of great freedom and simplicity in the arrangement. The "Welsh Peasants" were represented crossing the Barmouth sands on horseback; the sea and the hills beyond forming the background. The principal figures were women, dressed in that curious national costume of which a man's hat forms the most eccentric portion. The great beauty and originality of the lines of the composition in this picture, as indicated by the disposition of attitude in the mounted and walking peasants, struck every one who saw it,—and none more favourably than the painter's gifted friend, the

late Sir Augustus Callcott, R.A.; who, viewing the work with the eye of a kindred genius, declared that the arrangement of the figures was one of the most successful efforts of its class that the painter had produced. The picture has been disposed of by its first possessor to Mr. J. Gillott, and has been engraved in the "Art-Journal." The sea-piece, entitled "Cromer," was one of the works exhibited at the British Institution, after Mr. Collins's death. A better example of his simpler and less ambitious productions of this order could hardly have been selected than this picture, in which the delicate tone of the whole scene is admirably heightened and invigorated by the red cloak of a female figure on the beach,—one of those judicious effects of colour which the painter so well knew how to employ. In point of subject, "The Mariner's Widow" was perhaps Mr. Collins's best picture this year. At the door of a fisherman's cottage, pointing to the place on the ocean where her husband was lost, sits the "Widow." Her only auditors are the occupants of the house,—a man and his wife; the former holding his child between his knees. The mournful contrast between the black weeds of the widow and the tender brightness of the sky and sea around her,—between her resigned, sorrowful features, and the kindly and simple outward appearance of the fisherman and his wife, gives a tranquil pathos to this natural incident which invests it at once with the elements of real tragedy and lasting interest. This

fine picture requires, however, but little notice in these pages, as the public will be able to judge of its merits for themselves; the work being in Mr. Vernon's collection, and consequently included in his noble bequest to the National Gallery of England.

In the subjoined letter to Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, the drawing, the completion of which Mr. Collins announces, was the scene at Blair Adam, which has been before mentioned as jointly undertaken, as a gift to the owner of that estate, by Sir David Wilkie and himself, (the former supplying the figures, and the latter the landscape,) when they were enjoying his hospitality in 1822. The notice of their visit will be found at the date of its occurrence; and the explanation of Mr. Collins's delay in the performance of *his* part of their engagement is contained in the following letter:

"To the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam.

"Bayswater, June 1835.

"My Lord,—I am conscious that none of the usual apologies for delay will answer *my* purpose, for the length of time your drawing has been in hand. Some few things I might offer, by way of extenuation; I will, however, acknowledge at once, that I am perfectly ashamed of my procrastination. All, under the circumstances, that I could do, has now at length been done; and I have used the little power I possess, in the department of *organ-blower* to one of my friend Wilkie's most tasteful little *airs*. And

proud I confess I feel, even in this subordinate situation, in being coupled with so gifted an artist, in perhaps the only joint work he was ever engaged upon.

"Most sincerely trusting your lordship may be blesssed with all happiness, and with my best compliments to Miss Adam,

"I remain, my lord,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

At the close of the Exhibition, the painter visited Sir Thomas Baring, Sir George Philips, Lord Northwicke, and Lord King, at their different country seats. The following letters, describing the kindness of his reception everywhere, and the quiet, rural expeditions and easy enjoyments, afforded by the country and the society around him, will be found strongly contrasted in subject, by the thronging and varied impressions of foreign travel and foreign Art, which occupy the next series of his epistolary communications, when away from home:

"To MRS. COLLINS.

"Stratton Park, August 19th, 1835.

"I write to-day, as I think we had agreed I should do so. I have only to say that my journey was pleasant and my reception kind; that my teeth are quite comfortable, and my spirits pretty good.* I am

* He had been lately under the care of his friend, Mr. Cartwright, the dentist, with a painful disorder in a decayed tooth.

obliged to give you a short letter, as I am engaged on a sketch which I much wish to finish. Indeed, if I had time, I have nothing to tell you which would interest a dutiful wife so much, as what I have already written. We have much company here, and everything is conducted in the most delightful manner. Though seldom alone, I am often dull. Mr. Henry Wells is here: his father's farm, a very extensive one, at Birkly, you will have heard, perhaps, has been burnt down—no doubt by incendiaries." * * *

"Stratton Park, August 28, 1835.

"Your letter gave me much comfort, so does the thought of returning; which, God willing, I hope to do to-morrow. I have been much in company, and have been sketching a great deal; but all will not do —dull I am, and dull I fear I shall be, until I find myself in the same house with those it has pleased God to spare for my comfort. Tell the dear children that the only way they can serve their parents, is to obey them in all things: let Charley find out the passages in Scripture where this duty is most strongly insisted on, and write them down for me.

"Ever yours,

"William Collins."

Shortly after his return from Sir Thomas Baring's, my father again left home, to comply with an invitation from Sir George Philips—from whose house he writes thus:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Weston House, near Chipping Norton,
"September 25th, 1835.

"It has just struck eight, and I take the earliest opportunity at this hour of the morning, to have a little chat with you. To begin then, as you always desire, at the beginning. I arrived at Kensington half an hour before the coach made its appearance—the journey concluded soon after four: I found the house here most magnificent, standing upon an eminence surrounded by beautifully wooded hills, and a highly cultivated country in every direction. Notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of the weather, especially when I first looked out of my window on the morning after my arrival, the day turned out very fine; so I rode on horseback, as you desired, about ten or a dozen miles, between lunch and dinner—which is here, as everywhere else, after seven. This of course makes bedtime very late—half-past twelve at least. Last night I slipped off at half-past eleven; and this plan I must pursue, or I foresee I shall 'knock up.' The party staying here is very large, very clever, and very agreeable—especially the ladies, who form the majority. Of course the excitement is considerable, and my only defence is getting to bed before midnight. I promise you I will take care of myself, as you desired; and in this, and all other matters, reverse the order of things and obey my wife!

"Our present party consists of Mrs. Sharp, and

Miss Kinnaird—who both inquired very kindly after you; and Lord and Lady King, (she is the celebrated *Ada* of poor Lord Byron, and is really a most delightful and simple-minded creature;) her husband is a man of much observation, and both of them are, apparently, without an atom of pride.

"Thus much I was able to write before breakfast: since then I have had a magnificent ride of twelve miles, with Mr. G. Philips and Lord King, and am now returned to finish your letter. As the day is one of the most beautiful I ever saw, I shall get out of doors again, as soon as I can, so the rest of our party must be described in some future letter. Sir George and Lady Philips insist upon my staying till Saturday week. They have written to Lord Northwick, to ask him to come here for a few days next week; and if he is going to his place in this neighbourhood, I can then accompany him."

"Weston House, September 29th, 1835.

"I do not much like the idea of going on to Staffordshire, but am unable to say what I shall do, until I hear from Lord Northwick. I cannot help longing for home, although I am so pleasantly spending my time—as pleasantly as the kindest friends, sprightly young ladies, and all the gaieties of this life can make me. I flatter myself that the idle life I am leading, will please *you*, and perhaps make *me* stronger; and therefore, I am determined to make the best of it. I feel convinced by this time, that I

am not what I have been accustomed to think myself —an idle fellow!

"Lord and Lady King left us this morning. I have promised to go to them next month, for a few days, at Ockham, near Ripley in Surrey. Colonel and Mrs. Webster have been staying here, and a most agreeable family—Lady Waterpark and the two Miss Cavendishes. Dr. Roget, and our Hyde-park Corner friends, are still with us; Mr. Spring Rice comes on Wednesday: and so you see we go on merrily enough—but, as you know, I am getting old!"

"Weston House, October 4th, 1835.

"Perhaps you may have been expecting to hear from me before, and I hardly know why I did not write to you a day or two since. Although my time is fully occupied by day, and bedtime here is so late, I certainly could have scratched a line, for the purpose of repeating what *you* like so much to hear, and *I* so much to say—that you become dearer to me every day.

"We have lately added to our party the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose conversational powers are so great, that the excitement of our days and nights is much increased; and I own that I go to bed not only very late, but without much inclination to go at all. I will, however, behave more prudently in this matter. We purpose going over to Northwick Park on Tuesday, the 6th; where I am to be left. Whether I shall stay there more than two or

three days I cannot say. The weather, though unfavourable, has seldom interfered with my rides; so you see I still continue to attend to my health. I think I must give up the idea of going into Staffordshire for this season, as I must get to work after all this idleness, and the days are too short for much out of doors' work, and too cold even were they longer.

I never recollect spending a more agreeable time, whenever I have been absent from home;—so much good-humour, so much kind attention, and so entire an absence of selfishness as our whole party exhibit, is certainly rare. We have been getting up some capital *Tableaux Vivans*, which have made a great stir; and when you see a little favourite of mine in London, you will acknowledge that our principal figure had some attractions. We found a ready and useful figure, also, in a very pleasant member of our circle, who has just left us—the Solicitor-General. So here, you see, I am in the midst of the Whig ministry; and if pleasant manners, and an entire absence of the would-be great man, could convert me from my Toryism, I should soon change my politics. I think I am already neutralizing. '*Big-wiggism*,' you know, I always had a contempt for.

"I sincerely trust I shall find the children all I can wish, when I come home again. Thank God, my trust in his mercy and pity is great; at this season, however, and on one subject, I lean too much

to the gloom I am so prone to.* God only can help me, in this or any other matter. Pray for me.

"Yours ever,

"William Collins."

Inclosed in the above letter was one from my father, which I shall next venture to insert, as assisting in that elucidation of his personal character which so many passages in his communications to his family have, I trust, already contributed to effect, and which it is not for me to endeavour to impress on the reader from my own convictions, or in any other manner less thoroughly testifying of impartiality than that of leaving him to unfold his own disposition, by the most unerring criterion for the judgments of others—his letters to home:

"To William Wilkie and Charles Collins."

"Weston House, Sunday morning.

"Dear Willy and Charley,—Your mother's account, in her last letter, of you both, pleased me much. Go on praying to God, through Jesus Christ, to enable you, by his Holy Spirit, to be blessings to your parents; and then you must be happy. Both your letters were well written, and I was delighted to hear you were pleased with the holiday you had on Michaelmas-day. I have made only a few sketches, —one of them, however, will, I think, please you

* This letter was written at the period of the year which was associated with the recollection of his brother's fatal illness.

both. It is a drawing of a large gray horse, which was brought to me from the plough. The drawing occupied my time, I dare say, four hours. The horse is evidently of the Flanders breed, and I know Charley always likes to see horses of that class. I think I shall have it framed, and make a present of it to my own Charley. I have a sketch of a water-mill, which I rode many miles yesterday to make, and which, if Willy should take a fancy for, I shall have framed and give to him.

"And now, my dear boys, I must leave you, and prepare for going to church, (which we have here in the afternoon,) where I shall pray for my two children and their mother, as well as for all the world besides.

"One of the prettiest little robin redbreasts is now singing to me on the balcony of my bedroom, where I am writing. This is as much as to say,—'Come, my master! suppose you go home to your good people at Bayswater; for you know I am not fond of chirping about in this way, until the sharp mornings of October teach me to cultivate my acquaintance with your strapping fellows, who have so many crumbs that are of no use to you, and which you know we robins consider a great treat!'

"A pretty *long* letter, methinks, for two such *short* fellows! However, I never regret any trouble I may have in doing anything for good boys.

"From your affectionate father,

"William Collins."

From Weston House the painter proceeded to Northwick Park, whence his letters thus continue:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Northwick Park, Oct. 8th, 1836.

"I just steal a moment to say that I arrived here on Tuesday, that I am quite delighted with the very great beauty of this place, and the kindness of its elegant owner, with whom I have engaged to ride over to Lord Redesdale's. I think I shall leave Northwick on Monday, if the weather be fine, go to Worcester, stay in that neighbourhood one day, and then, please God, return to 'sweet home.'

"I think I am better in health, both of body and mind, than I have been for some time. Sir George and Lady Philips are to be invited here on Saturday. Roberts and Fraser arrived last night; and these, with a Mr. Lane, a nephew of Lady Stepney's, make our party. Write to me, not later than Saturday. If you should see Wilkie, give him my kindest regards, and tell him we often talk about him. I long to see what he has been able to make of his visit to Ireland.

"Affectionately yours,

"William Collins."

A visit, after quitting Northwick Park, to the seat of Lord King, closed Mr. Collins's excursions into the country, during this autumn. On his return to Bayswater, the subject of the journey to Italy was

again revived; and on this occasion, not without producing some positive effect. Although as yet undecided about the precise time of his departure, his long-cherished convictions of the pleasure and advantage that would accrue to him from the proposed tour, had by this time become so much strengthened, as to determine him on taking the earliest opportunity—in the next autumn, if it were possible—of passing a year at least in Italy. A decision being thus arrived at, he now set himself seriously—while the many minor preparations for his projected journey were still under consideration—to achieve a parting success, in his old range of subjects, at the next season's Exhibition, before he quitted the sojourn of his native country, for his studies on foreign shores.

Leaving the important pictures which his labours of this year produced, to be noticed at the period when they were exhibited to the public, it is necessary, in inserting a letter now about to be subjoined, to remark, that the subject of it—Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A.—had been, for a long period, one of Mr. Collins's most valued transatlantic friends, and most admired brother painters. Favourably known to the lovers of grace and tenderness in Art, among the public, by his pictures from Shakespeare, Molière, etc., etc., and by his exquisite illustrations of female character; and among his friends by his wit, vivacity, and professional knowledge; this accomplished painter was afflicted with sudden insanity in

the maturity of his powers. It became immediately necessary to place him under medical care. While he was at the Asylum to which he had been removed, Mr. Collins, and his old friend and fellow Academician Mr. Leslie, visited him; and found him still partially deranged—but shortly afterwards, he became reasonable and resigned. This sudden tranquillity proved however, not a harbinger of recovery, but an omen of death! He breathed his last, a few days afterwards, on the 13th August, 1835. Some months subsequent to his decease, when a biography of him was projected, Mr. Collins wrote to Mr. Leslie the letter now presented, on the genius and character of their departed friend:

"To C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A.

"Porchester-terrace, Bayswater,
"February 24th, 1836.

"My dear Leslie,—I regret much that, until this morning, my promise to write to you never once occurred to me; but I know you will excuse me, when you recollect that every evening since we met, has been devoted to the Academy.

"With respect to our lamented friend Newton, I feel anxious to mention a few general impressions of his character; especially because when I first became acquainted with him, nearly twenty years since, I certainly did not estimate him as I have since been fully persuaded he deserved. It appears to me that his vivid conception of character, and his ex-

ceedingly ready, happy, and often absolutely witty way of expressing himself, were calculated to lead those who did not intimately know him, to charge him with want of heart; I am happy however to say, that I sincerely believe him to have been a most estimable creature. To my late excellent brother—who lived near him, and saw a great deal of him—he was exceedingly kind, did everything in his power to serve him, and upon his lamented death, in the autumn of 1833, wrote me a letter which I shall ever highly prize. How little did I then anticipate that poor Newton was so soon to follow the friend, whose loss he had so feelingly and so lately deplored!

"Of his genius as a painter, I can speak with the highest admiration. Taste, that undefinable natural gift, pervaded everything he did. His conception of a subject was always judicious; his feeling for character and expression so nice, that he never degenerated into mannerism, or caricature. His *chiaroscuro* was conducted with great breadth, and was always in unison with the sentiment he desired to convey; and, above all, his talent as a colourist, was unexceptionable; not only as respected the general arrangement of colour and tone, but in the happy choice and delicate contrast of his local colours and broken tints. In some of his female figures, the flesh seemed to be an union of the beauties of Vandyke and Watteau—witness his 'Jessica,' especially. The 'Portia and Bassanio,' I saw a short time ago, with our friend Wilkie, in the collection of Mr.

Sheepshanks; and we were much struck with the beauty of its tone, and its other high qualities. I know no one more sensible of poor Newton's merits, than Wilkie, whose great sincerity and sound judgment, you will agree with me, renders his praise truly valuable. Indeed, the painters, I think I may say without exception, unite in deploring the great loss the English school has sustained in the death of Newton. That he should have been taken from us in his vigour as an artist, and at a time when he seemed to have attained everything that could be desired in the most interesting relations of private life, is another lesson for us all. To *her* who loved him most, how great a blessing must it be, under her bereavement, to know that it pleased God to restore to him his faculties, previous to his death; and that the remnant of his time on earth should have been devoted so entirely to Him, who in mercy produced so wonderful and so unexpected a change.

"When you write to Mrs. Newton, pray offer her my sincere regards, as well as those of my wife; and believe me, my dear Leslie,

"Yours most faithfully,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1836, contained three pictures by my father—the last new efforts the public were to see by his hand, for the next two years. A sea-piece and two cottage scenes, composed these farewell offerings, in two styles which he had

now made widely popular, for more than twenty years. The sea-piece, the incident of which was naturally suggested by the painter's own situation at the time it was composed, was appropriately called "Leaving Home." The two cottage scenes, were the well-known pictures of "Sunday Morning," and "Happy as a King."

In "Leaving Home," a family are descending the steps of a pier that runs out some distance into the sea, and are preparing to enter a fishing-boat, the sail of which is already set for the departure. The bright, airy colouring of the scene; the buoyancy of the water, as it dances round the old pier; the delicate painting and natural sentiment of the figures descending to embark; the bold attitude of the lad in the fishing-boat, "holding on" by a boat-hook to the steps of the jetty; all display the thorough individuality, which is the attractive characteristic of the artist's works of this class. The picture was engraved in the line manner, and was purchased by Mr. Jacob Bell. Of the painter's two cottage scenes of this year—both familiar to the lovers of Art by the widely-circulated prints from each—it may safely be observed, that as the closing productions in the series of rustic subjects which he had now for some years exhibited, they rivalled, in vigour and felicity of treatment, any of their predecessors. "Sunday Morning," breathes throughout the spirit of the beautiful poem by Herbert, which is the motto of the picture. A pretty cottage, with honeysuckles

and creepers growing over its walls; an aged woman descending the steps between her son and daughter; a quiet old white horse waiting in the road to carry her; neat happy children grouped around the animal —the youngest of them trying to feed him with an apple; a winding avenue of great trees, with the lane beneath them dappled with spots of the pure sunlight from above; the village clergyman and his congregation walking quietly towards the church, whose white spire is seen in the distance—such are the simple materials of the picture, and over each and all of them the same pure and peaceful sentiment presides. In the most trivial, as in the most important objects of the composition, the resources of Art are used with equal skill and equal power, to produce that impression of mild religious tranquillity, which the successful treatment of the subject demands; and which makes this picture at once an eulogium on the humble piety of the English peasant, and a homily on the reverence that is due to the Christian's Sunday.

It happened that "The Peep-o'-Day-Boy's Cabin" —that powerful delineation, by Wilkie, of the home condition of the murderous Irish peasant—was exhibited in the same year as his friend's representation of the peaceful "Sunday Morning" of the English cottager. The striking pictorial contrast between the subjects of these two works, suggested immediately that social contrast between the poor of the two nations, in which the pictures of Collins and Wilkie

had respectively originated; and was thus justly noticed by one of the newspapers of the day, in language which is unfortunately as applicable to the political part of the subject at the present moment as it was at that time.

After noticing the subject of Wilkie's picture, (the "Peep-o'-Day Boy" sleeping in his rags, while his famished wife listens at the door of his hut to another woman's tidings of his fellow-ruffians, from the hills,)—in terms of high and well-merited commendation, the critic proceeds:—"Let the lovers of agitation 'look on this picture and on this,'—Mr. Collins's 'Sunday Morning,' just by; an equally true delineation of an English cottage, of the same class of agricultural day-labourers as the inhabitants of the Irish cabin. * * * Such as Mr. Wilkie has depicted is the Irish cabin: such as Mr. Collins, with as true a pencil, has depicted, is the English cottage. Such, also, are the inhabitants of the one; and such, also, are the inhabitants of the other. Agitation, treason, murder, crowd the one; quiet, peace, content,—yea, even in poverty,—encompass the other. A quotation from one of O'Connell's speeches would be a worthy motto for the one; and for the other Mr. Collins has aptly chosen, from the poems of George Herbert, the following sweet and appropriate lines:

'Oh day, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;

The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.'"

The purchaser of "Sunday Morning" was the late Mr. George Knott; to whom it was sold for two hundred guineas. At the sale of his collection, after his death, it was bought by Mr. George Bacon, of Nottingham, for two hundred and eighty guineas,—a price amply proving the high estimation in which it was held by the world of Art. Those who have not seen the picture, cannot hope to become acquainted with any of its higher merits by the engraving executed from it in mezzotint, which is by no means a satisfactory transcript of the original work.

But little description is wanted to recall to most of my readers the picture of "Happy as a King." The extraordinary *reality* of the composition is enough of itself to fix it on the recollection. You seem to hear the shouts of the boys and the girl, swinging on the rails of the old gate; the barking of the dog, galloping after the lad who is pushing it; the screaming of the child, who has been heedlessly knocked down by the rest, at the moment of the start. You catch the infection of the ecstatic delight of the ragged little monarch of the party, perched, happy as a king, on the topmost rail of the gate, and kicking his shoe off in the intensity of his triumph. These noises, which you almost hear, and this action which you almost partake, are no mean agents in impressing the picture

with unusual vigour on the memory; strongly supported, too, as are the merits of its subject, by the attractive accessories of the composition, by its beautiful lane background, its sweet play of light, and its rich harmony of tone and colour. The merit of discovering its thoroughly appropriate title, belongs to Wilkie, who, finding his friend in some perplexity on the subject, and hearing from him the anecdote of the country boy, (who wished to be a king, that he might "swing upon a gate, and eat fat bacon all day long,") by which the picture was first suggested, immediately declared that he should call it, "Happy as a King." Both the work and the title won their way to popularity at once. Critics jovially apostrophised the picture, rather than sedately judged it; and poets complimented it in copies of verses which I find still preserved among the artist's papers. The picture was originally sold to Messrs. Finden; but is now in the possession of Mr. Clough, of Liverpool. A repetition of it, by the painter, (exhibited at the British Institution after his death,) is in the collection of Mr. Vernon; and will, therefore, like "The Mariner's Widow," of the Exhibition of 1835 —be placed where it can be viewed by all classes, as a public possession in the National Gallery. The line engraving from it, vigorously and faithfully executed, was published by Messrs. Finden.

Such were the works with which Mr. Collins took his leave, for a time, of the English public, by whom his genius had been justly appreciated and kindly

welcomed, and to vary whose sources of pleasure from his pencil, he was now about to enter on a new course of study among the wonders of Nature and Art in another land.

From the opening of the Exhibition to the day of his departure, whatever time the painter could spare from his labours over some commissioned pictures, which it was necessary that he should complete before he left England, was amply occupied in the preparations necessary to his journey. The usual business arrangements requiring settlement in the case of every one about to quit home for any length of time, were, in his situation, rendered doubly complicated by the existence of his large and valuable collection of sketches and partly-designed pictures, for which it was requisite to find a safe asylum during his absence. While he was still in some perplexity on this subject, he was most fortunate in meeting with a gentleman, willing to take his house furnished, for a year, or more than a year; who, as a warm admirer of Art in general, and of his own pictures in particular, was glad to become the guardian of his works, for the sake of enjoying them, as ornaments to the abode he was soon to inhabit. This difficulty thus satisfactorily settled, all the minor preliminaries of the journey soon moved merrily onward. Sketch-books and camp-stools, colour-boxes and canvasses were rapidly "cleared for action." Letters of introduction, manuscript hints for travellers, and first-rate routes, projected in every conceiv-

able direction by obliging friends, flowed smoothly and continuously in. Wilkie, who was in as high spirits as if he were setting out on the journey himself, after deploring with humorous resignation the interruptions that would happen to his friend's studies, through his arrangement to make his family the companions of his tour, poured forth all his sources of continental information; now instructing the painter on the pictures he must particularly observe,—now amusingly describing the peculiarities of the different classes of artists whom he would meet on his travels. And, finally, Madame Stark's "Handbook"—then the same "guide, philosopher, and friend" of tourists in Italy that Murray's is now —was consulted and re-consulted as the future Delphic oracle of the party, from the morning of the departure to the evening of the return.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins was not idle in his professional vocation. The pictures he had been commissioned to paint were, by the beginning of September, completed and sent home. They were,—a small view of "Bayham Abbey," for Mr. Sheepshanks; a repetition of "Happy as a King," for Mr. E. Finden, to be engraved; and portraits of the three daughters of Mr. George Philips, M.P., charmingly painted as a scene from "Little Red Ridinghood." None of these pictures were exhibited.

The last letter by the painter, before his departure, was written to take leave of Sir David Wilkie, who was then travelling in Devonshire. It is as follows:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Bayswater, Sept. 8th, 1836.

"Dear Wilkie,—We were much pleased to find by your kind letter, that you have been enjoying yourself in the midst of perhaps the finest scenery in England. Clovelly is certainly unique. I hope you remained there long enough to see it, both from the heights above, and from the beach below. With respect to our own movements, we find that the plan we first formed has not been superseded by any of the numerous suggestions which have come before us; and we intend, God willing, to leave this place on Wednesday next, and proceed to Paris, and, after staying a week there, make the best of our way to the Mediterranean coast, where I expect to find much to interest me; and then, with the information we may obtain there, to form plans for further proceedings.

"Since I saw you, I have completed both the pictures you mention; and the portraits were yesterday sent to Weston.* My time has been, and is now, fully occupied in making arrangements about future communications with London, putting away the multitude of sketches, hanging up pictures with a view to their preservation, etc., etc. Harriet, too, has her hands full; but we hope soon to be at large. The meeting you could not attend at the Academy was a short and a small one, but most important,—as

* The portraits of the daughters of Mr. Philips, before referred to.

evinced by the President's relation of the kind interest the King takes in our affairs, as well as by his Majesty's signature, with the word 'approved,' to the address sent him. This now becomes a document which the Academy may find, at some future time, most useful.

"And now, my dear Sir David, having come nearly to the end of my paper, and fearing that I shall not have an opportunity of personally taking my leave of you, it remains that I should say adieu. It may be long before we meet again. God bless and prosper you! Many, many thanks for all your kind words and kind acts to me and mine—they will not easily be erased from our hearts.

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

Some delay occurred to protract the time of departure, as mentioned by the painter in the above letter; and it was not till the 19th of September that he and his family set forth at last for Paris, on their way to Italy.

Here the second epoch in Mr. Collins's life terminates. Before we enter on the third, it may not be uninstructive or uninteresting to revert for a moment to the first. It will be remembered that we left him at that period of his career in a position of no ordinary trouble and no easy responsibility. He had then struggled through the difficulties entailed

on his family by his father's premature death, to no ultimate purpose; and had laboured meritoriously in his profession with no proportionate reward; for it was in poverty and ill-fortune that he journeyed to Hastings, with borrowed money, to depend on his own genius for the future happiness or misery of his after life. At that first period of his career, we left him struggling upwards in his Art, through adversity and doubt, bravely labouring to widen his reputation and to sustain his sinking household; warmly befriended by one or two patrons of Art, and but little considered as yet by the rest. At this second epoch in his life, we leave him in the possession of competence, and in the enjoyment of success: quoted, wherever painting is studied, and known wherever it is beloved in his country; favoured by the patronage of the illustrious and the wealthy, and honoured by the friendship of the greatest and best men of his day—a striking contrast, in the prosperity of his mature age, to the adversity of his youth; and knowing that contrast to be the work of his own genius and industry, made fruitful by the judgment and liberality of the public, to whom his efforts had been addressed. Traced thus far, his progress does not stop here; successful in his career, we do not find him yet satisfied that he has followed it to its limits, or idly convinced that he has yet served his Art with all the devotion which it deserves. Ever looking onwards and upwards,—as genius which is born of Heaven should look,—we see him now as anxious to

attain to greater things as in his earliest student days; setting forth to study for new attainments in another land with the same spirit that had animated him when, as a boy, he tried to draw the sea by his father's side; when, as a man, he departed to follow his Art on his native shores. Scenes of a life such as this cannot be misapprehended: they have their lesson and their testimony in themselves: their lesson is of perseverance and hope to native genius; their testimony is to the justice and generosity of native taste.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

1836—1837.

Extract from Diary—Events of journey from Paris to Nice—Letter to Wilkie, and answer—Studies at Nice, etc., etc.—Reports of cholera in Italy—Journey to Genoa—Works of Art, etc, in that city—Visit to Pisa—Arrival at Florence, and impressions produced by its picture and sculpture galleries—Departure for Rome—Letters to and from Wilkie—Models, studies, opinions, and employments at Rome — Two instances of remarkable designs for future pictures—Second letter to, and answer from, Wilkie—Projects of departure—New rumours of cholera—Arrival at Naples—rich field for pictorial study, presented by the people and scenery of that place—Preparations for an extended sojourn there—Outbreak of cholera—Removal of the painter and his family to Sorrento—Its varied attractions—Remarkable landscape sketches there—Other studies—Excursion to Amalfi—Sudden illness—Sufferings from rheumatic fever—Departure in October, to try the efficacy of the sulphur baths of Ischia.

The commencement of his journey to Italy, is thus described in Mr. Collins's note-book:

"1836, September 19th—Left London for Dover, with my wife and children, intending to travel into Italy, and to return in about a twelvemonth. We

were accompanied by Mr. Henry Rice and his daughter, who were to go with us to Paris. 20th—Took our leave of dear England in a steam-boat, bound for Boulogne; where we arrived in about three hours—remained there the following day; and on the 22nd, departed in the 'diligence' for Paris; sleeping that night at Amiens, and arriving on the evening of the following day, the 24th. Remained at Paris until October 3rd, when we left Paris for Auxerre, on our way to Chalons-sur-Saône. During our stay in the French capital, the weather was generally bad. Saw the Louvre and the usual shows —thought the place had lost much of its peculiar character since I first saw it in 1816—the Boulevards much injured, by the loss of many of the large trees, which gave so picturesque, and to an English eye, so novel an appearance to that part of the town."

Here the above introductory passage in the painter's Diary abruptly closes—the hurried character of his journey southward from Paris, leaving him little time to sketch, and none to journalize. By the time he arrived at Auxerre, the independent proceedings of the conductor of the diligence—who moved his passengers from a carriage to a cart, at the latter portion of the journey, and half starved them all through it, with genuinely French surliness,—so little inclined him to the public conveyances of this part of the country, that he posted the rest of the way to

Chalons. Thence he proceeded by steam-boat to Lyons, and on to Arles; where the noble amphitheatre and the peculiar beauty of the female peasantry, provided good material for the sketch-book, and would have tempted him to delay on the journey, but for his extreme anxiety to enter Italy as speedily as possible, at all sacrifices. Accordingly he left Arles by a canal-boat, intending to meet the Marseilles diligence at a particular point, across the country, to the south-east. By this route he passed across a plain, intersected throughout by the mouths of the Rhone, wearing the appearance of a vast swamp, and little travelled over by any foreigners whatever. Here he was obliged to take refuge for the night, at a most extraordinary place, called Martigue—built upon piles, surrounded by water like a miniature Venice, inhabited by a race of people who seemed half-smugglers and half-fishermen, and furnished with one small inn, the master of which, never having seen an Englishman before, sat down to dinner with his customers, and kept his cap on with edifying independence. Other travelling adventures, of an equally amusing nature, occurred before the painter and his family finally succeeded in meeting the long looked-for diligence, and in reaching Marseilles. The dirtiness of the town and harbour, and the general dulness of this place—notwithstanding the attraction of the blue Mediterranean—soon induced Mr. Collins to hasten his journey onwards. The grand mountain passes leading to

Toulon, and the city itself, were next travelled through; and thence, passing in the moonlight the lovely scenery near Luc, he proceeded to the pretty little coast town of Cannes, which profitably employed his sketch-book, and proved a pleasant resting-place for his travelling companions, during three days. The next few stages of his journey—displaying the snow-covered Alps on one side, and the bright Mediterranean, with orange gardens and vineyards on its shores, on the other—eloquently informed him that he had already gained the great starting-point of his journey, and had entered, as it were, the gates of Italy on arriving at Nice.

At this important part of his tour, however, where he had thought but to make a passing sojourn, he suffered great disappointment, and incurred unexpected delay, by the news that the cholera had broken out in Italy, and that further progress was for the present impracticable. Nice was filled with English travellers, stopped on their journey by this disastrous intelligence; long and severe quarantine regulations were reported as being established to protect the frontier towns; and, finding that there was no other course to follow, but to remain where he was and to watch the progress of events, Mr. Collins hired lodgings near the seaward quarter of the town, and prepared at once to occupy himself professionally, in a place where, though he had not the privilege of studying Italian Art, he had at least the advantage of sketching from Italian Nature.

One of his first letters to England from Nice, was to Sir David Wilkie. It was as follows:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Nice, November 4th, 1836.

Dear Wilkie,—You will have heard from our friend Rice of our arrival at and departure from Paris, since which time we have been, by degrees, working our way to this place. We found our journey more fatiguing and less interesting than we expected. With the exception of some of the towns, in France everything is barren and gloomy. Even in the south of France, until near Toulon, I saw little worth recollecting. With Marseilles, where I expected much, I was greatly disappointed. In this place, however, everything wears an Italian character. The figures, and the gloomy buildings in many of the narrow streets, remind me of some of the pictures of Velasquez. At a place called Cannes, about twenty miles before we reached this, we stayed a few days; and there I saw some pretty coast scenery; and I am told that at Villa Franca (the real harbour of Nice) there are some interesting matters, quite on the coast, which I hope soon to see. We have been so continually moving, that, although I have made many notes, I have not had much time for finished studies; but, now that we are somewhat settled, I look forward to better things. Our original project of getting to Rome is for the present quite abandoned, owing to the strictness with which the quarantine laws are

enforced. Should the cholera however leave Italy, I am on the spot to take advantage of such a change; and then I purpose leaving Harriet and the children at this place, where we have found very comfortable quarters, and making my way to Genoa, Florence, Rome, &c. The number of English here, who, like ourselves, have been thwarted in their designs upon Italy, is so much greater than usual, that accommodation for them is found with very great difficulty.

"I long to hear from you, and to know something about Art in England. Since I left Paris I know nothing about the English, but what I learn from 'Galignani's Messenger;' and in that journal I was much shocked to read of poor Sir William Knighton's (to me) unexpected death. I feel most deeply the loss his son has sustained, as well as his family, and all who had the happiness to know him. I had so much gratification in his acquaintance, and had promised myself so many advantages from his society, that his death is a great loss even to me; but to you, who had enjoyed a long and most intimate intercourse with him, it must have left a melancholy void. Do, pray, give my kindest regards to his son, and tell him how much the Consul here deplores his loss. I delivered Captain Hawker's kind letter of introduction to him, (which was a joint one, containing as it did poor Sir William's recommendation, as well as the Captain's), soon after we had both become acquainted with the mournful intelligence contained in the journals.

"When at Paris, I saw Sir Robert, Lady, and Miss Peel, at the Louvre. Sir Robert was very kind in his inquiries about you. The Arts flourish at Paris: everything Bonaparte projected, is now finishing by the present government; and every artist is fully employed, at very competent prices. What is doing in poor England? I suppose you have now taken possession of the new Academy.* Of course, you are by this time established in the house I saw with you, and are hard at work. When I think of *work* and *home*, I fancy I should like to be back again; and yet, to be within reach of the Art of Italy, and not see with my own eyes, would be provoking indeed. I must therefore keep quiet, and hope for the best. Pray write as soon as your leisure will permit, and address your letter to me as under. Harriet (who will write below to your sister) and the children join me in every good wish towards Thomas, your sister, and yourself.

"Most sincerely, your obliged friend,

"William Collins.

"P.S. Lord Brougham has building for him at Cannes a most delightful chateau, which we went to see. The grounds abound in orange groves, olive-trees, myrtles, &c., backed by mountains, and open to the Mediterranean sea. Five thousand a year will enable the Ex-Chancellor to live here like a king.

* The Royal Academy removed, in 1837, from apartments in Somerset-house, to the present building in Trafalgar-square.

I could not resist opening my letter to tell you this, that you may be enabled, when you see his Lordship, to congratulate him upon his taste. Regards to any Academic brethren who may care about us."

"To WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

"Kensington, November 14th, 1836.

"Dear Collins,—The announcement of your arrival, with Mrs. Collins, and the two young gentlemen, at Nice, was received by us all with the greatest satisfaction; giving us something to talk about at home, and to speak and write about to those at a distance. Interested as we all are in what you should see, I am glad, though not in Italy, that you have yet its climate, its buildings, and, above all—to you—its ancient, classical Mediterranean, before you; sure that, to your eye and your hand, such objects will turn to the best account.

"You mention the loss we have met with since you went, in the death of our most esteemed friend, Sir William Knighton, regretted much in his own profession, and by many in ours, for acts of kindness and friendship. He used to look to your journey as a happy coincidence with that intended by his son, the route and the time of which he hoped would be the same. Many will miss him, and no one more than myself. What you have with so much propriety stated, in regard to your own feelings upon the subject we all lament, I shall take occasion to

convey to the present Sir William, who is now with the afflicted family, at Blendworth.

"You say how much every one must have been working while you were travelling; but I feel as if I had done nothing since you left. I have not yet got possession of my new house. My subject of 'Queen Mary escaping from Loch Leven Castle' has just been painted by Leahy, at Brighton, to be in the Exhibition; same point of time, but, from his sketch, a different effect. Mr. Rice interested me much in your proceedings when at Paris. You say you are now comfortably accommodated at Nice. If so, do not leave: pick up what you can, in figures and buildings, for middle distances; and, if possible, Italian skies; which, with the green sea and shipping, are the same as Claude and Salvator had to paint; and since whose time no one is better qualified to render with true airy brilliancy than yourself.

"Pray offer my best regards to Mrs. Collins. If, per steamer, you could leave for a day or two, could you not get to Barcelona, or Genoa? but as to your leaving her or the youngsters for a more distant town, I should protest against it. I shall answer for this,—the young gentlemen have no dislike to travelling, with all its inconveniences, to any distance. Pray have they begun to '*parler*,' or '*parlare?*' Kindest regards to all.

"Most faithfully and truly yours,

"David Wilkie."

Of my father's various studies at Nice, those made from the inhabitants of the town and its neighbourhood were sometimes followed with more industry than success. Though an old beggar from the street, or an idle fisher-boy from the beach before the house, could be easily bribed to submit to the easy discipline of the painter's pencil, frequent obstacles to his studies from Nature were presented by the refusal of many of the female peasantry to permit their Catholic persons to decorate the sketch-book of a "heretic," until they had consulted their priest. In some cases, their spiritual advisers liberally left them to follow their own inclinations in the matter; and, under such circumstances, they seldom failed to present themselves to the painter immediately. When, on the contrary, the permission to "sit" was refused, they as generally kept away. On such occasions, however, Mr. Collins was never entirely defeated. Trusting to his memory, which in matters of Art of this sort was surprisingly retentive, he drew them from recollection, composedly supplying any accidental slips of remembrance, from the dress or person of the first picturesque peasant woman he saw from his window, as for a few minutes only she passed by him in the street.

In his landscape studies, on the other hand, the painter found everything to attract and little to repel. From a hill near the town, noble views of the varied country, with its olive gardens, its vineyards, its pretty villages and its fine mountain background,

freely presented themselves. At the neighbouring seaport of Villa Franca was to be found the fairest prospect of the town of Nice, seen from shores studded with white villas, and enriched with orange groves down to the margin of the beach. Then, for foreground objects and more bounded scenes, he discovered a large garden near Nice, whose lofty trees and light vines, waving gracefully over their tall training poles, supplied him with the finest landscape materials, brightened by the dazzling brilliancy of an Italian autumn; saving, indeed, when the changeable climate of the place overcast the whole scene with the clouds, the mist, and the rain of a northern winter; for in this season, it was no uncommon sight at Nice, to perceive the countrywomen making hay on one day in November, and carrying their wares to market ankle-deep in rain, water, and mud the next. It was no uncommon occurrence to shade yourself one morning with an umbrella from the sun, and to fortify yourself the next with a great coat against the cold.

In sketching excursions and sight-seeing, in planning already new pictures, and in contemplating day by day different schemes for extending his travels, the six weeks of the painter's sojourn at Nice passed rapidly away. At the expiration of that period, he gained intelligence from a friend, to whom the best sources of information were open, that the reports of the spread of the cholera through Florence and Rome, and of the continuance of the quarantine

restrictions, were groundless, and that a fair opportunity offered, at length, of proceeding southward without risk, not only for himself but for his family as well. These instructions at once decided him, and on the 14th of December he and his travelling companions were once more journeying onward, their next place of destination being Genoa, through the sublime scenery of the Cornice road.

The wild torrents,—the mighty precipices,—the cloud-topped mountains,—the little fishing-towns, perched among stupendous rocks,—the lovely glimpses of coast-view,—all the noble characteristics of the great track he was now following, in my father's own words, nearly "drove him mad." Now he leant out of the carriage-window, endeavouring to sketch the outline of a turn in the view, as he passed it by; now he half determined to stop the carriage, and settle himself for weeks amid the scenery that he longed to paint; but still the remembrance that Florence, Rome, and Naples were yet unseen, and might remain so if he delayed any longer on the road at that advanced season, sufficed to urge him onward. On arriving at Genoa, and repairing to the palaces, churches, and galleries of that splendid city, he found in their gorgeous architecture and beautiful pictures a noble earnest of the still brighter treasures of Art which, further southward, were yet in store for his eye. Among the great works he saw here during his short stay, the pictures by Paul Veronese, and the glorious "Durazzo" portraits by Vandyke—

the latter impressing him as the finest efforts of the master that he had ever seen—principally excited his admiration. Still anxious, however, to reach Rome with the least possible delay, on the fourth evening of his sojourn at Genoa, Mr. Collins embarked with his family in a steamer for Leghorn. A night's voyage by moonlight on the smooth Mediterranean, and a few hours' ride inland the next day, brought him to Pisa. After devoting a day to the main objects of attraction in that desolately beautiful town—among which, the extraordinary frescoes in the Campo Santo particularly delighted and astonished him,—he departed for Florence, and arrived there on the evening of the next day. The snow was almost knee-deep in the streets, immense icicles hung from the water-spouts at the house-tops, the wind was piercingly cold,—nothing could be less inviting than the appearance of the Tuscan capital as he and his companions entered it on Christmas Eve.

As the public holidays incidental to the season prevented the painter from seeing the picture-galleries until two or three days after his arrival at Florence, he first occupied himself in visiting the different churches in the city. Among these noble edifices, the gorgeous interior of "Santa Croce," the chapel of the Medici, the tombs of two of the members of that family, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St. Lawrence, and the exquisite bronze gates of the Baptistery, were some of the principal objects of his admiration. The fine architecture of Florence,—

its unique bridge, the "Ponte della Trinita,"—its noble statues, exposed to the view of all, under the "*loggia*" of the palace,—while they led him to deplore the absence of such adornments in the cities of his own country, delighted him by the beauty and novelty of their effect. When at length the picture-galleries were once more opened, he, like the rest of the world, hastened to pay his first homage to the statue on which the praise of all Europe has been inexhaustibly lavished. Though profoundly penetrated by the divine loveliness of parts of the Venus de Medici, he was not so dazzled by her beauties as to be blind to the defects wrought on her by modern repairs; among which, her arms especially impressed him as being too long. A picture of Venus, by Titian, in the same room as the Venus de Medici, he beheld with admiration; and the first sight of the Niobe, he declared, affected him like a sudden enchantment. To the Pitti palace he made repeated visits, studying with eager attention the wonders of Art there laid before him. Of the famous gem of the collection, the "Madonna della Seggiola," it was his opinion that, as a picture of a beautiful woman and child, it was perfection; but that as a representation of the diviner outward attributes of the Virgin, it was surpassed by other similar creations of Raphael's mind. Every day at Florence was now occupied by him in fresh pilgrimages among great pictures, and fresh enjoyment and appreciation of their noble qualities until the 2nd of January; when, finding that the

unusual severity of the weather precluded all possibility of sketching, or even of seeing the beauties of the neighbourhood of Florence, he determined to start for Rome, leaving the scenery of Tuscany for the chances of a more genial season on his homeward route. The journey was made by way of Sienna, over the frost-bound Apennines, at the rate of a road-wagon, and occupied no less a time than six days! All the privations, disappointments, and delays of the route were, however, forgotten when the cupola of St. Peter's first rose into view; and the painter felt that he had at last reached the shrine of his pilgrimage, and begun a new era in his study of the Art.

One of his earliest occupations on his arrival at Rome, was briefly to unburden his mind of its first impressions of Raphael and Michael Angelo, to his friend Wilkie, in the following letter:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Rome, January 14, 1837.

"Dear Wilkie,—Mr. Russell's kindness affords me an opportunity of writing a few lines, which I am happy to avail myself of, to tell you that we are all well, and that we arrived here in safety on Saturday evening last. After I wrote to you, all the '*cordons*' were removed; and we took the earliest moment to put our original plans into execution. We are now comfortably settled in a neighbourhood you are well acquainted with, not five minutes' walk

from the Trinità del Monté. Of course, I lost no time in getting to *pictorial head quarters;* and strange to say—which I suppose proves that I am not *a great man*—the Raffaelles in the Vatican, and the frescoes of Michael Angelo, so far from disappointing me, surpassed, not only all I have have ever seen, but all I had ever conceived, of these truly inspired men. The 'Transfiguration,' and indeed all the oil pictures I have seen since, appear to me hard and mechanical, and only saved by the wonderful expression in some of the faces and figures, which, to be sure, in the 'Transfiguration,' is most striking. Of these and other matters, I hope, *when I come to my senses*, to write more at large—but, obliged as I now am to make great haste, I must be brief.

"I trust your brother has entirely recovered—pray let us know; and, if you can find time to write, tell us as much about yourselves as possible. I long to hear, too, about the Academy. Have you taken possession of the new building? What are the prospects of our artists? Has Dr. Bowring extinguished our candle?—he has been busy against us here.

"Gibson was with us last night; we talked about you, and longed to have you with us. He, as well as Severn, Penry Williams, and Kirkup, at Florence, desire to be kindly remembered.

"Yours obliged and faithfully,

"William Collins."

"To William Collins, Esq., R.A.

"Kensington, February 6th, 1837.

"Dear Collins,—Your most welcome letter has given us all great pleasure, and enables me to write to report all that is doing. First, then, Reynolds requested me to look over his engraving (which I did, twice, with chalk) from your 'Sunday Morning.' He has made a very good mezzotinto plate of it, and has done his best. The figures are extremely good —the landscape well; the chief defect is, the showing too much of the etched lines on the ground and stems of trees. This could not be rectified; but the general effect is as near as possible.* The proof was presented to the Queen, at Brighton, for leave to dedicate it to Her Majesty. This was announced in the 'Court Circular.'

* The above criticism on the print from "Sunday Morning," may be contrasted so unfavourably, for the Author, with that appended by him to the notice of the picture itself, at the time of its exhibition, that he thinks it necessary to state, that he did not venture to express a different opinion from Sir David Wilkie on a matter of Art, from his own convictions, but from what he knew to be the unfavourable impression of Mr. Collins himself, on the subject of the print in question.

It may be also necessary to remark in this place, that the letters of Sir D. Wilkie to my father, during his tour on the Continent, which are here inserted with some omissions, are only deprived of those passages, which, having no connection with his journey or himself, and containing no remarks of immediate biographical or local interest, might interfere with the progress of the present part of the narrative of his life.

* * * * "In the 'Literary Gazette' of last week, is an article on the print from your 'Sunday Morning,' praising highly the subject and the point. I was much pleased with your remarks, though few, on the frescoes of Raphael; but on this subject you will write again. Look at the background of 'The Communion of St. Jerome,' by Domenichino. Sir George Beaumont thought it the finest landscape background in the world. May I hope to hear of what you have begun? Give my kindest regards to Gibson, to Severn, to Williams, and, if you see him, to Andrew Wilson. * * * *

"Yours most truly,

"DAVID WILKIE."

The comfortable apartments which my father describes himself as occupying, in his letter to Wilkie, were not obtained without a great sacrifice on his part of professional enthusiasm to domestic comfort. For the sake of the practical advantages of this abode, he had resigned the high privilege of living in the house once occupied by Claude, and painting in the great master's studio; which was pointed out to him as waiting to be let, like other ordinary apartments. This source of attraction was, however, the only one that the house possessed. The rooms were found to be so dirty, and the character of the landlord so bad, that Mr. Collins felt himself obliged to resign the idea of inhabiting the abode of Claude, with all the philosophy of which he was capable, and

with a secret wish that the "*purity of tone*," distinguishing the pictures of the great landscape painter, had mysteriously communicated itself, for all after-times, to the walls of his habitation, and the character of its owners! Further down the street, of which the house of Claude formed one of the ends, another set of apartments presented themselves, which, in comfort and accommodation, exactly suited the painter and his family. The street in which the house was situated led directly to the open Pincian Hill; the light in the rooms was perfectly adapted for painting; and they were, moreover, protected—as the good-natured landlady informed her customers—by the Virgin, whose image was placed on the outside of the house wall, and was sung to at evening by the pious of the neighbourhood. With such attractions as these, the apartments were immediately taken; and Mr. Collins lost no time in preparing his temporary painting-room, and beginning his new and welcome studies.

He was now in a place filled, not only with the mighty achievements of the old painters, but devoted to the convenience of their modern successors as well—a place where the profession of Art was as despotically pre-eminent as the profession of arms in a garrison town. In this city were to be found rooms built expressly for painters' studios, to be let at all varieties of prices, commensurate with the finances of all classes of painters, from the pipe-loving German student, living upon forty pounds a year, to the

polished amateur, travelling to patronize Nature with his trunks full of "circular notes," and his hands full of patent sketch-books. Here, whether you were of the medieval or the modern school; whether you were painter or sculptor; whether you wanted a cupid or a cardinal, a witch or a seraph, a patriarch or a piper, you found models of all ages, provided with all dresses and disguises, ready for all attitudes and expressions, and tenacious of their rights and privileges, down to the last farthing of their wages, and the last minute of their time. In pursuing his investigations among these ministers to the necessities of Art, Mr. Collins was most fortunate in having the experience of the English artists resident in Rome to guide him on all occasions. Some of them had known him in former years; all of them knew him by reputation; and all were willing and anxious to give him every assistance. His friends, Mr. Severn and Mr. Brigstocke, offered him the use of their studios, whenever he required a large room to paint in; and both aided him in discovering the best models that were to be had. He engaged one burly, handsome fellow to sit, who was ready to procure any dress and assume any appearance that was wanted, at a few hours' notice; and who was painted by him, in the somewhat dissimilar characters of a cardinal in full dress, and a Roman gamekeeper—a monk in his everyday robe, and a country shepherd. Another of his models was a beautiful boy, with features dazzlingly perfect, who had sat to every one for

cupids, angels, and whatever else was lovely and refined; and who was in "private life" one of the most consummate rascals in Rome—a gambler, a thief, and a "*stiletto*"-wearer, at twelve years of age! A boy bag-piper from the mountains, (one of a troop who played vespers to the Virgin at Rome,) clothed in the sheepskins, conical hat, and sandals of his race; a little peasant-girl, black-haired, olive-complexioned, southern in every feature and action; and a nurse in Mr. Severn's family, clad in her native Albano costume, were among the other models from which he now studied, either in his own lodgings, or in the more capacious rooms offered to him by his friends.

But, while thus occupied in amassing, part by part, the materials for the new style he was now forming, he was not forgetful of due attention to the formation of the *whole* that was to combine them—of the composition and arrangement that was to turn them originally and forcibly to account. His first sight of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, had impressed on him, among other convictions, a decided opinion that no artist ought to come to Rome, until he had gone through a long course of severe study in his own country, and had arrived at an age when his judgment was matured, as the great works there were of a nature either to bewilder a young unpractised student, or to possess him with the dangerous idea, that from seeing such pictures only he had become at once the superior of his fellow-labourers at home. Another impression

produced in the painter about this period, from deep and patient study of the classics of Italian Art, was, that Raphael and Michael Angelo had acquired their triumphant mastery over attitude and composition from close observation of the aspect of ordinary humanity around them. Conscious that he was now in a country where Art was still the missionary of Religion, and where the population associated their hours of devotion with the contemplation of all that was most beautiful and universal in painting, insensibly deriving from this very habit a peculiar grace in attitude and variety in action, he looked for his new theories of pictorial arrangement and form, where he believed that the great masters had looked before him—in the casual attitudes of the idlers in the streets. In their carelessness of repose, in their unconscious sublimity of action, in their natural graces of line and composition, the groups he saw formed accidentally in the roadway seemed the continuation —sometimes almost the reflection—of the glorious groups on the walls of the Vatican, or in the altar pictures of the churches of Rome. In sketching such dispositions of natural composition as were thus finely presented to his eye wherever he turned his steps, his quickness and dexterity well enabled him to note them down successfully in his little sketch-book ere they changed; and so preserved, they turned to admirable account in the pictures he produced on his return to England. Wherever he went—whether to a gallery of pictures, or a cardinal's levee; to a ceremony in

a church, or a pic-nic in the gardens of a palace—his eye was ever observant, and his hand ever ready, as he passed through the streets. The designs for future pictures which he thus accumulated, would have occupied a lifetime to execute. Of those which he completed, it will be more fitting to speak at the time when they were undertaken in England: of those which he found no opportunity to finish, one or two may be mentioned here, as showing the discursiveness of his taste, as well as his desire for originality.

The curious annual ceremony of blessing the domestic animals of Rome, in the name of St. Anthony (patron of pigs and other four-footed beasts), which is performed by a priest, at the door of St. Anthony's Church, with a brush full of holy water, on each anniversary of the Saint's day, was a subject my father never entirely resigned the hope of painting. Pigs dragged up, squealing, by the leg; kicking donkeys beaten into being blessed by their pious owners; pet dogs and cats, barking and mewing, as their possessors presented them to the saving water-drops; cattle running hither and thither in frantic bewilderment; the chargers of regiments of cavalry, ridden reverently up to the holy-water brush by soldiers in full uniform; the motley crowds of spectators of the ceremony; and, finally, the beautiful church of St. Maria Maggiore, bounding the whole scene at one end, produced an admirably graphic display of Italian life; which was reduced by the

painter, immediately after he had beheld it, to one of his most spirited designs. It is much to be regretted that his attention to after subjects, and various other causes, combined to prevent his executing the large and elaborate picture, thus conceived, on his return to England.

Another picture frequently contemplated, but never more than designed, was suggested to him in the Colosseum. It was evening; the friars had retired, after singing before the little chapels placed round the interior of the mighty ruin; darkness was approaching. Beneath the tall crucifix in the middle of the arena, knelt a peasant woman, prostrate in adoration, and a Carmelite monk beating his breast—the two last-left worshippers at the holy symbol. At some distance from them stood a penitent—his face covered with a hood pierced with two apertures for the eyes—looking spectral, as his veiled, motionless form half disappeared in the gathering gloom. The glorious arches of the Colosseum, showing doubly mysterious and sublime in the dim, fading light cast down on them from the darkening sky, alone surrounded this solemn scene, whose tragic grandeur is to be painted, but not to be described. It impressed the painter with emotions not easily forgotten; and although he never lived to pourtray it as he desired, he embodied its sentiment of prayer, in after years, in the picture of "Italian Peasants at the foot of the Cross, on leaving their native shores."

Thus, in varied study,—in treasuring up whatever could improve or animate him, wherever he found it,—in enthusiastic communion with the triumphs of the masters of Italian painting,—passed Mr. Collins's days in the City of the Arts. When the evenings came, they brought with them to his rooms constant arrivals of friends following his pursuit, anxious to communicate their local and general information, to hear his opinion on the great works he daily beheld, to see his sketches, and to show him theirs. Truly, it is on magic ground that a painter treads, when the maturity of his career brings him to Rome.

But it is now time that my father's own expression of his projects and opinions in his new place of sojourn, should be laid before the reader, as conveyed in the third of his Letters from the Continent to Sir David Wilkie:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Rome, March 7th, 1837.

"Dear Wilkie,—We were exceedingly gratified by your letter, dated from the *Vicarage;* most happy to find that your brother had recovered; and that your whole communication had such a tinge of prosperity, which I can truly say, we enjoyed as if all its good things had happened to ourselves; long may our dear friend Sir David live to enjoy the blessings of Providence, was our united and sincere prayer. We had read, in 'Galignani,' the account of your

visit to Brighton, and the presentation of the print of 'Sunday Morning,' in the same paragraph. It was very kind of you to touch the proofs for me.

"We have now been in Rome about two months and I am more pleased with it every day, although the weather has been remarkably cold and rainy. But, when a fine day has made its appearance, I have generally enjoyed it, in the walks in the neighbourhood of the city, especially among the classical features of the Campagna. Here I find the most exquisite combinations of buildings, with landscape scenery; and here, notwithstanding the absence of foliage, consequent upon the season of the year, I feel constantly impressed with the idea that great things might be achieved; and also, that since the time of Claude, justice has not been done to the sublime features, and especially to the tones of colour, peculiar to this region of creation. In this remkar, however, I ought not to include poor Richard Wilson, whose characteristic pencil I am here continually reminded of; his choice of subject, and breadth of treatment, I reverence exceedingly. I trust the weather will soon permit me to make sketches out of doors; and although I cannot hope to succeed in that which others have so frequently failed to do, I am not so very modest as to give up without at least a trial. In the mean time, I am occupied in visiting collections and trying to compose subjects for future pictures, of which I think I have picked up some that may be interesting; in this, however,

I find great difficulty. Mere costume pictures are a *drug;* and unless the dresses are made subservient, pictures of this class must always be failures. I hope my plans of present and future study are well digested, for I have had much leisure, free entirely from professional anxiety and pecuniary cares. With increased and increasing delight in my pursuits, I pass my time in thankful enjoyment, convinced that a landscape painter who has not seen Italy, has one sense less than he of that craft whose good fortune has brought him to her shores.

"In the pictures shown at the palaces, I find quantities of rubbish, with, certainly, many perfect specimens of the great masters of the various schools of Italy. The frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo, become more estimable at every visit. How I should enjoy looking, with you, at 'The Miracle of Bolsena.' It is impossible to say enough of this wonder; the colour, too, how perfect! The 'Heliodorus,' and the 'Incendio del Borgo,' are full of power of every kind; and when I think of these—of the 'Sibyls,' in the Chièsa de S. Maria della Pace—the 'Prophet Isaiah,' in the pilaster of the nave of the church of S. Agostino, and compare them with the oil picture of the 'Transfiguration,' I cannot help feeling that my admiration of Raphael would be less like rapture, had he painted only in the latter method. Domenichino, too, how much of his reputation depends upon his fresco pictures. The angles of the cupola in the church of S. Andrea della Valle (the

four Evangelists)—the 'Flagellation of St. Andrew,' in the church of S. Gregorio sul Monte Celio—the angles in the church of S. Carlo a Catinari, and St. *Somebody* giving away clothes to the poor, in the church of Francesi, in the Ripetta; and many others, how superior to his oil pictures! You speak of the background of the 'St. Jerome,'—I must confess it did not strike me so much as you seem to think it ought. I will, however, look at it again.

"The sculptors here, (English) are all busy for Torlonia's new palace. We have a great stir about a picture of the Magdalen—a repetition by Correggio, of that, I believe, at Dresden; which was purchased out of a collection in Rome for a trifle, and being pronounced a work of Correggio's own hand, the government have insisted upon taking it from its fortunate possessor, under a threat of imprisonment, (put in force indeed for five hours,) which it appears they have the power to do, under a law made to keep works of high Art in Rome. The object of the proprietors was to have sent it for sale to England.

"Our present plan is to remain here until the early part or middle of April, and then to proceed to Naples—the ultimatum of my pictorial hopes; and by what turns up there, to decide upon future plans. Your friends Gibson, Williams, Severn, etc., have all sent works to your Exhibition. Of course I delivered your message of kindness to them. They were all much pleased that you recollected them, and desire their remembrances to you. Andrew Wilson

had left Rome with his family (all out of health) for Florence. The Baron Camuccini, inquired yesterday kindly after you. Pray make my kind compliments to Miss Rogers: tell her that, finding her name in the book of the little inn 'Pincina,' at Cannes, I hoped to have found her at Nice, where that document stated she had gone a short time before. To Sir Martin Shee, and all our Academic brethren, (success to the next Exhibition!) present my kind regards. I will write to Phillips, when I have seen more of the treasures of Art in this place. I am quite pleased you have so many pictures for Somerset-house—how I wish I could see them in your new painting-room! With most sincere regards to your sister and Thomas, believe me

"Your obliged and faithful friend,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

"To W. COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

"Kensington, March 31st, 1837.

"Dear Collins,—The impression Rome has made upon you, is not more than I expected, though it may be more than you anticipated could be made before seeing Rome. It is, as you say, not only a new sense added to a landscape painter; but, to you, it is a new field and impetus added, as an artist. And as you are now in the prime of life and height of your faculties and fame, why might not you, by the irresistible effort which a new theme inspires, form, with all your present excellences, a new style

of Art for yourself; reflecting, that what Claude, Poussin, Wilson, and Turner, have owed to Italy, are advantages that are equally open to yourself? Your purpose of avoiding the beaten track of costumes, views, and imitations of others—the rock all young visitors to Italy split upon—is most judicious. The summer sky, rustic and wild nature, with the more simple monuments of ancient greatness, will most likely be objects of your attention and study; and would be hailed as the most pleasing recollections of the delightful country you are now visiting.

"You purpose going to Naples. This, after taking a glance at Tivoli, Frascati, and Grotto Ferrato, (which you probably have done already,) would be a good plan. When at Naples, the sight of Salerno, Eboli, and Pestum, may perhaps suggest Calabria as a place worth your particular study. However this may be, might it not be right to determine on staying the summer at Naples, taking up your quarters with Mrs. Collins and the youths, in the cool regions near Castel-a-Mare? The summer of Italy, they say, is beautiful, and perhaps you might be induced to pass over to see Sicily, during that season, by yourself: but of this you, who are on the spot, will be the best judge.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, having come to town, I went to put up my picture of Napoleon. It is placed at the end of the drawing-room, between your picture and Callcott's—a splendid situation. They all three look well together; and I have assured

Mr. Marshall that I have never had more honour done to my labours. The family have been all most interested in hearing about you. Wordsworth had just come to town, and left them a week ago, on his way with a friend to Italy; so that you will see him at Rome or Naples.

"Turner is to have five pictures in the Exhibition. Eastlake only one. It is thought members will be behindhand in the number of pictures they send; which, with your absence, will make us not so strong as last year.

Your two letters from Rome, I keep together: they are most interesting; and whatever you may be pleased to send me in the same style, will form a complete history of your journey for future reference. I hope you have examined the Doria pictures. My brother and sister join in kindest regards to Mrs. Collins, and to the young gentlemen. I am, with sincere esteem and regard,

"Most faithfully yours,

"David Wilkie."

To follow Mr. Collins through all his opinions and employments while at Rome, would be to occupy far more space than the limits of this work can now afford. Further references to the impressions produced on him by Italian Art, are moreover unnecessary here, as other notices of the great pictures he saw will be found in his letters to Sir D. Wilkie that are yet to come. In following him now there-

fore, in his progress as a tourist, rather than as a painter, it is to be related that having, as the spring advanced, visited Tivoli, Albano, and the other environs of Rome—having sketched the landscape scenery of the Campagna; and having beheld the far-famed ceremonies of the "Holy Week," he began to make arrangements for passing the rest of the spring and the summer at Naples. The inquiries consequent upon this resolution, produced the unsatisfactory intelligence that the cholera had again declared itself, in one or two cases, at that place. Cautious friends, upon hearing this, advised avoiding all risk, and remaining some time longer at Rome; but Mr. Collins, finding his family ready to submit to the chances of a southward journey; anxious to behold the scenery of the Bay of Naples under the glow of early summer; and perfectly convinced that, if the cholera had really broken out at Naples, it would soon spread to Rome as well; determined on following his first plans; and after a delightful journey of rather more than two days, arrived safely at his place of destination.

Nothing in Naples, at first sight, conveyed the slightest idea that the city was threatened by a wasting pestilence. The gaieties of the place all moved on unchecked, and the idle and good-humoured populace lounged about the streets with the same sublime carelessness of all industrious considerations that had ever characterized them. To one who had been, like Mr. Collins, a painter of mari-

time landscape and domestic life, such a town as Naples was fertile as "a promised land" to the requirements of his Art. The incomparably lovely coast scenery on each side of the bay, glittering under the sunlight of noon, or softening under the lustrous haze of evening, made pictures at all points, ready to his hand. The picturesque fishing-craft and fishermen on the beach, so different from the English and French models that had hitherto employed him,—the great army of vagabonds, male and female, eating, drinking, and sleeping in the streets, from whose dress, figures, and actions Hogarth himself might have drawn new funds of pictorial humour, —and the gaily-attired country-people in the neighbouring villages, with their pretty floral festivities, and their patriarchal agricultural customs, so well fitted for new illustrations of Italian cottage life,— all presented to the painter such a wide field for future study, that he hardly knew where to begin first. Three weeks after his arrival at Naples were quickly consumed in making slight sketches, inspecting works of Art, and visiting all the different sites of beauty or antiquity in the neighbourhood of the city. At the expiration of this period he began to prepare for that more exclusive pictorial study of the people and the place, from which he expected to derive so much enjoyment and improvement in his Art. This plan was no sooner formed, however, than frustrated. Strange-looking yellow sedan chairs, with closed windows, had for some days been ob-

served passing through the street before the painter's house. On inquiry, it was ascertained that their occupants were sick people, being conveyed to the hospital; and, on further investigation, these sick people were discovered to be cholera patients.

Those to whom Mr. Collins applied for advice under these circumstances, strenuously recommended him to quit Naples before matters grew worse and quarantine was established, unless he was ready to risk being shut up in the most crowded city of Italy, with a fatal pestilence raging in its streets. He took the hint thus given at once, and repaired with his family to Sorrento, a town beyond Castel-a-mare, on the left shore of the Bay. A very short time after his departure the cholera rapidly increased in Naples, the quarantines were drawn round the city, and on one day, when the pestilence was at its height, it was reported that as many as four hundred people died of it in four-and-twenty hours.

The painter could not have chosen a more delightful place of refuge from infected Naples than Sorrento; which presented to him the advantages of some of the most exquisite coast and inland scenery in Italy, of a healthy soil, of civil, orderly inhabitants, and of a pleasant circle of English visitors. To the elaborate oil and water-colour studies made by him in this interesting sojourn, are to be traced many of the best pictures and backgrounds of pictures that he painted on his return to England. Every object in the place adapted itself as delight-

fully to his Art by its beauty, as it appealed to his curiosity by its antiquarian associations. If he set forth to study the coast, he could descend to the beach from the cliff on which his house stood, through the winding caverns consecrated by Ulysses to the Syrens; and, arrived at the sea, could look one way towards the noble promontory of Massa, the ancient dominion of the Syren Queens, and could see in the other direction the clear outline of the classic Vesuvius, ever crowned, even on fairest days, with its thin volcanic cloud of white smoke. Or, if he desired to sketch the inland scene, he could wander through paths made over the sites of the country groves and villas of the old Romans, and still bounded on each side by orange and lemon gardens, by vineyards and fig-orchards, by cypress, pine, and olive-trees, which led him to the open, upper extremity of the plain of Sorrento, whence he could look down over the fertile scene he had just passed through, and the Bay of Naples shining beyond. Of the sketches he made from such points of view as this, and from the coast, the two largest bear the appearance of finished pictures; although not a single touch was laid on either of them at home. The first is coloured with surpassing brilliancy and vigour. Its foreground is a strip of cornfield, overhung by the branches of a large chesnut-tree; its distance, the olive-gardens of Sorrento, the coast of Vico, the bright Mediterranean, and Vesuvius beyond. As a piece of landscape-painting, it yields

to nothing of its class that he ever produced. The second looks towards Vesuvius also, but from a different point. Here the smooth limpid sea, with gay market-boats floating idly on its surface, ripples into the foreground, tinged with the clear Italian reflections of the hour and scene. A strip of beach, an extremity of rocky cliff, and the point of Vico, presented the rest of the composition in Nature, and supply it in the sketch. The airy delicacy and daylight of the effect thus produced proved so popular in England, that the painter was commissioned to paint two pictures from it. The original study, (for which many offers have been made,) remains, as well as the landscape first mentioned, a treasured heirloom in the family of the painter.

When not engaged in studying the landscape of Sorrento, my father found ample occupation in making sketches from its inhabitants. There was an old lay-brother at the convent, who, provided he were well supplied with snuff, was perfectly willing to figure on the artist's canvas whenever he chose to paint him. Then there were the son and daughter of the tailor, a fine, wild, picturesque pair, who were quite as ready to earn money by sitting for their portraits, as by patching old clothes on their father's shopboard. A pretty little girl, too, was found spinning in a neighbouring garden, and painted in her attitude while at work; a picture being afterwards made of her from the study thus produced. These, and other models,—among whom a handsome sun-

burnt fellow who acted as a guide was especially prominent,—were all painted by Mr. Collins in the open air, either on the terrace of his house, or in the garden attached to it, in order that they might lose nothing in his hands of that bright glow of air and daylight which had shone over them when he first beheld them at the doors of their dwellings, or among the plants in their vineyards. It was well for the painter that he was thus constantly able to employ his pencil on the people and scenery of Sorrento; for all communication between that place and the towns in its neighbourhood was soon cut off by the establishment of quarantines,—the cholera having spread, but in a slighter degree, through the country villages, as well as the capital of the kingdom of Naples. An amusing instance of the manner in which the local sanitary regulations were observed occurred at the picturesque fishing-town of Amalfi, which the painter set forth to visit soon after his arrival at Sorrento. As soon as his boat approached the shore, two armed soldiers ran down to the water's edge, and forbade all projects of landing until the requisite quarantine had been performed in the lazaretto,—which bore the appearance of a ruined dog-kennel on a large scale. A demand for dinner was next proffered, and complied with by the landlord of the inn, who sent his cooks down to the beach in procession with the dishes, which were placed close to the sea, and taken into the boat by the sailors, after the bearers of the feast had retired

discreetly, afar from the slightest breath of contagion. Even the money to pay for the repast was ordered to be thrown, with the empty dishes, into shallow water, that they might be purified by the sea, before the wise men of Amalfi touched either the one or the other. During these proceedings, the idle population, who flocked down to the beach, saw themselves, to their utter astonishment, quietly adorning from a distance the sketch-book of the painter; who on this, as on all other occasions, coolly made the most of his time and pencil which existing circumstances would allow.

My father's unabated enthusiasm in the prosecution of his studies, though leading to the happiest results for his Art, produced at this period of his tour the most unfortunate consequences for himself. Such of his friends at Sorrento as were residents there, constantly entreated him, as they saw him set forth, day after day, on his sketching excursions, not to risk exposure to the noon-tide heat, but to take the usual "siesta" enjoyed by the Italians during the middle of the day. Remonstrances of this kind were, however, in vain; he met all objections, by declaring that he had not come all the way to Italy to go to sleep in the daylight—that he could not remain within the house, even for an hour, while there was anything left to sketch without—and that he trusted to his temperate habits and good constitution, to enable him to follow his occupations, in his own way, with impunity. For some time he

was not deceived in his confidence in his own powers of endurance; but one evening, at the end of July, he was seized, after a long day's sketching, with shivering, sickness, and pains in the head and limbs. A Scotch physician, who happened fortunately to be staying at Sorrento, was called in, and treated him with the greatest attention; but his symptoms gradually became worse. Violent rheumatic pains attacked his right hand, arm, and shoulder, his left knee and ankle, and even his eyes; and he found himself, at the commencement of the brilliant Italian autumn, confined in a state of helpless suffering to the limits of a sick room.

The mental prostration, produced by this calamitous suspension of all his pleasures and projects, strengthened, as may be imagined, the physical evils of his disorder. Remedy after remedy was tried without effect, and his rheumatic sufferings continued with more or less severity, until the beginning of October, when his medical attendant, as a last resource, ordered his removal to the natural sulphur-baths in the island of Ischia, celebrated for their restorative effect on the complicated disorder under which he still laboured.

He was carried down to the boat that was to convey him, with his family, from Sorrento, a melancholy contrast, in his helpless position, to his former active and industrious self. The servants at the Hotel, the models he had painted from, and others of the kindly, simple inhabitants of Sorrento, whose

hearts his gaiety and good nature had completely won, shed many an honest tear of regret, and offered many a sincere prayer for his recovery, as they bade him farewell at the beach, and watched his departing boat, as it steered across the Bay for the shores of Ischia.

CHAPTER II.

1837 and 1838.

Gradual progress towards convalescence at Ischia—Return to Naples—Anecdotes of perseverance in studying Nature through all difficulties—Gradual recovery—Diary at Naples—Letter to Sir David Wilkie—Departure for Rome—Re-commencement of Studies there—Observations on the Painter while at Rome; communicated by Mr. G. Richmond—Letter to Sir David Wilkie, and reply—Plans for a homeward route—Difficulties about transporting sketches to England—Departure for Florence—Occupations in that city—Gradual progress through Bologna, Parma, Verona, and Padua, to Venice—Letter from Venice to Sir David Wilkie—Sketching from Nature on the Canals—Anecdotes of Lord Byron's cook, "Beppo"—Studies from pictures, and description of first sight of Tintoretto's "Crucifixion"—Departure from Venice—Inspruck—Saltzburg—Ten days' stay at Munich—Return to England by the Rhine.

At Ischia Mr. Collins remained nearly a month. The warm baths—of which, while there, he daily availed himself—so favourably affected his disorder as to enable him, soon after his arrival, to visit much of the wild scenery of that remarkable volcanic island; at first, by the usual invalid mode of conveyance there, a *chaise-à-porteurs*, and afterwards, by riding like other tourists, on donkeys provided by the guides. Compared however with his usual active habit of setting forth on foot, to explore the scenery of a new place in his own manner, the plan

of seeing Ischia, which he was now obliged to adopt, was so unattractive as to disincline him, at the beginning of November, to make a longer stay there, and he repaired once more to Naples—the cholera having at length worn itself out in that city—eager to take advantage of his increasing strength, to resume, at the first opportunity, those studies there, which had been interrupted in the summer, almost at their outset.

During the early part of his second sojourn at Naples, he still found himself incapable of greater exertion than walking across his room; but even this tardy progress towards recovery was hailed by his sanguine disposition as the prelude to a speedy restoration, and forced by his unabated energy into ministering to his improvement in Art. Seated at his window, which overlooked the whole Bay of Naples, and a considerable extent of the principal street of the city, he sketched day after day, as long as the light lasted, whatever he saw that pleased him in the landscape or the populace. Idlers in the street, fishermen, country people, and lazzaroni, church processions and perambulating provision-sellers—all the heterogeneous population of a Neapolitan highway—he thus studied indiscriminately, whether in action or repose, his extraordinary rapidity of workmanship enabling him to commit to paper the distinguishing characteristics of the different figures he saw in motion, as they passed by his window. His landscape-sketching was fol-

lowed with the same industry and dexterity. One morning he began, at breakfast, to transcribe a gloomy effect of storm and rain over the Castello dell' Uovo, and the mountains and sea beyond it. He had scarcely finished, when the shifting clouds, at noon, produced a totally different aspect of delicate, airy, sunlight over the whole scene. Another piece of paper was handed to him, and another sketch produced of the old castle and its background, under the new light. A few hours afterwards, as the sun set, the clouds again gathered over the sky, and the view so tenderly tinted at noon, now became suffused in a rich golden glow indescribably brilliant and beautiful. Under this third aspect the same scene was again depicted by Mr. Collins in a third sketch; forming the last, and grandest, in one day's series of illustrations of atmospheric effect. When it is added that these, and all his other studies during this period, were made while his right hand was still so powerless with rheumatism, that he was obliged to lift it to his paper with the left, a better idea of the strength of his practical character, and the determination of his industry as a painter, may be gathered, than any prolixity of the most laboured narration can possibly convey.

This renewal of his well-loved employment as beneficially affected his health as it pleasantly occupied his time. Now, as in the latter scenes of his life, as soon as he was enabled after his illness to return to the Art, his strength seemed encouraged to return to

him. By the beginning of the year 1838 he found himself sufficiently recovered to leave the house, and prosecute his out-door studies—with greater care, however, for his health—as had been his wont. Some of his occupations and impressions at Naples, during this period of his recovery, are mentioned by him in the following entries in his Journal, which form, unfortunately, the only matter of this description to be met with during his tour. Seldom able, as has already been seen in the previous divisions of his career, to detach from his Art the time necessary to keep a regular Diary, even when at home, it was little likely that he should acquire such a habit while abroad, where his attention was incessantly occupied by new objects and employments, and where his first opportunities of writing down his impressions and opinions, were invariably reserved for his letters to Sir David Wilkie.

Diary while at Naples.

"1838, January 11th.—Went to the 'Tribune,' where we saw a monk of the church of S. Maria della Nova, upon his trial for the murder of a woman. By his side was a priest, upon his trial for robbery. They were both young men, and good-looking: the monk, an intellectual-looking man, something like Buonaparte; his expression apparently that of endeavouring to be easy under great agitation of mind. His neighbour was much agitated, and less wicked in his general aspect. Two women, a very little boy,

and two men placed near them on raised seats, were detained as accomplices, or rather, in some way implicated. The monk and priest sat on chairs on the floor, under the guardianship of soldiers with bayonets fixed. The monk had murdered the woman for her money—the order to which he belongs being under a vow of poverty! We went afterwards to his convent, heard his brethren chanting away, and were shown their great relic, the body of St. James, in a glass case: the church very large and handsome, a nice garden, and the whole premises upon a great scale. The inhabitants are said to be remarkable for the commission of the most disgusting crimes: this I was told by a Catholic—a man very likely, from his long residence at Naples, to know the truth, and, from his respectable character, entitled to credit.

"Afterwards we went to the church of the 'S.S. Apostoli,' erected upon the site of a temple of Mercury, and consecrated to the Apostles by Constantine; rebuilt during the seventeenth century. A large and good fresco, said to be by Luca Giordano; a Guido —our Saviour and St. John,—and a Titian-like picture; with a portrait of Raphael,—are the only pictures to qualify the rubbish in the Sacristy. Then, to the Capella de S. Severo, the mausoleum of the Sangro family. The curious piece of sculpture by Corradini, 'Modesty seen through a Veil;' another, called 'Vice Undeceived,' representing a man caught in a net, by Queirolo; and a dead Saviour covered with a veil, (the best of the three,) by

Guiseppe San Martino,—have no great merit; the novelty of representing figures under transparent coverings being their principal attraction, and the thing which travellers recollect. The chapel is very dark, some of the windows being blocked, or rather, propped up, the building having suffered much from earthquakes. Cloudy day; no rain until night.

"12th.—Mr. L—— called this morning. I gave him some account of our visit yesterday to the Tribune. He said he knew the convent of S. Maria della Nova, had dined there sumptuously, and was a little surprised that, as he knew the *avocato* to the fraternity, he had not been told by him that the trial I had seen was coming on, especially as he had promised to advise him of anything interesting of that sort. Of course, this affair was one which it was not thought necessary to make too much stir about. Gloomy day; heavy rain at night.

"13th.—Went to see the lottery drawn (the 'Reale Lotto'). This demoralizing business takes place in a large hall, nearly the size of Exeter Hall, sanctioned by the presence of many judges, (some in cocked hats), and even by what is termed the Church. The president puts the numbers into a box, which is then placed before a priest, who changes his dress, and, gabbling something like a prayer, takes the vessel with the holy water, and, with a brush, sprinkles the box several times. A little urchin, dressed in white satin and gold, (after the box has been shown to the crowd in the body of the hall, and well turned and

shaken, to their great delight, expressed by hideous yells and calls to shake it well,) puts his hand into it, and pulls out a small box containing the number drawn, handing it to the president, who shows it to a 'lazzarone' behind, who roars out its number. The first drawn, No. 79, was a popular number, and was received with deafening shouts of joy. The next, No. 2, was not popular, and was received in silence. Three more numbers were drawn, each preceded by the exhibition of the box, rattled as before; and the affair terminated by the people dispersing. On the raised platform, as well as in the hall, soldiers of the king's body guard, with fixed bayonets, kept order. The boy who draws the numbers crosses himself many times before he begins his work. The 'lazzaroni' behind the president are placed there (about twelve of them) as a supposed check upon him. Whether they can all read the numbers he draws, is, I think, doubtful!

"16th.—Went to make a sketch of the Largo del Castello. Gloomy day, with occasional rain; London-looking day. Mrs. Carrington told us an extraordinary story of a murder which took place some time ago in Naples. The visits of a priest to the wife of a person of consideration being discovered by the husband, who expressed himself strongly upon the subject, the priest engaged a barber, who knew the habits and person of the injured husband, to murder him, for the sum of a hundred ducats: which he did!

"22nd.—To Pompei. Remarkably fine day; a

most gratifying sight, full of the deepest interest to me. The most striking object I beheld was the Amphitheatre: the scenery around it is sublime, especially Vesuvius, whose original and beautiful shape was sacrificed to fulfil an act of Divine justice, in ending such scenes of cruelty and vice as existed in this profligate city ere it was destroyed.* As an instance of what may be termed the grand, wholly without reference to the moral degredation of the entertainments prepared for the people in ancient times, one can conceive nothing more striking than the vast assemblies that once congregated in this spot, which is worthy of an assemblage of Christians meeting for purposes of worship—the most glorious of all the scenes this state of existence can be susceptible of.

23rd.—Went with our companions of yesterday, Sir Henry Russell, Lady Russell, and their son Henry, to Vietri. Thence, in a boat, to ——, and walked to Amalfi. The next day proceeded to the Valley of the Mills, and afterwards to Ravello, returning by Scala. The whole of this little tour was highly impressive: I never saw such fine scenery before: the Valley of the Mills presents a picture at every step; the picturesque buildings, and the lofty crags, and old castles in ruins, are most romantic: the road to Ravello full of beauty and grandeur; Ravello itself unlike anything I ever

* The shape of Vesuvius is said to have been materially altered for the worse by the eruption which destroyed Pompei.

beheld. Here we saw, in the Duomo, the celebrated marble pulpit, with mosaics as fresh as if they had only been done a few years. From this we crossed a magnificent valley: the view from the terrace, at the back of a little miserable house where the guides stayed for refreshment, was quite beautiful. Scala itself was full of melancholy grandeur; old Saracenic castles, churches, and other buildings, offering endless food for the painter and the poet. Stopped at the cathedral, where a miserable, dirty old woman showed us a nasty mitre, worked all over with pearls and precious stones. Descended, by ten times ten thousand steps, to the cathedral of Amalfi, a rude building, very showy, and in miserable taste, with antique columns of all orders, patching up a temple fit only for those who crowd its neighbourhood—beggars, and dirty, ignorant, vulgar-looking priests. The approach to this building is by about a hundred steps. Arrived at Amalfi, you pass through covered filthy ways, up steps to the cliff; and then, by endless steps again, to the inn—a convent twenty-four years ago, but now happily turned to a useful purpose. Dined in a large room, formerly the refectory; and slept in a room about ten feet square, once the dormitory of a monk. The cloisters, the garden, etc., afford many interesting scenes for the pencil. How much I regret not having it in my power to study these, I dare not say. Here, but for my illness in the autumn of last year, I should probably have spent many weeks.

"25th.—Returned to Naples by Vietri, La Cava, Annunciata, etc. The new road from Amalfi to Vietri, along the cliff, about five hours' ride upon asses, was agreed by all to be most magnificent. Crags and castles, valleys and fishing-towns, goat-herds, the most picturesque figures with loads of sticks, and mules and their drivers occasionally enlivening the scene, produced altogether the most enchanting pictures. Here, too, they show you, built in a sort of grotto made by magnificent overhanging crags, the remains of the 'Casa de S. Andrea.' A good deal of rain in the early part of our ride; the last half, pretty fine."

An interesting sequel to the painter's Journal which terminates here, will be found in the following letter, written by him from Naples:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Naples, January 16th, 1838.

"Dear Wilkie,—Your letter of the 12th November gave us all very great pleasure, notwithstanding the certainty now afforded us, that my last long letter to you has never reached Kensington, as well as the unsatisfactory intelligence that one I wrote to Howard, and sent from Sorrento on the 22nd of December, has also been lost. One writes letters in this country with the unpleasant feeling that it is two to one they ever get out of it. 'Tis almost as bad as painting pictures without the hope of pur-

chasers,—a mortification which, amongst all my other troubles, I have escaped for some time. It seems a twelvemonth since I have heard from you. I long to see your new picture. I fancy something really original might, and I doubt not will, be made of it. Surely portrait-painting may become more like what it was two hundred years ago, and yet be more original than it now is. Do you recollect that magnificent picture by Sebastiano del Piombo, in the Doria palace? It is a portrait of an admiral,—a distinguished person at that time. I can never forget it. Perhaps I may have mentioned it to you before; but I am so much impressed with it, that were I ten years younger I would turn portrait painter, and ride in my one-horse carriage..

"I began this letter some weeks since, but was prevented finishing it by illness; and am now able, thank God, on taking it up again, to give you what I know you so much wish,—an excellent account of, I trust I may say, my recovery. After my return from Ischia, a most violent eruption took place in my head; the consequence, it is said, of using the waters for which that island is celebrated, and calculated, they say, to clear off the tendency to rheumatic affections lurking in my system. I am now able, with the help of a stick, to get about again. The first important step I took was to visit Pæstum, which no doubt attracted *your* attention. I need hardly say I was charmed; and as the day was particularly fine, enjoyed myself much, regretting only that I had not

at the proper season been able to visit that neighbourhood, for the purpose of making sketches there. La Cava, too, and Amalfi, have been for the same reason abandoned,—at least, as subjects for my pencil. I must, however, make the most of the time that remains, to lay in what Wordsworth calls 'the raw material for future works.' Under this impression, we have resolved to proceed to Rome forthwith; and after spending the remainder of the winter there to go to Bologna, Parma, etc., and on to Venice. Thence, through Switzerland, and home, God willing, by the beginning of July, hoping to arrive in time to see the Exhibition of this year. This plan, however, has been for a few weeks deferred, in consequence of an injury received in a fall by poor Charley, which, although not very serious in its effects, has made it prudent to remain at this place. By the end of the month we trust we shall reach Rome.

"Naples, of all the places I have seen since my departure from England, is the most perfectly adapted for the study of such a one as myself; not only that part of the Bay and city in which we live, but the neighbourhood all round the Bay abounds in materials of the most valuable kind. I am tempted to wish I could stay here until the autumn; but that is entirely out of the question, especially on the score of health. I would not venture to live in Southern Italy during another summer; to be as great as Turner himself. So I am now picking up

everything that comes in my way, with the avidity of a miser who has access only for once to those treasures which are his meat and drink.

"I long much to get to Rome, that I may see Williams, and get from him some account of the last Exhibition in London; as, owing to my misfortune in losing the letter you wrote to me in the spring, I know no more about what was done on that occasion than the 'man in the moon.' Almost every day whilst I was in Naples did I inquire at the Post-office myself; and after I went to Sorrento, how anxiously did I await the arrival of letters; but, alas, those that came, came only to tantalize me with the same remarks upon the subject of the display at the new Academy, namely:—'Of course you have heard all about the Exhibition; I shall therefore say nothing upon that subject!'

"What effect the contemplation of Nature, and of no pictures but those by the old masters, will have upon my future efforts in composition, and the other parts of what poor Constable used to call '*picter-making*,' I know not. I should like when you write again, to know what you think on the subject. Our cases are very much unlike in this matter. You, when you were able to work during your absence—beside the sketches you made—kept on with actual pictures; but I have done nothing of the kind. Whether the little power I had in getting up a picture, may have left me; or whether the want of *Nature*, which I always felt was the failing in my

past works, may be rectified for the future, by my long devotion here to the goddess, remains to be proved. One thing I must confess I feel pleased at, namely;—that I now feel that the excessive anxiety I always experienced about my pictures during their progress, invariably made them the worse, and that I think I am now, more of what is called a philosopher, in that respect. So, if I should not be a better painter after my trip, I shall at least be a happier man; and perhaps turn out a better-humoured old fellow, than could have been expected.

"Will you be kind enough to tell Howard, that although the last letter I wrote to him was long, the business part of it was only to tell him I could not return to England until the end of June; and that consequently should my name come on as one of the 'Council,' I could of course not serve during the year 1838; but that if it was necessary, (from any difficulty that might arise) I hoped to be able to serve in the following year—although I must confess, if my name has been passed over, and a temporary successor has been found, I shall be quite as well satisfied. The visitorships I provided for also; and of course Mr. Howard was kind enough to procure some gentleman to serve for me. I begged him also to give my best regards and thanks to Sir Martin Shee. When you write again, pray tell me the names of the Council, and as much Academy news as you can. While upon the subject of the Academy, I may mention that I have received an offer, upon

which you will be kind enough to take the opinions of those who know the statues in the Museum here (Eastlake, Uwins, and of course yourself, must recollect some of the most striking of them.) The offer is, that casts of any of these fine orks will be permitted to be made for the use of the *English* Academy. I am informed that this favour has been refused to other countries, frequently. However this may be, you may ask the President and Secretary, whether they are disposed to negotiate for this addition to their collection. I will then make inquiries respecting the expense; and through the artist who suggested the purchase—Mr. Fluor, a German—carry the thing into execution.

"There are not many English people here—the place, for Naples, is rather dull; and we are told Rome is still more so. Your friend Sir William Knighton, is, we understand, at the latter place with his family. He will not proceed to Naples until February; in which case we may meet. Your friends the Thews, left us a few days ago for Rome; and it was arranged that we should accompany them, but Charley's illness prevented our having that pleasure —a great loss to us all, and especially to the children, who swear by the Major—he buys them swords, colours, hoops, and other heart-winning things. Mrs. Thew looks poorly; she is a most agreeable person, as well as the Major, and we hope to see a great deal of them in Rome. I know you must be very busy, (how I long to be so too, and within

reach of you!) but perhaps Miss Wilkie, or Thomas, could write your thoughts some evening, as I want again to hear some of your news; and by the time I could receive your letter, a brace of new Academicians will have been elected.

"Your obliged and faithful friend,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

[As Sir David Wilkie's answer to the foregoing letter, contains no reference to the Art or scenery of Italy, and is almost wholly occupied by the relation of matters of private business in the Royal Academy, which can have no interest for the general reader, it has been judged unnecessary to insert it here.]

Excursions and employments of the same nature as those already reverted to, fully occupied my father's time at Naples, until the 8th of February; when he departed for Rome, to draw new improvement, and imbibe fresh impressions, from the fountain-head of Italian Art.

Having secured convenient lodgings, in the sunny and healthful situation in the "Corso," which his still delicate condition of health now absolutely required, he prepared immediately for close employment, by procuring permissions to copy from any pictures in the different galleries, of which he wished to retain more than the mere remembrance; and by engaging a large and commodious "studio," in which he could find space enough to paint whatever groups

of figures he might desire to arrange. In taking this room he was joined by Sir William Knighton, who having, during his father's life-time, studied with great success under Sir David Wilkie, in England, was now well pleased to continue his progress in the Art, by painting from Nature, in Mr. Collins's company, at Rome. To detail my father's employments here, would be but to repeat the description of his close and constant study of the most picturesque among the people around him, which has been already attempted, in a preceding portion of these pages. I am fortunately enabled to avoid any tediousness of recapitulation, and at the same time to occupy agreeably this part of the present work, by presenting some interesting particulars of his impressions in the great city he was now inhabiting—full of true observation of his character—kindly communicated to me by Mr. George Richmond; whose practical and theoretical acquirements in the Art well fitted him to be the valuable and welcome companion of Mr. Collins's visits this year to the pictures of Rome.

"It was in 1838," writes Mr. Richmond, "that I had the happiness of meeting your father at Rome, and in his company saw many of the fine works of Art in that city; and had I followed the advice which he then gave me,—not to depend too exclusively on memory, but to note down at the time whatever forcibly struck me in the great works, and had applied this excellent advice to other matters, I should not now have to regret that many circum-

stances relating to him are either imperfectly remembered, or altogether forgotten by me.

"That, however, which I never can forget, was the fervour and youthful energy with which he, a veteran in Art, pursued his studies while in Rome, both from Nature and the great works there. He appeared, indeed, to have come to school again; and although at that time but weak in body, it was surprising to see how the energy of his purpose sustained him through periods of laborious study; when he was engaged, not so much in practising that form of Art in which none had excelled him, as in adding new materials for thought and future practice, which have been embodied in many of his latter works.

"It was a great lesson to the young men about him, to see with what simple earnestness he followed the chosen employment of his life, making all other engagements subservient or tributary to this one object. Well might he have adopted the motto of Michael Angelo,—'*Ancora imparo.*'

"My idea is, that of all the painted works at Rome, those in the Sistine Chapel made the deepest impression on him. I have been there for hours together with him, and remember, among other qualities, his admiring the truth and nature in them; and, on one occasion, as we returned home from the Chapel, passing from the 'Borgo,' among groups of figures lying in the street, he pointed out some, saying: 'How like Michael Angelo! How like what

we have just been looking at! This is where he got his materials for those noble groups;' and went on to say, that, 'Given the seeing eye, there might we also find such material.'

"The inclusiveness of his taste sometimes came out in curious contrast to the lover of only this or that school or master. Your honoured father valued all schools, and revered all masters—but no bunglers. He did not,—if I report him truly,—see less in the Flemish and Dutch schools, because he saw so much in the Italian. Nor had he so learned to admire Raphael, that he could see nothing in Michael Angelo.

"The productions of early Art were something more than figures standing on tiptoe to him; for he had a heart to feel their tenderness and devotion, and an eye to see, that if they had known how, the painters of the age would have drawn them much better."

While engaged in his second course of study at Rome, my father did not forget to communicate again with his old friend and correspondent. He wrote thus:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Rome, March 9th, 1838.

"Dear Wilkie,—Your very welcome letter reached us in safety, and interested us very much. The doings of the Royal Academy had found their way

to Rome, however, before I received it. Your determination respecting the election, or rather the non-election of persons residing abroad, is of course unpopular here; and I must say is not very judicious in such times as we live in. It checks the ardour of English artists here, and deprives the Exhibition of a very interesting class of works, which can be better done here than in England. Had such men as Wyatt and Williams been 'Associates,'—which they ought to have been long ago,—surely, when death sweeps off four Academicians at a time, your difficulties of election might be less. It is desirable, too, that English artists, who are the best at Rome, should be members of the Royal Academy in England. Wyatt has finished a model of a Hebe for Lord de Grey, which would warrant a departure from an old and absurd law, made when the Royal Academy was anything but a liberal body, as it is now.

"Your letter to Sir William Knighton he received about the time I received that you wrote to me. He is working, or rather has been working, (for recently he went to Naples, which interfered with his regular studies,) with great assiduity; and some drawings of heads from some fine living models now at Rome, executed by him, are most excellent. He has put himself under Minardi, in spite of which I think he will do well; and to-morrow we commence together in the same studio, where he means to try his hand at painting as well as drawing. He is quite as anxious as ever to be really an artist, and he will in

every way do honour to the profession. He seems to me, if possible, more amiable and sincere than when plain Mr. Knighton. He comes of a fine stock, and seems to have happiness within his reach.

"I have very little to say about myself. I long to be at work in England. I imagine the materials I have collected may turn to account when I get home, and I have now had enough of the rambling, unsettled life a man necessarily leads when in a foreign country, with such a variety of attractions as are to be met with on the classic ground I am now treading. We think of taking our steps northward, perhaps, shortly; but, if you can find time, write to me as before,—for should I be gone, letters will be sent on to me.

"Pray, when you write, tell me all about your pictures. 'The Queen's First Council' will, of course, be finished for the ensuing Exhibition. Mulready, I hear, has a fine work nearly ready. I suppose the print from 'John Knox' will find its way to this benighted land. I long to see it. You don't condescend to notice any of the prints now in hand, or lately finished, after '*that once celebrated English painter, so long the ornament, etc., etc.*, but now on a shelf somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Tiber!' Nor, moreover, although I have asked you and others the question many times, do you tell me, or can I learn from anybody, whether the picture of 'Sunday Morning' is yet in your possession,—Mr. Walker having been desired to send it to you.

"I am longing to take lessons at Venice. Tell me when you write, what pictures I ought to *devour*, and what I ought only to *look at* when I get there. Is there much at Bologna?—besides the Correggios, I suppose nothing at Parma. I wrote lately to Rice: I hope he received my communication, for I shall be puzzled to get on without his answer, having written to him to send me two hundred pounds. As it is possible the letter may not have reached him, will you do me the favour to write to him, stating my wants? With kindest regards to your brother and sister, believe me,

"Yours most faithfully,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

"To WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

"Kensington, April 16th, 1838.

"Dear Collins,—Your most obliging and interesting letter has this day been received. Happy we are to hear of all you tell us; and, if possible, everything you request shall be attended to. I was not aware that you had ordered the picture of 'Sunday Morning' to be delivered to me. I inquired of Mr. Carpenter, but he had not heard of it. He gave me the agreeable news of having sold your picture of the 'Rock and Seafowl Scene.' He was to write to you of this himself.

"The pictures were all sent into the Exhibition last week, the 9th and 10th of April. I sent 'The Queen's First Council,' containing about thirty por-

traits, which form the interest of the picture. My next was 'The Bride, dressing at her Toilette;' and the next,—oh, tell it not in Gath!—was a portrait, in full-length, of that most staunch supporter of Her Majesty's Ministers, Mr. Daniel O'Connell!—no doubt the 'very light picture' you heard I was painting.

"To-day Mr. Rice called, at my request, at the Academy. He says he received your letter, and two or three days after remitted the two hundred pounds as directed. He told Lord de Grey of Wyatt's model of Hebe; it pleased him much.

"On your return from Rome, could you come as I did, by Foligno, Loretto, Ancona, and Bologna? That coast is beautiful. From Bologna you must pass by Parma, where you should stop some days for the Correggios. At Mantua are some remarkable colossal paintings of Julio Romano. Sir William Knighton saw them, but I did not. Venice is of course well worth a month, if you have it. The Tyrol and Munich also; but you scarce have time for all these, and to be home by the time you mention. Could not you, as I did, pass the summer in Germany, now that your picture of the Seafowl is sold? * * *

"With high esteem and regard,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your very obliged and faithful servant,

"David Wilkie."

The plans for a homeward route which now en-

gaged Mr. Collins's attention, and which are hinted at in the preceding letters, underwent some alteration before he quitted Rome. Attending to Sir David Wilkie's recommendation, to allow himself more time for the remainder of his journey than he had at first intended to devote to it, he determined to resign the attempt to reach England in time for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1838; and thereby to procure the means of making a longer stay at many places of interest he had yet to visit, at Venice especially, than he had hitherto contemplated. Hearing, also, that the scenery of the Tyrol was in many respects quite as fine as that of Switzerland, and was far less hackneyed by painters and tourists, he resolved to quit Italy by that route, leaving the snows of Mont Blanc and the Lake of Geneva for a separate tour at some future period. The difficulty of deciding on his homeward route was not, however, his only embarrassment during the latter part of his stay at Rome; the safest method of conveying to England the large collection of sketches he had now accumulated being a question of quite as much importance as ascertaining the most convenient manner of reaching home himself. Startling stories were related by some of his friends, of the Vandalic contempt for the Arts entertained by the Austrian Custom-house officers in Northern Italy, who were in the habit not only of treating sketches as roughly as shirts and dressing-gowns in the course of an official search, but even of detaining them from their owners if they

happened to be unfurnished with a government "permit," providing for their free passage through the Austrian dominions, as works which could by no possibility be considered the property of the Austrian government. The only plan proposed as obviating any inconvenience of this nature was, that Mr. Collins should entrust his sketches to the English banker at Rome, to be sent to England by ship. Finding that his collection of studies was too bulky to be taken entirely under his own charge without the greatest trouble and difficulty, and yet unwilling to trust it altogether out of his own hands, he determined to pursue "a middle course," by sending one-half of his sketches by sea, and, after procuring the necessary permit, by taking the other with him at all risks. His note of the packages of his works sent by ship-carriage only, is worth inserting, as showing the numerical importance of the preparations for future labour which his indefatigable industry had now accumulated. It runs thus:

"April 28th, 1838.—Sent to Messrs. Freeborn and Jones, a parcel, comprising a blue portfolio with fifty drawings, and twenty-three sketches in oil, (principally made in the neighbourhood of Naples,) and a packet containing sundry drawings and slight sketches,—about three hundred. Also, a tin case, containing fourteen oil sketches,—figures done in Rome."

Having completed these arrangements, having lingered in Rome for a second view of the splendid

ceremonies of the "Holy Week," and having largely increased his varied store of materials for the illustration of Italian scenery and Italian life, Mr. Collins quitted the scene of those delightful labours and vivid impressions which had given a new zest to his life and a fresh employment to his thoughts, and started, on the 30th of April, for a second visit to Florence, on his way to Venice.

The route he followed to Florence, was that by Perugia. The three old churches at Assisi, built quaintly one above another, and adorned by the frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto—the sublime waterfalls at Terni—the lovely shores of the Lake Thrasimene—were prominent among the varied attractions on the road, now made doubly delightful by the warm sunlight that shone over them all. When the painter re-entered Florence, the streets, which he only remembered as covered with snow and darkened by wintry clouds, were now displayed before him in all their architectural grandeur, under the dazzling summer atmosphere that poured on them from above. Taking advantage of weather thus favourable for country excursions, he visited as much of the beautiful scenery in the environs of Florence, as the short stay he designed to make there enabled him to see. The Royal farms, or "Cascini," near the city; and the exquisitely varied and fertile scenery around the picturesque village of Fiesole, particularly excited his admiration. Among the pictures in the different galleries of Florence, which,

on a second view, more remarkably impressed him, may be mentioned the portraits by Titian and Rubens, in the Pitti Palace. Like the Durazzo and Doria pictures, at Genoa and Rome, these great works led him to deplore the retrograde tendency of modern portraiture, and to lament that its professors did not —like Sir Joshua Reynolds—devote themselves to the study of the masterpieces of the old painters; and, beholding their perfect freedom from conventionality, their propriety of repose, their dignity and singleness of treatment—learn, even if they could not rival them in colour and nature, to abstain at least from distracting attention from the face portrayed, by abandoning all those combinations of tawdry accessories, introduced by modern bad taste into portrait Art.

At the close of his stay at Florence, my father was enabled—by the introduction of a friend—to gratify his enthusiasm for Michael Angelo, by visiting a gentleman who was a lineal descendant of the great master. At his house he beheld pictures illustrative of the life of Michael Angelo, painted by his contemporaries; various interesting domestic possessions that had belonged to the illustrious painter, and the original manuscript of his sonnets, in his own handwriting. The sight of such relics as these, was in Mr. Collins's estimation, scarcely inferior as a privilege, to his first view of the immortal master's frescoes, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

In the midst however of his pilgrimages to the

different shrines of Nature and Art at Florence, it became necessary for the painter to fix on his plan of departure; which, after a nine days' sojourn in the Tuscan capital, admitted—if the proposed limits of his time on his homeward route were still to be observed—of no further delay. By the advice of his friends, and in accordance with his own inclinations, he resolved to travel to Venice, by Bologna, Parma, Verona, and Padua, stopping on his way, at each of those cities, to examine the works of Art that they contained. On the 14th of May, he and his travelling companions quitted Florence, to enter upon the journey as thus arranged.

Bologna, with its fine pictures by the Carracci—its celebrated St. Cecilia, by Raphael; its noble palaces; and its long streets of colonnades; attractively delayed the painter on the second day of his journey. Modena also had in its pictures and churches, a welcome claim to his attention: but it was at Parma, among the renowned Correggios in that city, that his admiration rose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. These wondrous pictures, he declared far exceeded everything he had ever anticipated from them. Not satisfied with seeing them in the same way as other travellers, he bribed the people entrusted with their care, to allow him to mount tables and ladders, and examine minutely all those that might happen to be hung above the level of the eye. The portrait of Correggio, by himself, (the features of which, he said, bore a striking resemblance to

those of Sir Thomas Lawrence) the Madonna di S. Girolamo; the "Flight into Egypt;" and another Madonna, surrounded by saints, were the pictures of the master which he principally studied, during his short stay at Parma. His next halting-place was Mantua. Here occurred the dreaded examination of luggage by the Austrian Custom-house officers; but the "permit" that he had taken care to obtain, to ensure the safe passage of his sketches, was found to be as all-powerful in its protecting influence, as an amulet in a fairy tale; and he crossed the Po, on his northward way, with his drawing-cases and portfolios safe and undisturbed. Verona was the next city at which he stopped—its fine old streets and its grand Roman amphitheatre—its surrounding mountain country, and its picturesque inhabitants, impressed him as peculiarly adapted for the most interesting pictorial illustration. Time only allowed him, however, after he had seen the pictures there, to make a few hasty sketches, ere it was necessary to depart for Padua; whence—after having examined with deep interest the beautiful, but much-defaced frescoes by Giotto, in that city—he proceeded to the little town of Mestrè. Here the gondolas by the water side, and the distant view of Venice, informed him that his land journey was over, and that he had reached his last place of sojourn on Italian ground.

Mr. Collins's own account of his impressions of Venice and its pictures, in the following letter to Sir David Wilkie—although written towards the close

of his residence there—will be given before any relation of that residence is attempted, in order that it may serve as a test, by which to estimate the correctness of any description of his opinions on Venetian Art, which may occur in the narrative of this period of his continental journey:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"Venice, June 21st, 1838.

"Dear Wilkie,—At length, one of my great objects has been obtained, and I find myself surrounded by works belonging to that class which my own feelings have long led me to appreciate. With the pictures here I am perfectly satisfied—indeed, I knew them both by prints and by the many copies I have seen from time to time in England; so that they could hardly be said to be new to me. With Venice, however, which I also seemed to know equally well, I cannot say I was at first so much pleased. An air of melancholy in the more than deserted palaces, on the right hand and on the left; and the hearse-like gondolas, on our entrance from Mestrê, saddened the whole scene. This effect, although not entirely worn off, is much changed; and now our time of departure draws nigh, our melancholy is that of parting with a valued friend.

"Upon our arrival, one of our most sincere pleasures was finding two letters from our kind and estimable Kensington correspondent. In both, your accounts of the present Exhibition make me

anxiously desire to see it, before the labours of my brethren will have been dispersed. But this I fear, unless the rooms remain open much longer than I can reasonably hope, is almost impossible. We shall, however, lose no time in getting home; this being our last resting-place, with the exception of about a week at Munich. On Monday we propose going through the Tyrol, to Innspruck, and, after staying there two or three days, getting on to Munich; thence to the Rhine; and so to London, by Rotterdam. I return by this route, in preference to going through Switzerland, because the latter journey would require more time than I can now spare, and is a thing to be done without much difficulty, at some future period, even at my time of life; and, moreover, because I want to keep my Italian schemes as distinct as possible, and to have as much time before the next Exhibition as I can, that I may do myself justice. You will think all this contrivance ought to be followed up by the production of something worth looking at: but this is no easy matter; for every place, and indeed everything in Italy, has been so besketched, that little remains, unless the old way of doing things be resorted to, by way of novelty. One thing I am more convinced of every day; namely, that the fine pictures of the schools I am surrounded by are built upon what is called *common nature;* the inhabitants of the streets furnishing the guest-table, and there playing their parts with a dignity to be found only amongst the

people. But, if this introduction of the model be too literal, that common look which belongs to modern Continental pictures, and which is certain degradation, is an inevitable consequence.

"So much with respect to figures. In the case of landscape, the same thing, to a much greater extent, is sure to follow. Views, mere views, are detestable. What can be more like Nature than the landscape of Titian? I was yesterday looking at the 'Peter Martyr,' at San Giovanni,—I got up to it, on the altar. The painting is truth itself; and yet, how far removed from anything 'common or unclean!' (if one might venture on such an expression)—sober, solemn truth, coming from one aware of the real dignity of his pursuit. What a creature he was!

"By the way, we have taken our abode nearly opposite the house in which he painted for many years, and where he died. I hope this very day to finish a sketch I have begun, of the terrace upon which it is said he so frequently walked, looking on the grand canal. Paul Veronese, too, is here in all his glory; and Bonifazio—what great things he has done! Do you recollect the picture, in the 'Belle Arti,' of Lazarus and the rich man's table? What tone, and what real breadth! Then, Paris Bordone—the picture, in the same place, of the 'Fisherman presenting the Ring to the Doge.' Tintoretto, too—how can one *speak* of his pictures?—the 'Miracle of S. Marco,' the 'Crucifixion;' and the many other fine things in the Scuolo di S. Rocco, and in the Church.

But I must stop—you cannot answer my questions; but when we meet, as I trust we soon shall, we can talk these matters over and over again. What a lucky wight I have been, to be able to take my pleasure for more than a year and a half, rambling about amongst these glorious scenes, and for twice in my life escaping the responsibilities of an exhibitor! This *ex officio* life, however, must have an end; and then what is to become of me, I know not!

"My paper warns me (for Harriet claims a part of it for your sister) that I must be brief. I must find room, however, to tell you, that we are in daily expectation of hearing that 'the knot' has been tied in the case of our excellent friend, Sir William Knighton. His bride, as bride elect, we were introduced to at Rome: she is the daughter of Major Jamieson, and a most excellent and lady-like person. For some time I had observed symptoms in your pupil of slighting his former mistress—*the Art;* and now she, to whom we all thought he was for ever devoted, with her, or rather *his*, colour-box at her back, and her reticule filled with deserted and broken chalks, both black and white, is turned inhumanly out of doors, by him who had sworn, by the ceiling of the Vatican, never to wed another!

"And now, my dear friend, I must break off, trusting to your usual kindness to excuse the haste with which I must conclude. Again thanking you for all your favours, believe me

"Yours, obliged and faithfully,

"William Collins."

In his sketches from Nature at Venice, the painter —with the same originality of feeling which marked him in all that related to his Art—abstained from occupying himself with the representation of any of the celebrated views in that city, which had been already appropriated by other pencils. His time was employed, where his attention was attracted, by the fresher pictorial materials, presented in quaint corners of large old buildings, with gloomy strips of water gliding past their thresholds; in curious by-lanes; in unfrequented back canals, with narrow weather-stained bridges over them, and clumsy solitary boats floating drowsily on their waters. Nothing could be more independent, more delightfully easy and undisturbed, than his present process of sketching, as he glided along in his gondola, able to pause wherever he pleased, sheltered from the sun, and out upon the motionless waters with his companions,—where, though he was in the midst of a populous city, no loiterers could overlook him in his tranquil isolation. His sketches at Venice, made under these favourable circumstances, were all clear, sunny, and forcible, in an extraordinary degree. A circumstance attending the production of one of these sketches, exhibited in an interesting light the natural respect of the lower orders of Venetians for all that pertained to the Art. While he was occupied, one morning, in painting a distant building, Mr. Collins's gondola was kept stationary in the middle of the Grand Canal, on a market day, for more than an hour—a position some-

what akin to that of a man who should draw up a cab across the Strand, at noonday, to paint a portrait of the lion on Northumberland-house. But, though the owners of the little fleet of boats, laden with country produce, (which during the period of the painter's employment were ascending the canal in a long file,) found themselves delayed on their way, and put to some inconvenience, by being obliged to turn out of their course, as they approached Mr. Collins's gondola, not one of them, when they perceived his occupation, attempted to vindicate their right to the direct passage, which he was obstructing. Each, without a word of remonstrance, sloped quietly off on either side, and left him in his chosen position perfectly undisturbed.

A useful guide in some of Mr. Collins's sketching excursions, among the canals of Venice, was a former cook of Lord Byron's, named Beppo, whom the painter engaged in his "professional" capacity as a compounder of dishes, but who was highly delighted, in his leisure hours, to employ his local knowledge of nooks and corners in Venice for his master's benefit. Taking an oar in the gondola, the ready cook frequently piloted Mr. Collins through more of the strikingly picturesque back canal scenery of Venice, than even he, with all his industry, was ever able to transcribe to paper. Beppo's aid on these occasions was always given on one condition—that, when the gondola passed any large hotel, he should be suffered to lay down his oar, and relapse into a plain

passenger; because, as a cook well-known in Venice, he could not lower his "profession," by exposing himself before the servants of the inn, in the act of rowing like a common gondolier!

Having served other Englishmen, besides Lord Byron, (whom he spoke of as a most generous and indulgent master, "though he eat little but biscuits and fruit,") this Beppo had picked up some ideas of manners and customs in England; one of which was, that all English gentlemen had their names written up over their house doors. Accordingly, he set to work to manufacture a name-plate for his master; which, when completed, he hung up in his absence, at the back gate of his abode, intending it as a surprise to him on his return. On regaining his own door, Mr. Collins, to his astonishment, found two or three idlers gazing up at a black board, nearly three feet long, hung over the entrance, and bearing in large white letters, this impressively simple inscription,—"WIMICHIM COLLINS."

The master's appreciation of the comic was too genuine to permit him to disturb the servant's respectable "door-plate." The delighted Beppo was gravely thanked for his attention to English customs; no attempt was made to improve his notion of the orthography of the word "William;" and the painter remained—to the intense enjoyment of his English friends—placarded to all Venice, as "WIMICHIM COLLINS," to the last day of his residence there!

Not satisfied with admiring, only, the noble pic-

tures mentioned in his letter to Sir David Wilkie, my father occupied part of his time at Venice, in making copies of groups of figures, and arrangement of colour, in many of the great works that he saw. The fidelity of eye and hand to his original, which had distinguished him in his student days, is exhibited undeteriorated in these studies of his mature age, combined with a spirit and vigour, far beyond what those youthful efforts ever attained. Among the pictures whose peculiar beauties he thus lastingly impressed upon his recollection, Tintoretto's mighty "Crucifixion," pre-eminently engaged his attention. Of the noble group at the foot of the cross, and of other figures in this vast and glorious work, he made studies, in which the magical colour and composition of the original were transcribed with remarkable success. The writer of the present work happened to be with him on his first sight of this picture — as indeed he was on most other similar occasions. The day was declining, as they entered the great room in the Scuolo di San Rocco, and beheld the light from without, falling soft and sober, upon the wall along which Tintoretto's immense composition extended. Thus seen, this sublime illustration of the Divine tragedy of Calvary assumed its grandest and highest aspect: it appeared to strike the painter speechless, as he looked at it. For some time, he and his companion believed themselves to be the only occupants of the room; but a half-suppressed sob, suddenly audible from its lower

and darker extremity, informed them that they were not alone. It proceeded from an old man, dressed in the worn rusty cassock of the lower order of Italian country curates, who was standing before the picture, with his wan hands clasped over his breast, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and his eyes fixed immovably on the majestic composition before him. He appeared to be perfectly unconscious that any one was looking at the picture but himself; and Mr. Collins and his companion, on quitting the room, left him in the same position in which they had at first discovered him. It is in such triumphs as these, that painting attains its highest elevation; and, casting its mortal imperfections behind it, communes with universal humanity, in the mother language of that Nature from which it is derived.

After a month's stay at Venice, fully occupied by the pleasures and employments, of which some instances have been here enumerated, my father's anxiety to commence his new labours in England urged him at length to close his studies of the great works around him, to resign his sketching excursions on the canals, and to set forth definitively on his return to his native country. On the 26th of June, he quitted Venice; and looked his last at Italy, as, a few days afterwards, he ascended the Tyrolese Alps, on his way to Innspruck.

From this point it is unnecessary to follow Mr. Collins's progress with any minuteness. When he

left Venice, the objects of his journey were achieved —those varied studies of the people, the landscape, and the Art of Italy, which had made the purpose of his departure from England, were now completed. His mind was stored with new ideas, and his hand impatient to embody them, as soon as he quitted Venice. He viewed the rest of the route with the eye of a traveller and a lover of Nature; but he did not study the different features of the countries northward of the Alps, with the strong intellectual purpose, which characterized his days of Italian travel—to illustrate which has been the main object of the present portion of this work. The further progress of his journey will be so managed, therefore,—to use his own words, in his last letter to his friend Wilkie—"as to keep his Italian schemes as distinct as possible;" little more being related of it, than the bare description of the route he followed; with the single exception of a passing notice of his short sojourn at Munich; which, as a city remarkable for its works of Art, attracted his attention somewhat prominently.

Having passed a few days at Innspruck and Saltzburg, in order to visit the fine mountain scenery of the country around those towns, my father next proceeded to Munich, where he made a stay of ten days. Contrasted with the Italian cities, to which for the last year and a half he had been accustomed, the capital of Bavaria wore a strangely new, neat, and modern aspect. Nothing of the venerable

character of antiquity appeared to belong to it, but its works of Art; and in these—in the "Barberini Faun," and the Egina statues, in the "Glyptothek;" and in the Murillos, Vandyckes, and other old pictures in the "Pinacothek"—he found much to remind him agreeably of his pictorial experience in Italy. It was, however, from an expedition to the Royal Palace of Schleisheim, to see there Wilkie's celebrated picture, "The Reading of a Will," that he derived his most genuine enjoyment while at Munich. He found his friend's work (which had been purchased by the King of Bavaria) in perfect preservation, holding its ground triumphantly against the old pictures which surrounded it, by its fine colour and *chiaroscuro*, and its strikingly dramatic developement of subject and character. With what he saw of the modern German works at Munich, Mr. Collins was not particularly impressed. Notwithstanding the inclusiveness of his taste in Art, (so well noticed in Mr. Richmond's observations on his character, in Rome,) he had little sympathy with the productions of the modern German school, at any time of his life; and that little, his fresh recollections of Titian and Tintoretto tended considerably to lessen, during his stay at Munich.

The painter's next place of destination was Mannheim; thence, after a visit to Heidelberg, he embarked on the Rhine—the banks of which, by no means bore comparison with the scenery he had left —and, after a passing look at Mayence and Cologne,

he arrived at Rotterdam; which was already well-known to him, from his tour in Holland in 1828. From that place he reached London on the 15th of August, after an eventful absence on the Continent of almost two years.

Having now terminated the narrative of Mr. Collins's studies on the Continent, it next remains to display the practical result of his travels on his return to his native country, by noticing the public reception and intrinsic merits of the new works that his journey to Italy produced—works, which mark the commencement of the fourth epoch in his pictorial labours, and conduct to the closing scenes in his earthly career.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

1838—1842.

Conjectures in the world of Art about the painter's future works—His preparations for the next season's Exhibition—Italian pictures of 1839—Their reception by the different classes to which they were addressed—Illness, from inflammation of the eyes, at the latter part of the year—Necessity of abstaining from general occupations and amusements, and consequent barrenness of biographical incident, at this period—Pictures of 1840—Removal of residence, and short tour in Germany—Letter to Mrs. Collins—Appointment to Librarianship of Royal Academy—Departure of Wilkie to the Holy Land—Anecdote of the parting interview of the painter and his friend—Letter to Sir D. Wilkie—Curious effect of soil on constitution—Letter to and from Sir D. Wilkie—Pictures of 1841—Death of Sir D. Wilkie, on his voyage to England—Letter to Sir R. Peel—Letters to Mrs. Collins—Partial return to English subjects—Letters to the Royal Academy, and to Mr. Eastlake, R.A.—Pictures of 1842—First discovery of the disease, which afterwards terminated the painter's life—His departure on a tour to Scotland and Shetland.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Collins had returned to England, the curiosity of the world of Art was highly aroused, upon the subject of his future efforts. The reports that soon spread, respecting his sketches, described their number and variety

pretty accurately; but were rather at fault, in estimating the exact use to which they would be turned. It was questioned in one quarter, whether he would not abandon landscape and rustic life altogether, n d enter the lists boldly, with the "Professors of High Art." Another party doubted this; but thought it extremely probable that he might take to painting classical landscapes, and follow in the steps of Claude and Wilson. A third opinion was, that he would commence a series of Italian cottage and coast scenes, which it was to be feared, however—after his long practice on home subjects—would have little that was strikingly characteristic to recommend them, and would present in heterogeneous combination, a little that was foreign with much that was English. A fourth set of connoisseurs took higher ground, declared that he had made a complete mistake in going to Italy, that his early style was the only style he was fitted for, that Wilkie had inoculated him with his own ill-advised bias for change of subject, and that his new pictures, whatever they might be, would prove utter failures.

Meanwhile, the object of all these conjectures lost no time in preparing for his future labours. His house at Bayswater having been taken as a permanent residence, by the gentleman who had occupied it on his departure from England, his first requisite was to find a new abode. This was, after some trouble, accomplished by engaging a convenient dwelling in the Avenue-road, Regent's Park—pre-

cisely in the quiet situation, on the outskirts of London, which Mr. Collins most desired to occupy. Here, as soon as his painting-room could be furnished, he at once entered on the preparation of his new pictures. Chairs, tables, and even the floor, were soon covered with Italian sketches, from which to select subjects. Wilkie's frequent visits were again resumed; long conversations on Art—now more interesting than ever—were held between the friends; and in a wonderfully short space of time, the machinery of the painter's home employments, which had been suspended for two years, resumed its wonted regularity and regained its easy progress.

Having succeeded in the selection of three designs, which he and his friend Wilkie thought well calculated to open the Italian campaign with due completeness and decision, my father suffered nothing to interrupt him in proceeding to realise his new ideas. His mode of life now became as regular as it had lately been varied. He thoroughly appreciated the difficulties to be contended with, in suddenly assuming a new form for his Art; he remembered the outcry raised against Wilkie for abandoning his early choice of subject, and, conscious that his own position with the critics might, for aught he knew, soon become similar to his friend's, he determined to neglect no effort to sustain his reputation by exhibiting, in its strongest light, the connection of his journey to Italy with decided improvement in the characteristics of his works.

A visit at Christmas to the country seat of Sir George Philips was the only suspension of his occupations which the painter allowed himself in the year 1838. Knowing that, as the new season approached, his engagements in London society would be such as to leave his employments less completely at his own disposal than during the autumn months, he made good use of his time while it still remained his own; and, on the opening of the year 1839, found his three pictures safely and satisfactorily advancing towards their completion. Indeed, his application to his profession was, at this period, closer perhaps than it had ever been before. His resumption of his labours would have been welcome to him, even as a new phase in the varying life he had lately led, but, recalling as it did, in every sketch that he consulted and every form of composition that he considered, the pleasant studies of the last two years—and ripening, as it could not fail to do, the first fruits of the pictorial hopes and projects of his travelled life—it assumed to him as new and as welcome a charm as if it had been his earliest experiment in Art for the public eye. Wilkie, the most constant and attentive of his professional friends in watching the progress of his new works, thus notices their commencement and conclusion, in two letters to Sir William Knighton:

"Collins is painting from Neapolitan subjects—a new dress for his Art. He is much in request as a lion, and his subjects excite curiosity; so that we

hope a line of success may attend him." At the end of March, when the pictures were being sent into the Royal Academy, Sir David again mentioned his friend's works, describing their completion thus: "Collins has finished three pictures, and most happily. I took Seguier * to see them, who thought them as fine as Collins ever painted."

On the opening of the Exhibition of 1839 (one of the most important for Mr. Collins's interests to which he had ever contributed), his pictures were thus described in the Catalogue: "A Scene near Subiaco, Roman States;" "Naples—Young Lazzaroni playing the game of Arravoglio;" "Poor Travellers at the door of a Capuchin Convent, near Vico, Bay of Naples."

The "Scene near Subiaco" was composed from sketches made during an excursion to that romantic town, on the painter's second residence at Rome. The foreground of the picture is the road leading to Subiaco, bounded on each side by high, picturesque hills. In the middle distance, rising over woods and fields, and situated on an abrupt eminence, stands the town—building perched upon building, with a convent and church, like a pinnacle, crowning all. Near a rude penthouse chapel, to the right of the composition, stands an old begging friar, holding in one hand his tin money-box, and raising the other to bless two lovely little peasant children, who are

* A great judge of pictures, ancient and modern,—since dead.

giving him a small copper coin, while their mother stands at a little distance, looking at the group. This incident the painter had often observed in Italy. It is rendered here with the same simple truth to Nature that characterizes his English works. The monk, the woman, and the children, are each as genuine types of their respective classes, as free from false refinement, and as simply and strikingly true, as any fisher boys or cottage children ever painted by his hand. The same unshrinking fidelity to Nature which marks the figures, characterizes also the landscape of this picture. There is no attempt to make the warm warmer, or the bright brighter than in the original scene. By turns airy and delicate, vigorous, glowing, and distinct, the landscape of Italy is reflected in its true colours, and decked only in its native merits. The technical qualities of the picture indicate at all points the painter's comprehensive study of the principles of the old masters—its breadth of treatment and harmony of colour being especially remarkable to the educated eye. It was purchased by Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart.

The four ragged little Neapolitan vagabonds, playing the game of "Arravoglio," and forming the subject of the second of Mr. Collins's pictures, were members of a class of "Lazzaroni," whose habits he took the greatest delight in studying. Generally haunting the beach—now basking in the sun—now swimming round their father's fishing-boats—playing, eating, sleeping, the livelong day, and sometimes, by

way of variety, picking the pockets of English "Milords,"—these happy little rascals lead a life more akin to the existence of the "Thelemites" of Rabelais than to that of ordinary mortals. Their great game was "Arravoglio," which consisted in bowling a ball through a ring just large enough to let it pass, and fixed upright in the ground. To accomplish this successfully, required great skill and exactness, and a particular swing of the body, which is illustrated in Mr. Collins's picture by the figure of one of the boys, who is just throwing the ball, while his companions are looking on. Every one of the attitudes, every inch of the rags, every peculiarity of the gestures of these "dolce-far-niente" urchins, was drawn by the painter from Nature, while his models were far too much occupied in their game to attend to him as he sat sketching them on the side of a fishing-boat, at a little distance. Thus produced, this picture has a quaint originality—perfectly removed from caricature or coarseness—which it is impossible to describe. The mountains of Castellamare, as seen from the beach at Naples, make the distance of the picture, which expresses the sultry glow of a hot Italian day with graphic eloquence and truth. It was purchased by Mr. John Baring.

The "Poor Travellers at the Convent Door" presented an union of extreme delicacy of treatment with great brilliancy of effect. The landscape part of the composition, displaying rich undulating lines of woody and rocky landscape, sweeping downwards

to the sea-shore, and suffused in the light of a tender morning sky, speckled here and there by faint fleecy clouds, is finely contrasted in colour with the sober hue of the convent, which, backed by trees, occupies the high ground in the composition. A lay-brother is just opening the door in answer to the bell rung by a woman with two children, who is asking for charity and refreshment for herself and her other companions; one of whom is a wild, uncouth lad, leaning on a stick, the other, a little girl resting wearily on the ground; not in a studied attitude of indolent grace, but with her limbs stretched out straight before her, in the natural listlessness of perfect fatigue. This picture, differing from its companions in its extreme delicacy of treatment, was assimilated to both in its fidelity, as an illustration of the scenery and people of Italy. It was purchased by Mr. Marshall.

The general reception of these works among the different classes to which they were addressed, was most encouraging. The painter's Academic brethren marked their sense of their merits by the excellent positions they gave them on the Academy walls; the largest of the three being hung in a "centre" in the East Room. They were all sold before they left Mr. Collins's painting-room; and commissions for new pictures were received by him from the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Thomas Baring, and Mr. Marshall. With the patrons of Art, therefore, their success was immediate. Among those professionally

and practically connected with painting, the main point noticed in them was the remarkable improvement they exhibited in the artist's style. Some among these critics, who had always acknowledged his originality and highly estimated his genius, had formerly lamented, as drawbacks to the excellence of his pictures, an occasional timidity in drawing, and a too frequent predominance of excessive and overwrought finish, which they attributed to his almost morbid anxiety to labour his efforts to the highest pitch of excellence that he could attain. But now, on examining his Italian works, they one and all remarked the new force and boldness he had acquired in drawing the figure, and the increased degree of vigour, variety, and brilliancy of execution to which he had arrived. "Should you at some future time," said they, "depart from Italian, and return to English subjects, the benefit you have derived as a painter, from your journey to Italy, will enable you to excel all you have hitherto done, even in the branch of Art that you have made your own." With the general public, the improvement in my father's style thus noticed, combined with the complete change of subject which his works now presented, afforded abundant matter for observation. It was amusing to see many of the gazers at his new productions, looking perplexedly from catalogue to picture, and from picture back to catalogue, to assure themselves that they really beheld any of "Collins' works" in the bright southern scenes displayed before them. What-

ever their opinions were on the change in the painter's subjects, there was no falling off in the interest with which his new experiments were regarded. The "Scene near Subiaco," and its companions, were examined with the same general attention which had formerly been bestowed on "The Fisherman's Departure," or "The Stray Kitten."

The solitary exception to the general welcome that the Italian pictures received, was in their reception by the Press. A few critics, here and there, who saw no reason why a man who had pleased the public in one branch of Art should be incapacitated to please them in another, spoke in terms of high praise of the painter's new efforts; but the majority disparaged them, either as more English than Italian in character, or as a misapplication of his genius, which might have been better devoted to those native scenes, by the representation of which his station in his profession had been won. To neither of these opinions is it necessary to demur in this place. The pictures to which they refer remain to vindicate abundantly their own intrinsic merits under any impartial observation; while of their extrinsic value, the most satisfactory evidence will be found in the fact, (to be detailed a few pages hence,) that the only one of them sold at public auction during my father's lifetime, realized a larger price than he had estimated it at himself, when completing it on commission.

Having partly anticipated remonstrance against his change of subject, from his recollection of Wilkie's

experience under similar circumstances, the painter was not surprised at the critical objections offered to his new works. Well knowing that he had not abandoned all further illustration of English scenery, and well satisfied that the encouragement his Italian pictures had met with from the profession and the patrons, would justify their continuation, he determined to proceed undiscouraged with the series of foreign subjects which he had designed, and to present them to the public under a newer form even than he had yet essayed. This resolution proceeded from no disregard of criticism on Art, as contained in the leading public journals. His own conviction of their importance to the cause of painting was plainly testified in his strong reprobation of the illiberal exclusion, by the Royal Academy, of the gentlemen connected with the Press, from the privileges justly conferred on them by all other intellectual institutions; but in pursuing the course that he now adopted he felt convinced that he was right; and when this was the case, neither opposition nor remonstrance ever turned him aside from the purpose he had formed.

At the outset, however, of his studies for the next Exhibition, he was afflicted with one of the most incapacitating maladies that a painter can suffer—inflammation of the eyes. His medical attendant, on examining him, declared that the remains of the rheumatic disorder, from which he had suffered in Italy, were still lurking in his constitution. His

case, it was added, was one that required unusual caution in the minutest matters—even the clay soil on which his house was built was suspected of having some connection with the malady of which he complained; and he was strongly recommended to take another abode, on dry gravel ground. While this advice was under consideration, he repaired to Brighton, to try the effect of the sea air. This was found to be most salutary; and he returned to London, to all appearance perfectly cured. Later in the year, however, the inflammatory symptoms returned with all their former severity, with the pleasant accompaniment, soon afterwards, of a report generally credited—and inserted, I believe, in some of the newspapers—that the painter was seized with utter blindness.

One main condition, on which Mr. Collins's medical attendant was able to alleviate his symptoms, was, that his eyes should be as much relieved from any minute employment as possible. Incapable of suffering the privation of entirely discontinuing his labours on his new pictures, he could only submit himself to the doctor's orders by resigning, for a time, his other occupations. Reading, writing, and exposure to the night-air, he abstained from as completely as was required. This course of action, while it benefited his disease, rendered the events of his life, in the year 1839, unusually monotonous. Society, he was obliged almost wholly to avoid—neither journals nor letters emanated from his pen during this period—his pictures only occupied his attention, and to his pic-

tures, therefore, the present passages in his career must necessarily, though abruptly, proceed.

Generally viewed only, the three works he completed for the Exhibition of 1840, were perfectly calculated to prove that his illness had not affected the usual value and number of his productions,—one of them, however, in particular, excited perhaps greater astonishment than any picture he had ever painted. He had already startled the attention of the world of Art, on more than one occasion, by variety in subject and treatment, but this year he put the finish to the surprise of painters, patrons, and critics, by exhibiting an historical picture, drawn from the highest of all sources, the history of our Saviour.

This work was entitled, "Our Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple." The desire to paint from a Scripture subject was no recent ambition of my father's. Among the MS. notes of contemplated pictures, scattered through his papers of early dates, are several plans for illustrating passages in the Old and New Testaments—here and there expanded into a rough sketch. His journey to Italy did not, therefore, prompt his present experiment, though it assuredly tended to hasten its trial, and to increase its chances of success. The model for the face of our Saviour, in the picture now under review, was the beautiful Italian boy, mentioned in the notices of Mr. Collins's first sojourn at Rome. Although the expression of his countenance is refined and elevated from the original, in the painter's work, the features

retain the resemblance to the first study from Nature —thus mingling, in the personation of Christ, the human with the Divine, in a singularly eloquent and attractive manner. Luxuriant dark brown hair, parted back over his pure open forehead, falls on each side of the Saviour's neck. His face—serious, inquiring, holy—retains its loveliness of perfect youth, under its higher aspect of Divine elevation. A mysterious purple halo of celestial glory encircles his head, as he sits at the centre of a table, round which the doctors are grouped. These figures are painted with a dramatic energy of action, and vigour of expression, which contrasts them nobly with the calm dignity of the inspired disputant. Among them are the haughty, sneering Pharisee, openly expressing his scorn; the juster and wiser doctor, listening with candour and patience; the old man, of less vigorous intellect, lost in astonishment at the Divine question he has just heard; and the subtler philosopher, consulting with his companion for the triumphant answer that no one has yet framed. In the background, entering a door, are seen the figures of the Virgin and St. Joseph, pausing to listen to the wisdom that is dropping from the Saviour's lips. The composition of the whole picture is exceedingly simple and grand; void of the slightest affectation of mediæval formality or modern exaggeration; and testifying throughout, that the painter's convictions of the methods of study adopted by the old masters, from the Nature around them, have presided over his work. The tone of colour is

rich, varied, and solemn; the drawing, vigorous and correct. "As a first effort in a new path," observes the "Art-Journal," criticising the picture, "its effect is startling. It is such a work only, as a man of unquestionable genius could produce."

The possessor of this, the first of Mr. Collins's historical productions, is the Marquis of Lansdowne, for whom it was painted, and in whose collection, at Bowood, it is now placed.

In the second picture of the year, "Ave Maria," the soft brief twilight of Italy falls over every object in the composition, in which the mountains of Tivoli form the distance. The foreground is a bank of wild flowers, overshadowed by pine trees: on it is seated a beautiful girl, playing the evening service to the Virgin, on her mandolin; while a lovely little boy reclines on the ground by her side, his head resting on her lap, and his face expressing the rapt attention with which he is listening to her music. The refined sentiment of these two figures, seated alone in the pure twilight solitude—the still, religious, evening tranquillity of the scene around them—the ineffable tenderness and softness reigning over the whole composition, it is impossible to convey in words. Few pictures were ever produced, appealing more directly to the heart, and less to the colder critical faculties, than this work. It was painted for the late Sir Thomas Baring.

The third picture, "The Passing Welcome," was painted for Mr. James Marshall, and belonged to a

perfectly different class from either of its companions. It depicted an episode in an Italian "Festa." Two handsome gaily-attired peasant girls, leaning over the balcony of a vine-dresser's cottage, and offering a bunch of grapes to a young fellow stopping to talk to them, as he passes on horseback to the "Festa," along the road beneath—made the incident of the picture, which was brightened and enlivened by the warm sunshine pouring down on every object in it—on the gay dresses of the two girls, on the vine-leaves waving above the balcony, on the gaudy accoutrements of the young peasant's horse, and on the glimpses of distant landscape, visible behind him. "Both works," remarks the "Art-Journal," of this and the "Ave Maria," "are exquisite in conception, and admirable in all their details."

During the latter part of the progress of these works, and after they had been sent to the Exhibition, the painter's health continued to be indifferent, and his eyes remained subject, at times, to the inflammatory symptoms from which he had already suffered so much. These evidences of the unfavourable effect of the situation he inhabited on his constitution, at length induced him to prepare for the speedy change of residence to a drier soil, which his medical attendant had recommended the year before. While this removal was under consideration, he joined a pleasant travelling party—among whom were his friends Mrs. and Miss Otter—on a trip to the baths of Schwalbach, in Nassau. Of the pleasure ensured for him

throughout this excursion, by the agreeable qualities of his travelling companions, and of the general route they followed, some account is given in the following letter:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Schwalbach, 8th July, 1840.

"I received your letter on Saturday last, and much did it relieve and console me; for I had longed so much to hear from dear home, that I was beginning to lament that I had not made some arrangement —difficult as it would have been—to hear from you at some place on our route. However, everything is, as it always is, for the best; and most thankful I am to find all is so well in London.

"Nothing can be more pleasant and agreeable than the party I am with. Their virtues and tempers are beyond all praise; selfishness is a word none of them know anything about. You will say, then, why should I be in want of consolation?—simply because I have here only one-fourth of myself. That the other three-fourths are well at home, and that I can send you a good report of the remaining quarter, is a cause of the greatest thankfulness.

"We have all had slight colds, but never anything to interrupt our cheerfulness; and although I do not think the waters here have much to do with health such as mine, (which, I am more convinced every day, depends on air, exercise, and plain and wholesome diet,) still I think of trying those of Ems—for which place we propose setting out to-morrow. We

have had lately rather broken weather—indeed, some very rainy days—and on our journey, much such weather as you seem to have had in London.

"When you write again—which I hope you will do the day after you receive this—you had better address to, *poste restante*, Frankfort-on-the-Maine; where I shall hope to meet a letter, which I fear will be the last—as, after a day or two there, we shall make for dear home without delay. We are now just setting off for Nassau, and to-morrow we hope to be at Ems. Let me know how Landseer is, and also whether Stanfield is better. Tell Wilkie I hope to return in time for the dinner at the Royal Academy.

"Yours affectionately,

"William Collins."

On returning from Germany in July, Mr. Collins had the gratification of finding that he had been appointed Librarian of the Royal Academy—an office for which he had become a candidate on its vacation by the gentleman who had last held it, Mr. Jones, R.A. The duties of this situation require the Academician who fills it to superintend the researches of the students among the prints, and other works connected with Art, placed there to be consulted by them—as well as to undertake the charge of recommending the increase and insuring the preservation of the large collection that is placed under his care. For this office, which required his attendance on one day and two evenings in each week, Mr. Collins's

character well fitted him. His habitual kindness and attention to all young men consulting him on matters of Art, was here constantly exhibited in his readiness to assist the students; and his industry and love of method were most usefully called forth for the branch of the Academy over which he now presided, in the careful revision of the Library Catalogue, on which he immediately and anxiously employed himself.

In the summer of this year my father removed to a new house at Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park,—a situation to which he was recommended, as one of the driest and healthiest in London. In the month of August, soon after his change of residence, occurred an event of great personal interest to him, and of no small importance to the world of Art,—the departure of Sir David Wilkie for the Holy Land.

The object of the great painter's journey was to gather materials for a series of Scripture subjects, among the descendants of the people with whom all the remarkable passages of the Bible are connected, and in the localities consecrated by the Divine events of the redemption of the world. This is, however, so generally known through the interesting details on the subject in Mr. Cunningham's Biography, as to render reference to it here almost unnecessary. Of Mr. Collins's sentiments on his friend's important pilgrimage to Jerusalem, of his full conviction of the success that awaited him in the new field of Art he was about to enter, ample evidence will be presented

in a letter shortly to be inserted. In the meantime, an anecdote, contained in the painter's MS. notices of Wilkie's character, of the parting, and, as it afterwards proved, of the last earthly interview of these two firm friends, will be perused with interest:

"I went over to see Wilkie," writes Mr. Collins, "a day or two before he left home, on his last journey. He showed me all his contrivances for prosecuting his studies in Jerusalem, and spoke of the enthusiasm he must feel in painting from a young woman and child at Bethlehem, on the very spot, as the 'motivo' for a picture of a Holy Family. After he had put everything in order again, he said, 'But now I must show you my guide-book.' He then took out a parcel, carefully enveloped in a cloth covering,—it was the Bible.

"I never saw him again; but, from many remarks in the letters I received from him during his absence, I have no doubt the book he showed me was truly his Guide."

The blank in his social enjoyments caused by Sir David Wilkie's departure, was strongly felt by my father. With all his enthusiasm for his friend's projects, he could not conceal from his mind, the evident personal risk — for one whose health was so delicate, as Wilkie's — of travelling to eastern climates. News of his progress therefore, as he advanced towards the great place of his destination, was awaited with anxiety, as well as pleasure; and the first letter that he wrote to Mr. Collins from

Constantinople, announcing his arrival and describing his impressions on his route, was perused, as may be imagined, with the deepest interest. The answer to it was as follows:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"85, Oxford-terrace, 23rd February, 1840.

"Dear Sir David, — Your letter was a most gratifying sight to our family circle, confirming, under your own hand, all the good news we had heard at various times from your brother and sister. Our first anxiety respecting the voyage to Rotterdam, was happily soon relieved, and was succeeded by a curiosity and interest about your future proceedings, felt in common by all who know you, either in the capacity of friend or admirer. Indeed, should the political state of the countries now before you, and between you, and the objects you have in view in the Holy Land, render them unattainable, what you have already seen must afford materials, in your hands, highly attractive to a public now more interested in eastern matters than during any former period; and as figure-painters have done so little 'upon the spot,' and the material for landscape draughtsmen is at best hackneyed, I cannot but think your new line will be more than the world is accustomed to see from travellers in quest of subjects of a temporary character. You have hit upon a treatment of subject calculated to afford a lasting enjoyment, and one for the attainment of

a glimpse of which Rembrandt must have been inspired—a fact now confirmed by your testimony, for the benefit of those who ever doubted it.*

"* * * There are great forebodings respecting our next Exhibition. The fears entertained, that your absence will prevent your supplying us with attractions always looked for from you; the absence of Landseer, still at Geneva, and I fear not likely to contribute much, should he even return; Callcott's ill health; and the apprehension that others, usually attractive, will not have time for great works; all conspire to produce, and indeed to give, serious reasons for anticipations of shortcomings. I have however often seen that similar fears have not been justified, and we must therefore hope for the best.

"Your kind inquiries about our personal affairs, I am happy to be able to answer favourably. My health continues in our new abode, and on our new soil, in every respect well; and we are comfortably housed, although not in the dwelling which you were informed I had bought; which owing to the

* This refers to the following observation in Sir D. Wilkie's letter: "The painter who has most truly given us an eastern people is Rembrandt. The Scripture subjects of Rembrandt are recalled to us at every turn, by what we see before us; and this anticipating power of rendering what he never could have seen, raises the great painter of Amsterdam even higher than we had thought him."

The passages omitted in Mr. Collins's letter, refer at great length to private Academy business, which can be in no way interesting to the general reader.

slippery conduct of its owner, I lost. Although I did not require your house as a temporary abode, believe me, I am equally impressed with your kind consideration in offering it.

"Richmond has gone to Rome, with the intention of painting an historical picture; Leslie is painting something in secret; and Callcott, as usual, doing what his friend Allan calls, 'cabinet pictures.'

"I gave your letter into the hands of your sister, and I shall send to-morrow, before this goes to the post; and if they have aught to say, will communicate it to you. I presented, as you desired, your kind regards to as many of our brethren as I have seen, since I received your letter. They are all delighted to hear so good an account of you, and the interest they take in your welfare is very great. Jones, with whom I come most in contact, desires his best remembrances, as do our other friends; and I trust our joint prayers for you will be heard. When you can spare a few minutes, let us know something more about your proceedings. Give our best regards to Mr. Woodburn; and believe me,

"Ever yours obliged and faithfully,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

With the exception of one short visit to the country, my father remained, during the whole of this year, actively engaged on the pictures he was preparing for the Exhibition of the next spring. It may be mentioned in this place, as showing the

remarkable effect of change of soil on some constitutions, that, after he had removed to Oxford-terrace he suffered no further inconvenience from the complaint in his eyes, until the date of his brief stay at a friend's house, above noticed. Here, the dwelling he inhabited being built on clay, the inflammatory symptoms appeared again almost immediately; subsiding, however, as quickly on his return to his own abode, built on gravel.

On the opening of the Exhibition of 1841, Mr. Collins again wrote on Academy news to Sir David Wilkie, who had by that time accomplished the great object of his journey, by reaching Jerusalem:

"To Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

"85, Oxford-terrace, May 3rd, 1841.

"My dear Wilkie,—Your sister has been so kind as to allow me room in her letter to say a few words; and as my space is small, I will begin at once with that which will be most interesting to you, considering the terrible distance you are at present from us all. The private view at the Academy, your sister will have described to you. The dinner, went off remarkably well; we had a most respectable company, and the great feature of the day was the presence of the Duke of Wellington, about whose health the greatest anxiety has prevailed of late. He looks much better than he did last year, and by a fortunate coincidence, Saturday (the day of the dinner) was his birthday. Upon this point, our

President was more than usually eloquent. His Grace returned thanks in a vigorous and feeling manner, and the enthusiasm of the guests surpassed anything I ever saw in so distinguished a party. The Duke retired early; and in passing round the tables to the door, shook hands with almost every person in his route, amidst clapping of hands and every demonstration of respect and affection. The Marquis of Lansdowne made an admirable address to the President and Gentlemen of the Academy, congratulating them and the country, on the tendency of the English school towards the sublime subjects of Scripture. This was responded to by Sir Martin Shee, in one of his best speeches; in which I am most happy to say you formed a prominent part. His eulogy on your talents and character was most warm; and he set forth the great expectation with which the world looked forward to your return, quite admirably. He then noticed the absence of Edwin Landseer and Callcott, with much feeling, and led all to hope that, that absence was only temporary; regretted the want of taste for large works; set before the Government the fine opportunities now afforded them of decorating the Houses of Parliament with objects worthy of so great a nation; and trusted that "the rivalry of the Upholsterers," was on the decline.

"My own opinion of the Exhibition, which I am happy to say is the general one, is that the present show is most creditable to the Institution. Pictures

of great interest are to be found in every corner; and although the Hanging Committee have had a most difficult task to perform—owing chiefly to the two half-lengths of the Queen and Prince Albert, by Partridge, being placed under the line—they have done it with great justice. What will be thought of them out of doors, I cannot say; but I fear there will be much dissatisfaction. The Octagon-room is crammed, and the Architectural-room looks a sad medley.

"Lord John Russell, on Friday, startled everybody by a declaration of his intention to bring on a motion, after Whitsuntide, upon the Corn-Laws. This, and the agitating state of politics generally, absorbs public attention, which is unfortunate for the Arts. We must, however, go on hoping.

"We are all longing most earnestly for letters from you—pray write to us as soon as you can. Did you get a letter in answer to that you wrote me, on the 15th October?—the only one I have received. I have always heard about you, when you have written to your brother and sister; and we all pray for your safe return—it seems years since you left us. We are, thank Heaven, well; and this place so thoroughly agrees with me, that I have been able to work hard, and have five pictures at the Royal Academy. Adieu.

"Ever yours,

"William Collins."

The following interesting answer by Sir David Wilkie to Mr. Collins's first communication of the 30th November, was the last letter that his friend ever received by his hand:

"To W. Collins, Esq., R.A.

"Jerusalem, April 2nd, 1841.

"My dear Collins,—Your most pleasant and welcome letter, brought up greatly my leeward information of what is going on in the civilized world; and knowing both your own and Mrs. Collins's anxiety to receive every idea or remark that may be suggested by the earthly appearance of the land of Scripture, I cannot resist an invasion upon you, however hasty and crude it may be in the pouring forth, from the ancient Salem.

"All was expectation and eagerness, as you may suppose, on our first approach to Syria. Mount Lebanon, high in the clouds, and covered with perpetual snows, was the first sign of the land of the Prophets; but we had to skirt along by 'the coast of Tyre and Sidon,' till we came to Jaffa, before we set foot on the sacred shore. From Jaffa, or Joppa, where we were shown the house of Simon the Tanner, where the vision of St. Peter was seen that has given us the fair use of so many of the good things of this world, we proceeded through the plain of Sharon, to Arimathea. Here we stopped for the night at the Latin Convent, and next morning were up betimes, and in that sort of active preparation, which those

cannot fail to be in, who expect before night to reach Jerusalem. Nothing could be more wild than the route, as we ascended the mountains of Judea; we rose higher and higher; and if sometimes descending, it was only afterwards to rise higher still. At mid-day we stopped, a most numerous and picturesque party, at a small spring or fountain of living waters, said to be where the stripling David picked up the pebble, with which he slew the giant Philistine. Having thus reached high above all height, with nought but an extended moor or table-land before us, we looked ahead; and not till after miles of level course, we saw the leader come to a stand, and indicate as we came up what a sight was before us. It was Jerusalem! Whether we should have discharged our fire-arms, or albeit have rent our Mackintoshes, at this most desired sight in the world, it is useless now to decide. When reflections are not loud but deep, the flare-up of effect is the last thing thought of. We scarcely stopped to compare thoughts, but jogged on, tracing with the eye the earthly form and extent of the Eternal City; which, after all her tribulations, presents even at this least imposing view, the adamantine appearance of durability. Her white stone walls and high square towers, recalled a little of Windsor Castle; though the extent of wall, as it reached round Mount Zion to the Valley of Hinnim, is more impressive to the eye than any walled city I have seen. Our route led us to the Gate of Bethlehem; whence, with our procession of horses, mules,

and luggage, we proceeded by walls and narrow lanes, and were received and lodged with all due hospitality by the Latin Convent.

"You know the excellent drawings our friend Roberts has made of various scenes in this place: there have also been some German and French artists here; among others Horace Vernet, but who, I am told, did not make any drawings. But knowing the curiosity all of them will awaken in the European public, it becomes important to consider what the powers of our Art, if properly directed, may be able to supply for its gratification. There are those, who probably think that language and printing are everything; and that now, when every one can read and write, no other mode of information is wanted. Whoever is here, and walks around these ancient streets, and stones and rocks, will be convinced that here are objects neither language nor printing can convey. Here are innumerable situations, as to distances, heights, and relative positions, which the reader of Scripture cannot help guessing at; but which our Art alone can help him to imagine rightly. In this view, Art, instead of supplying the mere fancied illustration, may give what this place so thoroughly supplies—a collateral evidence of the truth of the sacred writings, as well as fresh proof of the correctness of the sacred narrators, in what they knew, by showing their accuracy in what we know they must have seen.

"The traveller here must be surprised to find that

the great mass of Italian Scripture Art is, in backgrounds, costumes, and characters, so purely imaginary, or so completely Italian, that Evangelical Syria is completely unrepresented, and, like a neglected constituency, seems to clamour for a fresh enfranchisement to modern Art. And if there are such pictures as the Entombment, the Crowning of Thorns (of Titian), various of the figures of Paul Veronese, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo (who, being Venetians, had most intercourse with Levantine manners), that do remind you of Syria—and if the splendid conceptions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, accord with the finest generalised Nature in all countries—yet, with respect to the great crowd of Scriptural representations by which, with a sort of glut, all future modern Art must be overwhelmed, I need not say a Martin Luther in painting is as much called for as in theology, to sweep away the abuses by which our divine pursuit is encumbered.

"Among the learned monks and clergy of Jerusalem —and, I might add, among the learned Rabbis of Mount Zion—a number of curious questions arose regarding the fidelity of European Art in her representations of Scripture manners. These, indeed, would upset more than is wanted, and leave nothing behind. It must not be our purpose to detract from what Art has done, but to add. Every discussion and new information must do good, since it must draw the attention of the world upon our Art, as a

means for the great and useful purpose of the study and comprehension of the Holy Scriptures.

"But there is another application of Art. If difficult to show what Syria was in the Prophetic and Apostolic times, there may yet be the greatest interest in showing what Syria is now. Roberts, you know, has done much; but I almost wish he had done it more, and had been here longer. For a landscape-painter, the road from Jericho (as you come 'nigh to Jerusalem,' and after you pass 'the village right over against you,' and begin 'to descend by the Mount of Olives,') displays a view which, in its time of greatness, drew forth the sympathetic monologue of our Saviour—which now combines a scene that Claude Lorraine and the Poussins would have delighted in—and which, by the Jew in his desolate Zion, by the Mussulman in his declining power, and by the Christian in his daily contention for right and privilege in the Holy Sepulchre, seems by all acknowledged as the place on earth yet reserved for some great accomplishment of the Divine will.

"Sacred as this place is, yet here the rain rains and the sun shines much as it does at home; and Woodburn, (who desires his best remembrances to you,) will often talk of a '*Collins sky*,' behind the Mount of Olives, the same as if he saw it behind Hampstead, which this Mount of the Ascension, though greatly higher, much resembles. Here would be a rich treat and subject for your Art; but this

journey, for you, is not to be thought of. Singular! we find other countries, Austria and France, sending their artists here; but for poor old England, the artists must come of themselves! Our journey, interesting as it is, and useful as I hope it will be, has found its chief impediment in the thwarting measures of war engaged in by our own country. Three months' delay at Constantinople, and the derangement since of all usual conveyances, on account of war, has lost us nearly another month; and since we seek neither political nor commercial results, our errand for a mere purpose of Art may perhaps be not over-appreciated. Still, withal, we have met with remarkable circumstances; and if even nothing should accrue to Art, I think it is for the honour of our Art and our nation that we should not be behind in the field upon the question that must now arise. With this view, I think of all you are doing. Though absent, I count the days of preparing and receiving and arranging the pictures, to an hour; and look forward to those spirit-stirring meetings that precede the opening of our labours to the view of the world at large. With best and kindest regards to Mrs. Collins, and to Charley and Willy, and all inquiring friends,

"Most faithfully and truly,

"Your obedient servant and sincere friend,

"David Wilkie."

It is now time to notice the five pictures exhibited

by Mr. Collins in the season of 1841—the third year since his return from the Continent. None of these showed any departure from the new range of Art that he had chosen. One was historical; the remaining four were Italian subjects. They were thus entitled: "The Two Disciples at Emmaus;" "The Peace-maker;" "Lazzaroni—Naples;" "Scene taken from the Caves of Ulysses, at Sorrento, the Birthplace of Tasso," and "Ischia—Bay of Naples."

In the second of the painter's Scripture subjects—the "Disciples at Emmaus," the moment chosen is that immediately following the supernatural disappearance of our Saviour. The two disciples are still sitting at the table, fronting the spectator, but one of them is evidently about to start to his feet. Eager wonder flashes from his eyes—all his features express the violent and sudden agitation that possesses his mind. His companion's action and expression are far different. He sits motionless, his countenance impressed with a solemn adoration—a devout, awful conviction of the Divine nature of the Being who has just vanished from his sight. Behind the disciples, seen far in the distance, rises a glimpse of mountain scenery, dimly lit by the furtive gleams of the departing sun. A solemn and supernatural tone—a deep light, mingled with transparent darkness, reigns over the whole of the picture, and, combined with the pure and forcible painting of the two figures in it, renders it impressive and Scriptural in no ordinary degree. It was painted for the late Mr. George Knott.

"The Peace-maker," was perhaps the most attentively remarked of any of Mr. Collins's Italian works of this year. The subject of the picture was thus indicated:—Against the low wall of a vine terrace, overlooking the Bay of Naples, is seated a brawny Neapolitan fisherman; his arms are crossed doggedly over his bare swarthy breast; his sulky face expresses a temporary and ungracious submissiveness; his heavy brows are knit with a sinister lowering expression—he is the sort of man, of whom any woman would declare at once, that he would "make a bad husband:" and a bad husband he is; as the suffering, forlorn expression of his wife's countenance, turned imploringly on his averted face, evidently shows. She is standing, silent, downcast, and wretched, at a little distance from him, holding her baby in her arms, while her eldest girl stands by her side, already old enough to sympathize with her mother, and to discourage the ill-timed playfulness of a younger child, crawling towards her on hands and knees. Between the refractory husband and the ill-used wife, stands the Peace-maker—a bare-headed monk, (mediator in all family disputes, like the rest of his fraternity,) indignantly reproving the offender, with both his hands raised in such thoroughly Italian energy of gesticulation, that you seem to hear the torrent of admonitory phrases rushing from his lips. The contrast of the figures in this picture, is eminently successful. The brutal respect in the countenance of the husband, as he submits to the

all-powerful moral ascendancy of his "spiritual pastor and master;" the energetic determination to succeed as a peace-maker, in the expression of the monk; and the meek apprehension and sorrowful humility in the face of the poor wife, as she shrinks behind her reverend advocate, tell the story with amazing truth and distinctness. The accessories of the scene —the vine-leaves waving over the terrace, and the sky and sea beyond—are painted with that peculiar brilliancy and softness, which alone conveys an adequate idea of the bright warmth of a southern summer. In every respect the picture is a thoroughly faithful reflection of Italian life and landscape. It was painted for the same gentleman who had commissioned "The Disciples at Emmaus," the late Mr. George Knott. At the sale of his collection, it produced two hundred and sixty guineas—Mr. Collins having demanded and received for it, when its valuation rested with him, two hundred guineas. A more satisfactory proof of the public success of his Italian subjects could not have been desired.

"Lazzaroni," the third picture, was painted for Mr. James Marshall, and was devoted to the portrayal of some of the peculiarities of those easy-living vagabonds, who, forming a marked and original body in the population of Naples, have acquired an European reputation, as the most illustrious and genuine idlers in the ranks of "the human family" —fellows, who having earned enough by an hour's work in the morning, to keep them in macaroni for

a day or two, heroically refuse all proffers of further employment as long as their money lasts them. The attitudes of these ragged votaries of indolence, as they sleep against the corners of old houses, lounge under the porticoes of churches, or bask in the sun on the broad flagstones of the Mole, present a perfect series of studies in picturesque composition and finely-developed form, to a painter's eye; and are most faithfully and humorously rendered by Mr. Collins, in the picture now under notice. He has taken the Lazzaroni at their favourite haunt—a church portico. They are grouped, in the composition, in all the different attitudes and degrees of sleep —one, sitting propped against the side of a door, his head drooping on his breast; another, stretched flat on his back, with his arms folded over his eyes, to shade them; some, half-falling off the church steps; some leaning against each other; and one tall fellow, an exception to the rest, awake, and drowsily eating his macaroni with his fingers. Of this graphic work, the "Art-Journal" well observes, that it is "redolent of the lazy south. The very air seems indolent, and the group, sleeping or lounging, appear incapable of exertion—even the fellow who eats his macaroni, does so as if it were a labour to move. The character is admirably rendered, and the tone of the picture natural and true."

The "Scene from the Caves of Ulysses, at Sorrento," was purchased by Mr. Gibbons, and was a copy, on a large scale, of the sketch noticed in the

description of the painter's sojourn at Sorrento, as having been twice repeated by him, on his return to England. His picture possessed all the attractive simplicity of subject and purity of tone, of his original study; which it will be seen, on referring back, was mentioned as a view on the Mediterranean, with Vesuvius in the horizon, and a strip of beach and promontory in the right-hand foreground—the whole being treated with remarkable airiness and transparency of effect.

The fifth picture of the season, "Ischia—Bay of Naples," was painted for Mr. C. S. Dickins. The picturesque cottages of the Neapolitan fishermen, occupied the foreground, and led the eye agreeably to the more distant position of the Castle of Ischia, grandly situated on rocks jutting out into the sea—the whole composition being finely lighted by a glowing evening sky. It was a very brilliant work.

While the Exhibition of 1841 was yet open, while the world of Art generally was stirring with the pictorial attractions and events of the most brilliant part of the season, a new source of general expectation and excitement was opened, by the report that Sir David Wilkie might be expected daily to arrive in England, bringing with him perfectly original materials for the renewal and elevation of that Art, which he had already so remarkably contributed to adorn.

The high and various objects, with which the great painter set forth on his return to his native

land, have been laid before the reader in his letter of a few pages back. They passed from mouth to mouth among all to whom the Arts were an object of anticipation and hope, and excited a warm and general interest in his return. This feeling of expectation, among his acquaintances and admirers, was, as may well be imagined, heightened, among his relatives and friends, to the most vivid anxiety for his safe progress homeward from his long and important journey. The day of his arrival was awaited by Mr. Collins and his family with a solicitude which was no faint reflection of the more eager anticipation felt in his own household. On a Sunday, early in June, the painter walked over to Kensington, fully expecting to meet Sir David; but he was disappointed —no news had yet been heard of the traveller. On the Tuesday after, Mrs. Collins went to Kensington, anxious to obtain for her husband the earliest intelligence of his friend's return. The house, as she entered it, bore no traces of gaiety or bustle; the servants' faces were grave and downcast; Mr. Laurie, the friend of the family, was alone present to receive her—he had arrived at the house a few minutes before—not with the welcome news of Wilkie's return; but with the fatal intelligence of his death, and burial, at sea.

The shock caused by this sudden and lamentable event to the public mind is well remembered, and need not be dilated on here. The effect on Mr. Collins of the death of his beloved friend, of his

solemn and forlorn burial, of his sudden disappearance for ever, at the very moment when all were most ready to welcome him, was at first overwhelming. He had looked to Wilkie's new appearance before the public as anxiously as he had looked to his own; he had already anticipated with eager joy the new theories on Art that they should discuss, the new bonds of companionship in their pursuit that they should form, the new projects on which they should consult each other, as often as they met. And now, of all the days of their friendship, uninterrupted by a single feeling of indifference, or a passing moment of doubt, but the remembrance remained for him—of all his hopes, no vestige was ever to be fulfilled; there was nothing to think of now, but the death on the day of return,—the burial afar, in the great wilderness of the deep.

As soon as the death of Sir David Wilkie was publicly reported, many of those who had known him, incredulous of the affliction that had befallen them, and naturally unwilling, at such a moment, to seek correct information from his family, wrote to Mr. Collins, as his most intimate friend, to know the truth or falsehood of the fatal report they had just heard. In the occupation of replying to these inquiries; of announcing to some of Sir David's patrons and his own the loss the Art had sustained; and, subsequently, in aiding as much as lay in his power the labours of those with whom he was associated, in the Committee of the "Wilkie Testi-

monial," the painter found the best preservative against dwelling too unremittingly on the personal affliction he had experienced. One of the first of the possessors of Wilkie's pictures, and the admirers of Wilkie's character and genius, to whom he conveyed the mournful intelligence of his friend's death, was Sir Robert Peel. To that gentleman he wrote as follows:

"To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.

"85, Oxford-terrace, 8th June, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—I have just received the melancholy and too certain intelligence of the death of poor Sir David Wilkie. As he always spoke of your friendship as one of the most flattering circumstances of his life, I cannot refrain from writing to you. His character as a man and his powers as an artist you appreciated—his family and friends are sure of your sympathy under this awful visitation.

"I received a letter from him about ten days since; and only on Sunday last, had three others read to me by his sister, who was hourly expecting his longed-for arrival. The letter containing the account of his death, I have just read: it states that he died last Tuesday, suddenly, at Gibraltar, of water on the brain. His grave was in the sea.*

* Sir David Wilkie died in the "Oriental" steam-ship, off Gibraltar. Permission to land the body was refused—it was therefore buried, from the vessel, in the sea.

"To myself—next to his immediate relatives, perhaps the most intimate of his friends—the loss is unspeakable. I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

To what is contained in the above letter, and in the remarks that have preceded it, on Sir David Wilkie's death, little more can advantageously be added in these pages. Fresh discussions on the genius of the great Scottish painter are unnecessary to his fame—he has been long since known and appreciated, wherever the practice of the Art is followed, or the influence of the Art enjoyed—and further illustrations of his character would be but a repetition of what has been already presented on that subject in these Memoirs. With the melancholy narrative of his death, the notices of him that have here been attempted must conclude. The fruits of his intellect will claim no larger a share of the genuine admiration of the public, than his personal endowments possess of the affectionate remembrance of his friends.

Of the two subjoined letters from Mr. Collins's pen, the first was written during Mrs. Collins's absence from home, on a visit to the family who had been the companions of the painter's tour to Germany in 1840; and the second is dated from a town on the Sussex coast, where while staying with some friends,

he gathered materials for one of his finest sea-pieces, when he resumed his illustrations of English scenes:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Oxford-terrace, August 14th, 1841.

"I trust the weather is now taking up, and that a few dry days may be of great benefit to your health —take care that you come home well; I think I never knew so long a month as the month of your absence. We go on as smoothly as it is possible without you; but none of us will ever put up with your roamings again. You do not say half enough about yourself in your scraps of letters—I believe you have forgotten us altogether, visiting fine folks! I do not remember whether I told you that I had promised to go to Seaford on the first of September, with Mr. Antrobus. Yesterday, Jones (who, poor fellow, is in great distress, having lost a dear friend, another victim to foreign climates) offered to take my evening duty at the Library, so I came home to Willie, who would have been dull enough by himself—as it was he was amused; for I had asked Mr. Ward to spend the evening with us. I saw Miss Wilkie, on Saturday and Sunday. Sir Robert Peel is to take the chair at the meeting for the Wilkie Monument, on Saturday the 28th. I have received a letter from Sir William Allan, who writes affectionately of poor dear Wilkie.

"Our dinner here went off admirably; and if you had left us the key of the plate-chest, we should not

have been obliged to help the peas with tea-spoons, nor have been under the necessity of wiping our forks quite so often as we did. However, we had plenty of fun about it; and as dinners are in general very stupid affairs, this was a feature in ours.

"I am now going out for a cool ride, and hope next week to be quietly at work: I have done nothing but meet talkers since you left us; and talking continually, whether on my part or on the part of others, worries me. I have found a title for my new picture, as well as a motto for it; the latter being in 'Measure for Measure.'*

"With many thanks to the party at Southsea for their kind attention to you,

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

"TO THE SAME.

"Seaford, September 1st, 1841.

"I have just a moment, before post time, to tell you that I am quite well, notwithstanding my very wet ride, and my folly in not taking my warm pea-jacket with me. My journey was not only a rainy one, but exceedingly cold. However, a comfortable meal about eight, a warm bed, and what I appreciate above all things, a warm welcome, brought all right again. I have just returned from a charming, sunny sea-side walk. To-day, with us,

* This refers to the picture, called "The World or the Cloister," then designed, but not exhibited till 1843.

is the most complete summer's day I have ever seen * * *."

"September 13th, 1841.—I received your note, and having gathered from its random contents that you are all well, (devouring every day all the good things you can lay your hands upon, at my expense,) I could not but feel pleased and grateful. I am in pretty good health, but desperately idle; go to bed early, awake late, recollect how backward I am for the next Exhibition, what an idle wife I have, how poor I am, and that, unless I return to work, I shall be obliged to beat hemp in Her Majesty's bread-and-water Hotel.

"And now for sober matters. I think it likely I shall not leave this place till Friday or Saturday. The weather has continued so fine, except two days, that you will be glad to hear I have spent almost the whole of my time out of doors, with great benefit to myself. The pea-jacket has been most useful: even yesterday, in the hottest sun, I sketched in it four hours. With an easterly wind and hot sun, it is indispensable. I praise your prompt thought in sending it at once.

"With prayers for you all, yours ever,

"William Collins."

While thus pleasantly occupied at Seaford, the painter did not suffer the pleasure of renewing his sketching experiences on his native coasts, to interfere seriously with the prosecution of his efforts in the Art at home. Before he departed for his country

sojourn, he had advanced most of his new pictures far enough towards completion to satisfy every one—but himself; and after he returned, in the month of September, he resumed his labours with such unfailing assiduity, that he was enabled to send to the Exhibition of 1842, seven contributions—a larger number of works than he had ever painted for the Academy before, or ever succeeded in preparing for it afterwards.

A more important characteristic, however, of his pictures in this Exhibition was, that in two of them were displayed the first examples of his return to the portrayal of English scenery since his departure for Italy. This resumption of the former localities of his subjects proceeded from no conviction that he was exhausting his collection of Italian materials. Four of his pictures of the year still illustrated the features of the beautiful country from which he had derived so much improvement in his Art, and hundreds of designs for foreign scenes, equal in interest to anything he had hitherto painted from his continental sketches, lay ready for him in his portfolio. Still less could the apprehension of a decay of patronage for his new efforts have had any share in inducing him to interrupt their exclusive continuation; for all the pictures he had painted since his journey to Italy had found purchasers. His partial return to his English subjects was simply the result of his desire to persevere in constantly varying the productions of his pencil, and of the revival of his

old associations, caused by his renewal, at Seaford, of his studies on his native shores. In looking over his portfolio of English sketches, on his return to London in the autumn, his drawings from the little Welsh children at Llanberris, in 1834, first met his eye. Forcibly struck by their value after his long separation from them, and well aware that they had not hitherto been used, he determined to introduce them in one of his old rustic scenes; and thus originated the composition of his picture called "Welsh Guides."

But it is necessary, before proceeding with the examination of his new works for the season, to insert two short letters from his pen, written before the opening of the Exhibition. Both are of some biographical importance: the first, as containing his reason for resigning this year the Librarianship of the Royal Academy; the second, as showing the nature of his opinions on the competition of 1842, for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament:

"To the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

"Feb. 21st, 1842.

"Gentlemen,—Having learned that the resolution, passed in the General Assembly on the 10th instant, requires the attendance of the Librarian a third night in each week, I am compelled respectfully to resign the office I have had the honour to fill; not being able to give up so much time from my

more immediate pursuits as that appointment now requires.

"I remain, Gentlemen, with great esteem,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

"To WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

"Royal Academy, March 26th, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—The President and Council have directed me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, announcing your resignation of the office of Librarian to the Royal Academy; and to assure you that they accept with great reluctance and regret, your notification that other demands upon your time will make it impossible for you to give any increased attention to the duties of a situation which you have shown yourself so well qualified to fill. Believe me,

"My dear Sir, &c., &c.,

"HENRY HOWARD, *Sec.*"

"To C. L. EASTLAKE, ESQ., R.A.

"85, Oxford-terrace, March 21st, 1842.

"Dear Eastlake,—In answer to your note of Thursday, I should say that, since it appears to be generally understood that our experienced painters will not compete for employment on the proposed decorations of the New Houses of Parliament, that therefore the competition must take place amongst the younger and less known members of the profession; and as it is also to be expected that the best

of our established artists will, notwithstanding their refusal to compete, be employed; that consequently, the only inducement which can be held out to the young aspirants, is pecuniary reward,—not the hope of employment, but the chance of a prize.

"Should I be mistaken, and it is intended only to employ those who will submit to competition, then, of course, arises the great difficulty; for it by no means follows that he who makes the best appearance in competition, will be the best able to carry into completion the work itself. Believe me, Dear Eastlake,

"Very faithfully yours,

"William Collins."

My father's pictures of 1842, were thus entitled in the Royal Academy catalogue: "Prayer—a family about to leave their native shores, imploring Divine protection;" "Dominican Monks returning to the Convent—Bay of Naples;" "Sorrento—Bay of Naples;" "Villa D'Esté—Tivoli;" "Welsh Guides—Llanberris, North Wales;" "A Scene at Aberystwith, Cardigan Bay,—with portraits of the three children of E. Antrobus, Esq.;" "The Residence of the late Sir David Wilkie, at Kensington,—the last he inhabited before his fatal journey to Jerusalem."

It may be remembered that the painter was described, on his first sojourn at Rome, as having been much impressed by a remarkable group he saw at the foot of the crucifix, in the Colosseum; and that it was further added, that although he never lived to

paint the scene which he there beheld, he embodied its devotional sentiment in one of the finest of his Italian works: this work was the picture called "Prayer," now under review.

A large crucifix is placed on rising ground in the composition, with its back towards the spectator. Here and there the imaged limbs of the crucified Saviour are partly visible beyond the heavy wooden cross, at the top of which, shining red against the darkening sky, is hung a lamp. The rays of this light shoot downwards, and illumine the figures of some peasants and their children, kneeling beneath the sacred symbol. One of the worshippers is a man, whose upturned face expresses a deep abstracted awe. The others are women—one gazing stedfastly on the crucifix, and another burying her face in her hands. Of the children, one is old enough to imitate the occupation of his elders; the other is only capable of looking at them in silent surprise; and the third is an infant in arms. At a little distance, on the shore, is the boat that is waiting to convey the travellers to their destination. The rest of the scene is filled by the sea, the mountains, and the sky, which are fading in the last rays of the short Italian twilight. The dark ocean is calm; the pure sky, already speckled here and there by a bright star, is clear throughout its expanse, saving near the western horizon, where the last clouds of evening are sailing slowly out of sight. The lamp on the crucifix, thus surrounded by the softly-gathering darkness, shines

with singular purity on the eloquent faces of the worshippers beneath it. The soft, subdued character of the landscape, finely impressed with the mournful mysterious stillness of the last moments of evening, at once reflects the sentiment and increases the solemnity of the figures before the crucifix, as it rises in solitary height, lofty and distinct, where all around it is distant and obscure,—assuming a grandeur of aspect at once poetical and true. The purchaser of this fine work was the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Far different in character was the picture of "Dominican Monks returning to the Convent:" all here breathes of gaiety, action, and sunlight. The monks have been out, levying contributions from the larders of the pious laity; and—evidently considering nothing that goes into the mouth "common or unclean"—have succeeded in loading mules, lay-brothers, and peasant boys, with provision for half the feast-days in the year. The advanced rank of monks and baggage-bearers is seen in the right-hand distance, winding up the steep road that leads to the convent. In the foreground marches the rearguard of this gastronomic brigade: seated lazily on their ambling mules, are two monks,—the one in his broad black hat, a Spanish friar, a visitor to the convent,—the other, the Dominican who has invited him. Both the holy fathers are talking with the easy gaiety and unctuous good-fellowship of men with the certainty of a capital dinner in perspective. Behind them is a mule, heavily laden with the carnal comforts of this life; and

behind the mule trudges a lad, with a well-filled bag, containing the fag-end of the eatables, over his shoulder. The character of the monks,—whose lighter peculiarities the painter delighted to study, while in Italy, and with whom his attempts to "crack jokes" in bad Italian made him generally an immense favourite—is admirably rendered. Both landscape and figures in the picture are delightfully bright and exhilarating. It was purchased by Mr. Colls; who disposed of it to Mr. Munro, of Navar.

"Sorrento—Bay of Naples," was a repetition of the study from the upper end of the plain of Sorrento, mentioned in the account of the painter's residence there, as containing in the foreground a strip of corn-field overhung by a large chestnut-tree; and in the distance, olive-gardens, the Mediterranean, and Vesuvius beyond. This picture, and its companion, "The Villa D'Esté—Tivoli," which depicted the famous avenue of cypresses, four hundred years old, with the terraces and the palace at the upper end of it—were both executed with great vigour and brilliancy; and were painted for Mr. Sheepshanks.

In the picture of "Welsh Guides," the public found that their old favourite had lost none of his power of pleasing them in his accustomed manner by his three years' discontinuance of his rustic English scenes. Here, in the three Welsh children waiting on the banks of a lake to act as guides to some pleasure-seekers, (whose approach is indicated by the shadow of the sail of their boat on the water

in the foreground) appeared the same quaint truth and genuine simplicity, that had always characterized the little cottagers in his pictures. The gaping good-humour in the round open eyes of the boy-guide, and the rustic shyness in the face and figure of the younger girl by his side, are most happily transcribed from the painter's original sketches at Llanberris, and display a freedom and nature thoroughly attractive to all classes of beholders. The landscape in this picture, formed by wood, hill, and mountain, is treated with delicacy and grace, and is perfectly characteristic of the scenery of Wales. Mr. Colls was the first purchaser of this work; it was afterwards sold by him to Mr. Joseph Gillott, of Birmingham.

The portraits of the children of Mr. Antrobus were treated with the picturesque effect always introduced by Mr. Collins into his works of this class. Representing the three little girls who formed his subjects, as about to set forth for a ride on donkeys along the sands at Aberystwith, with a boy waiting to attend on them, he produced a composition enabling him to exhibit all his skill in illustrating the coast scenery, which formed the bright and truthful background to the group. Valuable to its possessor for its correctness as a piece of portraiture, this work had the yet higher merit, for the public, of being interesting as a work of Art.

"The seventh picture of the year, "The View of Sir David Wilkie's Residence," claims especial notice

as a striking testimony of Mr. Collins's affection and esteem for the memory of his great brother painter. Not the least among his sources of regret, on the death of Wilkie, was the reflection that he should have lived so short a time as he did to make use of the new painting-room which he had built at Kensington, and in which he had hoped, on his return, to pass so many years of delightful occupation in his Art. This room, thus mournfully connected with the destruction of the highest and dearest aspirations of its owner, acquired a deep and melancholy interest in my father's eyes, which animated him with the desire to preserve some memorial of his friend's study, and of the house to which it was attached, where he had spent so many cheerful hours, ere both passed into a stranger's possession. The view of the dwelling, begun with this feeling, was taken from the large garden attached to it, embracing the painting-room and the whole back of the house, and was executed with scrupulous fidelity and care. When completed, Mr. Collins presented it to the sister of his departed friend; knowing that he could always see it at her house, and considering, with the delicacy of feeling which ever characterized him, that such an offering must have a value and an interest to her even greater than any that it could possess to him.

Such were the leading characteristics of my father's works of this year,—greater in number, and in many respects more remarkable in variety than any he had

ever painted. But a deeper and more significant importance belongs to this period of his career than was conferred on it by any extraordinary success in his Art; for it was in the spring of 1842 that the existence within him of the fatal disease which at length terminated his life was first discovered.

He was seized one night, just before his pictures were sent to the Royal Academy, with a violent attack of internal pain. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and his most urgent symptoms were relieved; but the doctor, Mr. Richardson, feeling some secret misgivings about the cause of the malady he had been called in to treat, and therefore unwilling to rest satisfied with only curing his patient of his temporary uneasiness, proceeded to examine him with the "stethescope." The result of this investigation was such as to assure the doctor that Mr. Collins was labouring under organic disease of the heart.

This discovery he communicated to his patient, assuring him that his motive for doing so was the preservation of his life. The disease had, in his opinion, originated in the painter's rheumatic attack in Italy; it did not appear of a nature to shorten his life of itself; but sudden emotion, or too violent exercise, might make it fatal in an instant. It was therefore imperatively necessary that he should pay the most unremitting attention to his health; and to induce him to do this, it was equally requisite that he should be warned of his condition in time.

That cheerfulness and hope, which even in the last stages of his malady never deserted Mr. Collins, preserved him, at the period of its discovery, from the slightest depression of mind on his own account. He laughingly declared that heart complaints were fashionable, promised to submit himself to all medical orders as long as they did not debar him from painting, and turned to his old occupations and pleasures with as undiminished a zest as ever. It will be seen, as the present work advances, that this unflagging buoyancy of disposition not only sustained his spirits under all after-pressure, but nerved him to such a perseverance in his arduous pursuit, under severe suffering, as the lives of few men of genius have ever exceeded.

Early in the summer of this year, he received an invitation from his friend Captain Otter, who was then engaged in surveying the coast of Thurso, to visit him at that place; and it was shortly afterwards intimated to him, from another quarter, that if he was disposed to proceed as much farther northward from Scotland as Shetland, Mr. Cadell would be happy to have some drawings by his hand, illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's romance of "The Pirate," —the Abbotsford edition of which was then about to be published. With the painter's love of travelling and enjoyment of fine scenery, the prospect of this double expedition was exhilarating in no ordinary degree. He accepted Captain Otter's invitation, arranged to confer in Edinburgh, with Mr.

Cadell, on the Shetland project, and early in June (accompanied by the writer of the present narrative) set forth on his journey, delighted at the prospect of employing his pencil on scenes which would present Nature under a fresh aspect to his eye.

CHAPTER II.

1842—1844.

Letter to Mrs. Collins—Stay at Edinburgh and Thurso—Arrival at Lerwick, in Shetland—Company at the inn—Excursions to Scalloway and Sumburgh Head—Shetland ponies and Shetland hospitality—Adventure in a Dutch herring-boat—Illustrations to the "Pirate"—Sketching, etc., etc.—Departure from Shetland—Letter to Mrs. Collins—Journey home—Letter to Mr. Rippingille—Exhibition of 1843—New painting-room and new house—Letter to Mrs. Collins—Death of Washington Allston—Letters respecting him from Mr. Dana and Mr. Collins—Removal to new house—Letter to Mrs. Collins, after visit to Drs. Bullar at Southampton—Journal, etc., etc., of 1844—Letter to Mrs. Collins—Exhibition of 1844—Continuation of Journal—Serious increase of symptoms of heart complaint—Country excursion in search of health—Ventnor—Sketching—New Forest—Shedfield—recollections of early studies—Visit to Stratton Park and Amberley—Letters to Mrs. Collins—Return to London—Sufferings from ill-health—Perseverance in labours in the Art.

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Edinburgh, 3, Donne-terrace,
"June 11th, 1842.

"As you will see by the date, I am writing this at your friend's, Mrs. Smith's; and you will also see and believe that I am alive and well enough to write. The voyage here, though not quite agreeable, I have borne pretty well—the night part of it was bad

enough; with Willie, however, all has gone on remarkably well.

"I have just received a note from Henry Otter, saying that he is always at home at Thurso; but as the boat only goes to Wick on Fridays, we shall have time to determine in what way we proceed there. To-morrow, we hope to go to Melrose. I will write again, when our plans are more settled. I think my health is mending—I am not yet strong; but hopeful. When we return to-morrow, I hope to find a letter for me at Mrs. Smith's. I had a long and interesting conversation last night with Miss Smith the elder: she is full of love for you.

"Yours ever,

"William Collins."

It was under far different circumstances from those attendant on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822, that Mr. Collins again found himself in the Scottish capital, exactly twenty years after that date. The Royal visitor, whose presence had then spread unwonted gaiety, by night and day, through the whole city; Wilkie, with whom he had partaken in the brilliant festivities of that former tour; Scott, who had sung to them at his table, and had danced with them to the chorus of his song—the kingly patron of Literature and Art, the great Painter and the great Author—were now all numbered with the dead. There was, at first, something strangely depressing to him, about the aspect of those streets

of the "New Town," that he remembered so gay and crowded, and that he now saw so quiet and empty. But the day of arrival once passed away, there was no lack of occupation and amusement enough in Edinburgh, to turn his attention from the memories of the past to the employments of the present. The Old Town, with its lofty houses, as thoroughly picturesque as ever; Melrose Abbey, that he had last seen with Chantrey; Lasswade, whose lovely scenery his mother had so often described to him as a boy; all presented themselves to be re-explored with new interest and delight. Then, there was the society of many old friends in Edinburgh to recall agreeably the stories, the jests, and the amusements of past times: and lastly, there was positive business occupation for him, in the necessity of settling, with Mr. Cadell, all the preliminary arrangements for illustrating "The Pirate," during his tour in Shetland.

A week passed quickly at Edinburgh, in employments and pleasures such as those above reviewed. At the expiration of that time, the painter and his companion started by steamer for Wick; and, on arriving there, proceeded by land to Captain Otter's at Thurso—their last place of sojourn, ere they set forth for Shetland.

The coast scenery of Thurso and its immediate neighbourhood, though less wild and extensive, was perhaps more varied than the shores of Shetland itself. The view across to the Orkney Islands (from which, one of the illustrations to "The Pirate" was

afterwards produced)—the grand dark rocks beyond John O'Groat's house—the harbour and some of the houses of Thurso—presented excellent materials for the sketch-book. The colour, too, of the sea, as deeply and brilliantly blue, on sunny days, as the Mediterranean itself—and the extraordinary northern clearness of the atmosphere, lighted to a late hour of the night by a small dull glow of sunlight lingering in the western hemisphere, especially delighted and surprised the painter. Indeed, so amazingly radiant were the nights at Thurso, that Mr. Collins and his companion wrote letters to London, with the greatest ease, by the bright, pure, northern twilight, which streamed through their bed-room windows at *midnight;* and which rendered a candle or a lamp an encumbrance rather than an aid.

The great benefit that the painter derived, in his sketching excursions, from the attention of Captain Otter, whose knowledge of the north coast of Scotland was widely extended, may be easily imagined. After six days spent most agreeably at Thurso, it was time for Mr. Collins to resign further study of scenery, which, after his past experience of the softer beauties of Italian nature, presented itself to his eye under a delightful novelty and freshness of aspect, and to proceed at once upon his northward journey. This was accomplished by returning to Wick, and starting thence, by steamer, for Lerwick, the chief town of Shetland.

On landing at Lerwick, at six o'clock in the

morning, my father saw enough, during his first five minutes on shore, to convince him that he had not taken his journey in vain. The quaint gray houses of the town; the absence of a single carriage or cart-road, through any part of it; the curious mixture of Dutchmen, Shetlanders, and soldiers from the garrison, passing through the narrow, paved lanes of the place, presented that combination of the new and the picturesque, which is ever welcome to a painter's eye. The mode of life at the inn, too, was admirably removed from the usual conventionalities of the hotel systems of more southern regions. The whole company occupied one sitting-room—the only apartment of the kind, in the house—and slept in chambers, all opening one into the other, in the most social manner possible. Every day at the inn recalled the travelling adventures of past times, so perfectly described by Fielding—with the exception, fortunately, of the pitched battles which adorn the pages of the master of British fiction; and which were all fought, under the roof of "mine host" of Shetland, with the tongue and not with the fist. The characters of the company, who met for eating, and drinking, and talking purposes, in the sitting-room, would have furnished famous material to any novelist; and especially interested Mr. Collins, who was as enthusiastic a student of the mental as of the physical characteristics of humanity at large. Three gay Scotch gentlemen, wonderfully successful in extracting amusement from all that passed around them; a pedestrian traveller

who had walked half over Europe, and whose manners and conversation were by no means of the sanest order; two ministers of the kirk, both intelligent gentlemen-like men; and two French officers, whose vessel was anchored for a short time in the harbour, who spoke no English, and who smoked all day; were among the more regular attendants in the "general assembly" room. The individual who enacted the part of cook, chambermaid, waiter, and "boots," to everybody, was a slatternly, good-natured wench, who took extraordinary care of her master's guests, plying them with little dishes of sweetmeats of her own composing, as if they had been a large nursery-full of children, and answering calls in all directions, with a promptitude which made her the very impersonation of the Irish image—"ubiquitous as a bird, flying in two places at once." The conversation at the social table, thus provided with guests and attendance, was one stream of gaiety. The great centre of the hilarity, was the eccentric pedestrian; who, one day, insisted on settling off-hand the ultimate chances of salvation of all his fellow-travellers, by "physiognomic analysis;" and who produced roars of laughter, on a Sunday afternoon, by seriously rebuking the minister who had preached in the morning, for not "throwing a little more *damnation* into his sermon, to open the eyes of the miserable sinners around him."

Such were some of the elements of conviviality in the Shetland "society," in which the painter and his

companion now mingled. Shetland scenery was, however, the object of my father's journey; and to this he devoted himself, therefore, exclusively, leaving the enjoyment of the "humours of the inn," for those evening hours, when his sketching labours had terminated for the day.

His first excursion was to the fishing village of Scalloway; of which, with its picturesque castle, he made a beautiful drawing, included in the illustrations to "The Pirate." Here he was entertained by a visit to the shoemaker of the place, who combined in himself the somewhat various characteristics of a turn for political discussion, and the possession of the largest nose and hand in Shetland. These latter ornaments, from which he derived immense celebrity in the island, he displayed with as much triumph as if they had been the rarest beauties that had ever decorated the form of man.

An expedition, shortly afterwards, to Sumburgh Head, (the scene of Cleveland's shipwreck, in Scott's romance,) exhibited the grandest beauties on the coast of Shetland to the painter's eye. The way thither, over vast treeless moors, intersected here and there by an arm of the sea, penetrated by nothing broader than a foot-path, bounded by bleak hills, and overshadowed by wild stormy clouds, presented to him a monotonous grandeur, in its very barrenness. The immense precipice of Sumburgh Head, hanging over as if it would fall into the sea, with the waves writhing about its jagged base, and

hundreds on hundreds of sea-birds whirling above its mighty summit, was, he declared, one of the sublimest natural objects he had ever beheld. He made a careful sketch of it from the beach; from which he produced a striking and original illustration of the scene in "The Pirate," where Cleveland is saved from the wreck of his vessel, by Mordaunt Mertoun.

This excursion, thus happily productive of a third, in the series of drawings executed by the painter for Mr. Cadell's publication, was as fertile in occurrences illustrative of the virtues of Shetland hospitality and the capacities of Shetland ponies, as in materials for the pencil, and in subjects for admiration. The journey to Sumburgh Head, and back to Lerwick, occupied, with deviations from the direct route, two days, included upwards of seventy miles of riding, and was performed on two shaggy little Shetland ponies, which would have looked insignificant by the side of a small English donkey, and on which the painter and his companion were at first positively ashamed to mount. The first day's journey—thirty miles—these wonderful little animals performed with ease, over a country which would have knocked up the strongest "road hack" that ever was bred. At the latter part of the day, a dense dark mist coming on, in the middle of a solitary moor, their bridles were thrown over their necks, by order of the guide, who had lost his way, and who coolly observed that the ponies would find it, and moreover would avoid the dangerous peat bogs, which inter-

sected the moor in every direction. Thus left to their own guidance, the sturdy little Shetlanders trotted along, through drizzling rain and impenetrable mist, with their noses to the ground, like hounds on the scent, crossing each narrow tract of marsh, by jumping from one morsel of firm earth to another; never making a false step or showing a moment's hesitation, or fatigue, for upwards of an hour, and stopped demurely, just as the vapour began to "lift," opposite a gate and inclosure. Through these the guide led the way, and brought his travellers to a halt, opposite the parlour windows of a private house. Time was barely allowed for the Englishman's feeling of dismay, at "committing a trespass" on a stranger's property, before the proprietor of the dwelling came out, and invited Mr. Collins and his companion to dismount and look over his house and grounds, as cordially as if they had come by invitation. After showing them over his property with the greatest attention, this gentleman, observing that a stormy evening was approaching, gaily forbade his visitors to think of proceeding that night, and insisted upon their returning to his house, supping with his family, and sleeping in the spare bed-room that was ready for them. It was not until his invitation was accepted, that he asked the travellers their names. During the conversation that ensued, it appeared he knew Mr. Collins by reputation; having visited London, and taken some interest, while there, in matters of Art. This circumstance caused the evening to

pass with more than usual cordiality; and when, on the next morning, Mr. Collins and his companion prepared to depart, they found their kind entertainer ready to accompany them on the first stage of their journey, to "wish them God speed," like a host of bygone days.

Such is Shetland hospitality, on which, the guide informed his travellers, no one, rich or poor, ever counted in vain; and which now remains, in this little corner of the world, the same kindly institution that once existed among the tents of the patriarchs of old.

The day after the expedition to Sumburgh Head, (which ended on the part of the Shetland ponies in one of them running away, after a forty miles' journey, when he found himself near his stable!) a large fleet of Dutch herring-boats anchored in Lerwick Harbour, and considerably enlivened its generally vacant appearance. The sight of these vessels recalled to my father his old favourite studies among the fishermen of the English shores, and animated him with the desire of examining them, to discover any elements of the picturesque among their crews, and any varieties between the rig of a Dutch and an English fishing-boat. Accordingly he and his companion mounted the side of the outermost of the clumsy little vessels, (which were all regularly ranged side by side, like volumes of Hume and Smollett on a school-room bookshelf,) but without finding any one on board. A second, third, and fourth proved

equally solitary; but in the fifth and largest of the small squadron, they found signs of life. Two portly Dutchmen, utterly drunk and perfectly good-humoured, received them on deck, and led them,—allowing the painter little time to make any pictorial observations of their vessel or themselves,—down a ladder into a dark wooden pit, smelling strongly of stale herrings, called the cabin; in which sat the skipper, a man of vast breeches and cloudy physiognomy. After a few words in Dutch between him and his crew,—neither of the three speaking a word of English,—the captain pulled from a shelf a bottle of "schnapps," three glasses, and a map of Europe. Having poured out the spirit, he spread forth the map on a locker, slowly placed his thumb on that part of it occupied by England, nodded his head solemnly at his guests, and drank off his dram in utter silence. He then pushed the map to the painter and his companion, who, finding it necessary to act their parts in this pantomime of international amity, put their thumbs on Holland, nodded their heads, and emptied their glasses in humble imitation of their host. Ludicrous as this part of the interview was, the scene became doubly comical when the painter, first making a series of elaborate signs, and then, in despair, speaking English with as strong a Dutch accent as he could assume impromptu, endeavoured to make the captain understand that he wanted to sketch from his vessel and his crew. All was in vain; this worthy man had but one idea in his

head, and that was Bacchanalian. He nodded again, and prepared to fill the glasses once more: a course of proceeding which immediately drove Mr. Collins on deck. Here he had no better success with the crew. A gift of money produced a present of a bagfull of herrings; and more of the Anglo-Dutch, a hail for a shore boat. Finding the sketch-book an inscrutable mystery to the Hollanders, and fearing a further invasion of "schnapps" and herrings, the painter (who was by this time inarticulate with laughter) joined his companion in the boat that had now come alongside, and left the Dutchmen to continue their potations in peace.

During the next few days of my father's stay at Lerwick, excursions among the crags, hills, and valleys of Shetland followed each other in rapid succession, and were productive of two more illustrations to "The Pirate." One depicted the moonlight scene on the beach between "Brenda" and "Mordaunt," in a rocky sea-coast landscape of remarkable grandeur. The other embodied the departure of "Triptolemus Yellowley" and his party, on ponies, for "Burgh Westra." In this scene was introduced, with great effect, one of the quaint Shetland corn-mills, so correctly described by Scott as "no larger than a pig-stye," and pourtrayed by Mr. Collins with perfect fidelity in all its diminutive proportions. Indeed, throughout his illustrations for Mr. Cadell's publication, he preserved the same minute and conscientious fidelity to local peculiarities; a process by no means

easy in the rough climate of Shetland, which often made careful sketching in the open air a considerable trial of patience and skill. Most of the painter's studies in his northern sojourn were produced under unpropitious skies; and he and his party would frequently have formed no bad subject for a picture in themselves, when they halted on a bleak hill-side: Mr. Collins, with one knee on the ground, steadying himself against the wind; his companion holding a tattered umbrella over him, to keep the rain off his sketch-book; the guide standing by, staring at his occupation in astonishment; and the ponies browsing near their riders, on the faded grass, with mane and tail ever and anon floating out like streamers on the gusty breezes that swept past them. Obstacles of weather, however, wrought no bad influence on my father's studies; he preserved his patience and composure through them all, and finished his sketches determinately, in spite of Shetland showers and northern gales.

After a seven days' stay at Lerwick, Mr. Collins, finding that he had seen the principal points of view on the mainland of Shetland, and knowing that he had completed his sketches for the number of illustrations to "The Pirate" required by Mr. Cadell, determined to take advantage of the first weekly departure of the *Wick* steamer, after his arrival, and to set forth upon his homeward voyage. A few hours before he took leave of the scenes that had so much delighted him, he wrote as follows,—reviewing

the past events of his journey, and partly intimating the route by which he intended to effect his return :

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Lerwick, Shetland, July 2nd, 1842.

"I received most joyfully and thankfully your note of Monday last, by yesterday's boat ; and when you consider that we had not heard from home for a fortnight before, you will not be surprized that I should have become anxious. The last letter we received reached us at Thurso, which we left at nine o'clock in the evening, driven by Henry Otter, in his tandem, and arriving at Wick at half-past twelve, P.M. We stayed nearly a week with our friend, and spent every evening but one with Mrs. Slater, the widow of Captain Slater ; a handsome, agreeable woman,—interesting in her manners and conversation. We started on Saturday for Shetland, and arrived early on Sunday morning ; since which time we have had many pleasant adventures, some of which Willie has recorded in his letter for your amusement. Our course is now, thank Heaven, southward, and is to commence this afternoon. When we reach Wick, which we trust will be to-morrow, we hope to find one or two letters at the post-office. We then propose having another evening with Otter, on our way to Inverness, at a village where he is surveying, and then to be taken up by the mail.

"Tell Mr. Richardson, with my regards, that I

am mending, I trust, very fast; that I am able, without fatigue, to take great exercise; and that my heart is very quiet.

"I cannot bear to think how great a distance I am from you—it seems months since I left home. I am quite pleased to find it is your intention to stay at Oxford-terrace till our return: however, should you require country air before that, do not wait for me,

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

The journey homeward — commenced, as above indicated—was continued from Inverness, through the fine scenery of the Caledonian Canal, to Glasgow; and thence, southward, by Liverpool. On his return to London, my father, as usual, resumed his old occupation of preparing for the next Exhibition. His labours on his pictures, alternating with one or two short visits to friends in the country, employed his time closely for the rest of the year. His correspondence this autumn, chiefly addressed to his family during his absence from home, is of too brief and private a nature to be generally interesting. The subjoined letter, however, to Mr. E. V. Rippingille, merits insertion, as a continuation of those opinions on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, some of the first of which have been laid before the reader already, in the painter's communication on that subject to Mr. Eastlake:

"To E. V. Rippingille, Esq.

"85, Oxford-terrace, 26th October, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—I send you the pamphlet on Fresco, which I regret has been so long delayed. You will find in this, and in the Report, almost all that can be said on the subject of the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. For myself, I have very great fears that in this age of *bustle*, the poetry of our Art will be stifled altogether.

"The usual cry for novelty, by the time the mechanical power of painting in Fresco has been acquired, will be raised for 'the good old way'—but will the call be responded to? Encouragement will do much in the way of *fostering* genius, but neither money nor patronage, of any kind; no, nor even that mighty engine the Press, can *produce* genius—which, unless it first be given, can never exist at all. The most that these giant powers can do, alone, is to foster a race of tradesmen in painting—'*Decorators*'—how I hate the word!

"Sincerely hoping, however, that I may be mistaken, and that the country which has produced such men as Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Flaxman, Lawrence, Chantrey, Hilton, Stothard and Wilkie, may not be bullied, by our own countrymen, out of its just claims to be considered a school of Art,

"I remain, (in great haste,)

"Very faithfully yours,

"William Collins."

"P.S. I return the "Pilgrimage,"* with many thanks, for the great treat the reading it has twice afforded me. Would it be possible to get a copy of it? How delightful it is to find that the consummation of this world's goods has not, in the smallest degree, deadened the author's yearnings after those better things, which belong, thank God, to man—if he will."

As the year 1843 opened, serious variations of health, seldom hitherto observed in Mr. Collins's naturally robust constitution, already presented, to those most interested in watching his physical condition, but too plain a testimony to the slow yet sure progress within him, of the malady which his medical attendant had pronounced to be a disease of the heart. These evidences of impaired strength —significant, though as yet comparatively slight— wrought however, no saddening influence on the painter's spirits. He still derided the idea that his loss of health proceeded from other than ordinary causes; still retained the cheerfulness and gaiety, which always made him "the life of the party," wherever he went; and still pursued, with no loss of success or cessation of assiduity, his indefatigable labours in the Art. As the month of April approached, five pictures by his hand were ready for the Royal Academy; two of them, separately

* A poem entitled, "A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," by the Earl of Ellesmere.

exhibiting, in bold contrast, the relative peculiarities of an English and Italian coast scene; and a third, displaying the concluding, and, in many respects, the finest example of his capacity, as a painter of Scripture subjects.

The following were Mr. Collins's works for 1843, in the Royal Academy:—"The Virgin and Child" (now in the possession of his family;) "The World, or the Cloister?" (purchased by Mr. Colls; by whom it was sold to Mr. Wass;) "A Windy Day—Sussex," (sold to Mr. Hippesley;) "A Sultry Day—Naples" (purchased by Mr. Colls; afterwards sold to Mr. George Oddie;) and "A Girl of Sorrento Spinning," (sold to the Rev. S. W. Russell.)

Fully conscious that in painting the Virgin and Child he was attempting perhaps the most arduous of all Scripture subjects, Mr. Collins felt, that to attain real excellence in his work, it was necessary to depend entirely upon his own resources, avoiding all imitation of the peculiarities of any particular schools. Resigning, therefore, any idea of seeking models for his subject from the great pictures that he admired, but felt to be inimitable,—from the unapproachable perfection of the Madonnas of Raphael downwards,—he resolved to follow his own intention of personifying the tenderer and more maternal emotions in the adoration of the Virgin for her Divine offspring, exactly as his own deep feeling and vivid conception of the subject should direct him. Proceeding throughout his undertaking on

such principles as these, he produced a picture which, whatever may be the opinions on its particular qualities, must be acknowledged to possess the first great merit of being an original work. The Virgin, in his composition, is placed at the entrance of a cavern, with her back towards the dim, solemn, twilight landscape that forms the distance of the picture. The infant Saviour is sleeping on her lap, suffused in the soft radiance of a beam of celestial light, which descends on him from a dark lustrous sky, and typifies the "youngest-teemed star—with handmaid-lamp attending," of Milton. The face of the divine Mother is bent down in solemn contemplation on the diviner Son. An ineffable tenderness, serenity, and peace, is expressed in her features,—in the tranquil simplicity of her attitude,—in the solemn, almost melancholy, stillness and repose of her whole figure. Depth of colour, and grandeur of light and shade, pervade the picture; a mournful, mysterious, evening atmosphere lingers over the landscape scenery, which thus assumes a solemn aspect, finely harmonising with the profound sentiment of the figures of the Virgin and Child. The following passage, in Milton's "Nativity Hymn," was appended as the motto to this work:

—"But, see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest!
* * * *
Heaven's youngest-teemed star,
Hath yoked her polish'd car;
Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid-lamp attending!"

The painter's second picture, "The World, or the Cloister," takes its title from the subject the three figures in it are supposed to be discussing. They are assembled under the cloister of a convent, which discloses the church through one arch, and a strip of mountain landscape through part of another. One of the party is a beautiful girl, clothed in light brilliant attire, whose melancholy expression denotes that her experience of "the world," short as it is, has already been tinged with disappointment. Taking advantage of the effect produced on her mind by some recent slight, from which she is still suffering, the abbess of the convent (seated opposite) is exhorting her, with earnest gesticulation, to "forsake the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and seek consolation in the "cloister." By the side of the abbess is one of the youngest of the nuns, who is regarding the disappointed, pensive girl, (still undecided to choose the world or the cloister,) with an expression of deep, affectionate interest. The face of this youthful "sister" is treated with exquisite purity and grace; her calm and melancholy beauty contrasts as impressively as her sober robe, with the softer attractions and gay habiliments of the object of the abbess's exhortations. Every part of the picture is painted with extreme clearness and delicacy, and it has the great merit of telling its story with perfect intelligibility. It was engraved in the "National Tableaux," (edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts) and was

there made the subject of a graceful and pleasing story, by Mr. G. P. R. James.

"A Windy Day," the first English sea-piece produced by the painter since 1836, abundantly proved, like "The Welsh Guides" of the year before, that his capacity for attracting the public in his early branch of the Art had remained unimpaired since the period when he had first originated it. Every object in this picture is eloquent of a fresh gale blowing over the Sussex coast. The varied, moving clouds,—the light gray sea,—the wreath of smoke from a distant cottage, streaming low from the chimney,—the fisherman holding on his cap, with his legs planted firm and wide on the ground,—the girl buying his fish, with her bonnet blown back, her shawl floating out on the air, and her balance hardly preserved against the wind,—the boy by her side, with bent knees and hands in pockets, shivering as the gale rushes past him,—the dog, with his ears and tail wafted from their customary position—all concur to produce a composition exhilarating, buoyant, thoroughly windy. The picture is painted throughout with great purity of tone and fidelity to nature, and offers a most effective contrast to its companion, "The Sultry Day." Here everything is hot and still. The rays of the noonday sun pour down upon the Mediterranean, which wears the deep green hue always cast upon its waters by excessive heat. The island of Capri in the distance is hardly visible through the quivering white mist over the horizon.

In the foreground is a fisherman's boat, under the shade of which a man is sleeping. His wife is near him, taking her siesta, with her head laid in an old basket, as a defence against the sun: even the dog at their feet is too lazy to open more than one eye, as he feels the light, which is gliding round the boat, touching the tip of his nose. The only one of the party awake is a little girl, who is mischievously attempting to tickle her father as he sleeps. This picture is as redolent of intense Italian heat as "The Windy Day" of a brisk English breeze. It is painted with great force and boldness, and with a happy absence of any violence, or exaggeration of colour.

The fifth picture, "The Girl of Sorrento Spinning," was a transcript of a sketch from Nature, noticed in the account of Mr. Collins's Italian tour. As he first saw his model turning the flax on her distaff into thread, in the old patriarchal manner, by rolling her reel off her knee into a spinning motion, so he now represented her in his picture, with as much striking truth to nature as he ever attained in depicting the rustic children of his native land. The simple and pleasing originality in the attitude of the little maiden of Sorrento, and the local truth and graceful arrangement of the landscape portion of the picture, caused it to be, perhaps, as generally admired at the period of its exhibition, as its other more important and ambitious companions.

During this summer, Mr. Collins, finding the accommodation in his house at Oxford-terrace, insufficient for his professional purposes, took another adjacent and larger abode, situated in Devonport-street, which presented the unusual attraction of containing a room capable of being converted into a spacious and convenient studio. It is not one of the least curious passages in his life, that he had never possessed a comfortable painting-room up to this period of his career. In all his changes of abode, he had been contented with taking any apartment in the house that afforded a tolerable "light;" resigning every other advantage of high roofs, and fine sky-lights. His first sea-coast scenes were painted in a garret of his house in New Cavendish-street. The "Fisherman's Departure," Sir Robert Peel's "Frost Scene," and a long series of other remarkable pictures, were produced in a little bed-room of his first abode at Hampstead. From the time of his removal to Bayswater, when he began to inhabit larger dwellings, he painted in rooms, which, though less inconvenient than those he had formerly occupied, were still far from possessing the attractions of space and light, now at the service of so many young men, who are only entering on their career in the Art. That he should so long have remained unprovided with a suitable studio, after his cirsumstances enabled him to build one, must doubtless be a matter of surprise. It may however be accounted for, by many causes. His own singularly low estimate of

the intellectual importance of his efforts in the Art; his great fertility of practical and theoretical resource in all difficulties; his early habits of labouring against obstacles; and perhaps, more than all, his habitual unwillingness to spend money upon any comforts, devoted only to his own gratification, easily inclined him to continue to defer any enjoyment of the luxuries of a good studio, from the period when he first attained a position in his profession, down to the year of his life which is under review.

The necessity of watching the progress of the workmen he now employed on his new painting-room, and of gradually collecting together his large store of sketches and prints for another removal, considerably diminished Mr. Collins's customary visits to the country, after the close of the Exhibition. The following letter to Mrs. Collins, while she was staying at Brighton, notices two of the short excursions proposed by him, for this year; which, however unimportant they may appear in themselves, are yet deserving of mention; for, like all his other pleasure-trips, they produced sketches by his hand, which contributed to increase his resources and his practice in the Art:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"85, Oxford-terrace, June 28th, 1843.

"I am quite charmed to find you are in such good health and spirits. Yesterday and to-day—as far as weather can do anything, and it does much every-

where—must have delighted you. I hope you are much in the open air.

"On Wednesday, I heard some fine music at Mr. Tunno's. Grisi and Brambilla (the latter a new name, to *me*) were perfectly charming. The night was fearful, as regards weather; but I am happy to say I caught no cold, as I feared I should have done. Leslie's 'Life of Constable,' amuses me much—he and Robert came in for an hour last night. I suppose you saw another letter, in yesterday's *Times*, from Dr. Pusey. Surely his assailants are doing some good to the true cause, by producing such exposures of their own prejudices.

"I am trying new compositions, as well as old ones—perhaps the latter are the best. I contrive, however, to get out every day. I was present at Willis's Rooms, at the meeting for the purpose of giving Macready a handsome piece of plate, (valued at £500.) He was so much overcome, that he could not say all he intended—he looked almost miserable. The Duke of Cambridge was in the chair. I was on the platform, and was one of the first to shake hands with our great tragedian, on his leave-taking.

"I must write again on Monday, before I go to Mr. Wells', at Redleaf. When I return from Kent, I trust to be able to join you at Brighton. I went last night to the British Gallery, and go to-morrow to Lady Peel's 'rout.' I shall be happy to exchange hot rooms, for the sea-side.

"Yours ever,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

In the summer of this year, America lost her greatest historical painter, and Mr. Collins was deprived of another of his early and well-loved friends, by the death of Washington Allston. Some reference to this excellent and gifted man has been attempted at that part of these pages treating of the year 1818; the period when he and Mr. Collins formed a friendship, which neither ever forgot, though both were separated personally, soon afterwards, when Mr. Allston returned to his native land. That further mention of him, which the event of his death, here related, must appear to demand—and which my own sources of information would communicate most imperfectly—I am enabled to make, in a full and interesting manner, by inserting some passages from a letter to Mr. Collins, descriptive of the death of the great American painter, which the kindness of the writer, Mr. Dana, has permitted me to extract. In Mr. Collins's reply to this communication will be found an estimate of Allston's character and genius, which will be read as a gratifying sequel to the mournful particulars of the close of his earthly career:

"To W. Collins, Esq., R.A.

"Boston, Aug. 15th, 1843.

"Dear Sir,—You have no doubt heard of the death of my dear brother-in-law, Mr. Allston; and when I tell you that my letter relates to him, I need not make any apology for writing. For many years an invalid, and at times a severe sufferer, the three

last years of his life were those of increased pain and weakness. For the last three months before his death, his strength had greatly diminished; and those who saw him less frequently than we did, were much struck with the change: yet no one feared that he would be taken from us so soon. He continued to work on his 'Belshazzar' to the last, though frequently obliged to sit down and rest. Not seven hours before his death, he must have been at work upon one of the most powerful heads in the picture. Mr. Morse, once his pupil in London, now has the brush that he had been using; and which we found fresh with the paint, with which he had given his last touch to canvas. The evening of his death, he seemed better than he had been for a few days past; his spirits bright and cheerful. After the rest of the family had retired, he sat till past midnight, talking to one of his nieces. His manner, always kind, was then unusually so. He spoke of his Art as a form of truth and beauty—of its harmony with our spiritual nature. Indeed, both Nature and Art were habitually looked at by him in this higher relation. But his manner this night was peculiarly impressive; and when he spoke to his niece of his hope that she would remember him, it was singularly serious and touching—as if there had been a mysterious communication to him. After a while, he complained of a pain in his chest; and going up to his wife's chamber, his niece retired to her own, not having the slightest apprehension of anything dangerous. On leaving his

wife's chamber, he seemed as strong as usual; and in not more than five minutes, she followed him down stairs with something to relieve the pain. In the mean time he had taken out his writing apparatus, which, with his spectacles, was on the table beside him: his feet were on the hearth, and his head resting on the back of the chair, as if he was sleeping, but his eyes were open; and he had gone—and gone, no doubt, without a struggle. I have told you of his death—it was gentle; God took him. But how shall I tell you of his life? I need not do it, for years ago you knew him well: and though the deep religious convictions of his mind, and feelings of his soul, had been making him more and more an humble and confiding child of God in Christ; and his mind had been unfolding daily in his Art, and in great and worthy thought; yet was his spirit always a beautiful one! How often have I heard your name from him; and never without something which made me feel that he remembered with affection him whom he was speaking of. About a week before his death he spoke of you—I doubt not, the feeling was mutual.

* * * * * *

"Could I tell you how many hearts were touched by his death, you would scarcely believe me. Even those who had never seen him—some who had not even seen his works—seemed to be moved by a strange sympathy, as if a good spirit had mystic

influences over those who had never known him. Morse was quite broken-hearted, and said to me that he felt as if the great motive to action had been taken from him; for that there could no longer go with him the thought—Will not this please Allston? My friend Bryant, our poet, writes to me of Weir, (one of the four commissioned to paint the National pictures,) 'Weir, who has just put the last hand to his picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," on which he had been earnestly engaged for years, is a man of great simplicity of character and depth of feeling. "It was an encouragement to me during my long labours," said he to me last week, "that when they should be finished, Allston would see what I had done. I thought of it almost every day, while I was at work."' Such was the confidence with which artists looked up to his true and friendly judgment; and so sure were they that what they had done would give him pleasure. * * *

"I remain, dear Sir, etc., etc.,

"Richard H. Dana."

"To Richard H. Dana, Esq.

"1, Devonport-street, Oxford-terrace, Sept. 26th, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind and very interesting letter; for although I had heard of the sudden death of our dear friend, I had been informed of few particulars: and the intelligence of his peaceful departure, and of the happy state of his mind, evinced in his conversation with

his niece, so short a time before he 'fell asleep,' is to me, as it must be to all who loved him as I did, most gratifying. I shall have a melancholy satisfaction in telling you all I can recollect of the happy and uninterrupted intercourse I enjoyed with him, in the few years during which I was honoured with the confiding friendship of the best of men.

"My acquaintance with Mr. Allston began in 1811. I was introduced to him by my friend Leslie; and from that moment, until he left England for America, I saw more of him than of almost any other friend I had. Every time I was in his company, my admiration of his character, and my high estimation of his mind and acquirements, as well as of his great genius as a painter, increased; and the affectionate kindness he showed to my mother and my brother, upon his frequent visits to our abode, so completely cemented the bond of union, that I always considered him as one of our family. Alas! that family, with the exception of your correspondent, are now no more seen!

"It was in the year 1817, that I accompanied Allston and Leslie to Paris; where we were benefited much by having Allston for our guide, as being the only one of the party who had visited that city before. During our stay of about six weeks, Allston made a beautiful copy in the Louvre, of the celebrated 'Marriage at Cana,' by Paul Veronese. As Leslie had professional employment at Paris, he remained there; and we returned together to London. During this

visit, I had of course the very best opportunities of becoming acquainted with my friend's real character; which, in every new view I took of it, became more satisfactory. The sweetness and subdued cheerfulness of his temper, under the various little inconveniences of our journey, was much to be admired; and his great reverence for sacred things, and the entire purity and innocence of his conversation, (coupled, as it was, with power of intellect and imagination,) I never saw surpassed. Blessed be God, these qualities, these gifts, were effectual to the pulling down of many strongholds and vain imaginations on my part! How then can I be too grateful to Heaven for my acquaintance with one, to whom, and to whose example, I owe so much? It is a source of great comfort to me to know, that although we were for so many years separated by the Atlantic, he yet sometimes spoke of me; and especially that so short a time before his death he had me in his mind.

"Very shortly before the sad news arrived in England, I had fully intended to write to my friend, to thank him for his beautiful and interesting story of 'Monaldi,' which he had so recently sent me; making the inscription in his own handwriting, an excuse for sending me a long letter. We had both been wretched correspondents. His name however was always before me; for in my high estimation of his character, I had, by proxy, fifteen years ago, ventured to connect him with my family, as godfather to my second son; who has been christened

Charles Allston. And it is perhaps not unworthy of remark, that he, having been left entirely to his own choice as regards a profession, has determined to follow that of a Painter; and is now carrying on his studies at the Royal Academy — I desire no better thing for him, than that he may follow the example of his namesake, both as a painter and as a man.

"You speak of a period of uncertainty in our dear friend's religious opinions. If such was ever the state of his mind, it must have been before I knew him; and I think he would have entrusted me with that portion of his history. Be that as it may, I can safely bear testimony to the consistency and orthodoxy of his theory; and the beauty of his practice, during our whole acquaintance.

"* * * The first picture I saw of Allston's, was 'The dead Man restored by touching the Bones of Elisha,' exhibited at the British Gallery, in 1814. He received the two hundred pounds premium for his exertions. The same year, he had a small picture of 'Diana.' In 1815, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, 'Donna Mencia,' from Gil Blas, (book 1, chap. 10.) In 1816, at the Royal Academy 'Morning in Italy.' In 1817, nothing. In 1818. 'Hermia and Helena,' from Shakespeare. This year, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. In 1819, he exhibited at the Royal Academy, his exquisite picture of 'Jacob's Dream.' After this, he never sent a picture to the Academy; which all

regretted, as it was the wish of the body to see him a Royal Academician; which unless he exhibited and returned to England, was not possible according to our laws.

"* * * I will mention an anecdote of him, which it is probable he may have told you. Some years after Allston had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give his sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. Allston after much pressing, and declining to give an opinion, candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter; and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. His friend then convinced him that the work had been done by Allston himself, for this very gentleman, when Allston was very young!

"Hoping that you will favour me with another letter, at your leisure,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

"P. S. May I beg my respectful regards and condolence to Mrs. Allston, and my best compliments to your daughter? When you see Mr. Morse, remember me to him kindly."

By the latter end of the month of September, Mr. Collins moved into his house in Devonport-

street; the preparations in his painting-room being sufficiently advanced to enable him to work in it. Once established in the new locality of his labours; with more of his sketches, his designs, his relics of Art, about him, than he had ever been able to range in any former studio—with his painting-table, that had belonged to Gainsborough, with his little model of an old woman, dressed by the same great painter's hand; with the favourite palettes of Lawrence and Wilkie, hung up before him; with all the other curiosities, experiments, and studies in Art, that he had collected, now for the first time conveniently disposed around him; his enjoyment of his new painting-room was complete. No gloomy forebodings for the future —so often the result of impaired health in others— interfered with his pleasure in proceeding with the works that he had already begun for the Exhibition of 1844. He now laboured with all the buoyant delight, and more than the ardent ambition of his younger days; declaring that the new scene of his employments would produce from his pencil new efforts in Art, which he had as yet only ventured to contemplate; and that he looked forward hopefully, to such long years of study, as would enable him to exhaust all the designs that lay ready for him in his portfolio, and to show his younger competitors, that he could still toil as industriously and venture as ambitiously as the best of them. Such were the anticipations, which, but three years after were doomed to be numbered in the world-wide record of

hopes that have perished. Like Wilkie, he laboured but a brief space in the first painting-room that he had ever completely prepared for his own occupation, before the hand of death arrested his pencil for ever!

At the close of the year, the painter accompanied Mrs. Collins on a visit to the companions of his German tour, at Southsea. On leaving her there, after a short stay on his part, he returned to London by Southampton, for the purpose of consulting his friends, the two Doctors Bullar, upon the subject of his complaint, which still manifested itself in the continuance of its weakening influence on his general health. Some idea of the result on his own mind, of the opinions formed on his case by his medical friends at Southampton, may be gained from the following letter:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Devonport-street, January, 1844.

"I stayed with the Bullars at Southampton, where I arrived about twelve on Tuesday, until the one o'clock departure of the train, on Wednesday. I found they were all expecting me, with a most hearty welcome; and very difficult it was to tear myself away: but having got over the great difficulty of leaving you, the victory was, without much hard fighting, obtained.

"The whole party at Southampton are most friendly, intelligent, and excellent people. The two doctors are indefatigable in my case, and most

reasonable and sincere in their lengthened investigation of my symptoms; spending a great deal of their time on the evening of my arrival upon my peculiarities, and not deciding until the following morning, when I was examined before I got out of bed. You will be happy to hear that the report is, thank God, most cheering; provided I scrupulously devote myself to getting well, and keeping so. In all my friends say, I see not one atom of anything fanciful; they are so entirely reasonable, that no one with a grain of understanding could or would attempt to dispute their proposals.

"And so, as I was telling you,—or, rather, as I was about to tell you,—you may expect to find me, when please God we meet again, at least in the way, and full of the hope of, a better state of health. But prepare for *great* things in the way of self-denial of *good* things,—as the devil calls the dinners of our corporation-like people! However, I am not to be starved; good sheep-flesh and wholesome bread are to be my diet. But I am writing by daylight, and cannot therefore spare more time even for you,—so farewell.

"Yours ever,

"William Collins."

With the opening of the year 1844, commences the re-appearance, among my father's papers, of those personal records of his feelings and his progress in the Art which have been suspended through so many

years of his life. These short Journals, which will be found to be fragmentary at first, become more regular during the closing year of his existence, and equal in interest his early diaries of 1812 and 1814, which have already been placed before the reader. For when the last scenes in his career approached, when his success in his Art began to depend not upon the temper of his mind, but the state of his health, his attention was directed forcibly on himself; and to note down the fluctuations of his strength, as they acted upon the progress of his pictures, for his own examination, became an employment possessing as vital an interest for him, as his former occupation of recording the variations of his mind as they affected his advancement in painting, in the diaries of his youth.

The opening passage in his Journal, which may now be immediately inserted, has in it a peculiar interest, as exhibiting his own anticipation of the production of that narrative of his life which forms the subject of the present work:

Journal of 1844.

"January 1st, 1844.—As I think it quite possible that my dear son, William Wilkie Collins, may be tempted, should it please God to spare his life beyond that of his father, to furnish the world with a memoir of my life, I purpose occasionally noting down some circumstances as leading points, which may be useful.

"One principal object I have in view, in this matter, is to pay a debt of gratitude, which I as well as many, I may say most, of the artists of my day, owe to the patrons of English Art; towards whom, I regret to say, there seems often to exist a most unthankful spirit. For, to judge from what is often said, and too often printed, a stranger might be led to suppose that artists had no encouragement, and that all the faults of modern pictures arose from the niggardly, heartless, and ignorant conduct of the nobility and gentry of this country.

"The converse of this proposition, to be shown by particulars gathered from the knowledge I possess,—not merely in my own case, but in many others: 1st, The names of many patrons; the sums expended in forming collections; the kindness, friendship, and hospitality evinced to professors—(this portion to be illustrated by anecdotes.) 2nd, Particulars, dates, etc., of leading circumstances of my life, family, etc., etc."

Of the autobiographical memoirs thus projected by Mr. Collins, nothing unhappily remains beyond the above evidence of the just and generous spirit in which their execution was contemplated: sickness and suffering occupied but too soon afterwards the leisure time that he had hoped to devote to his important task. New symptoms of his malady, shortly to be detailed, appeared as the spring of 1844 advanced, and unfitted him for any exertion besides

the practice of his Art. Month after month passed away, finding him less and less able, after the effort of painting was over, to apply himself to his proposed employment, consistently with that careful preservation of his impaired energies from all extraneous demands on them, which his case had already begun most imperatively to demand; and the execution of his design was at length left to be fulfilled as best it might, from the impressions of his conversations and the gathered recollections of his career, treasured up by his family and his friends.

In the month of April, when the four new pictures he had prepared for the Academy had been sent in, and before the Exhibition had opened to the public, he gladly sought a short relaxation after his close employment, and a chance, at the same time, of improving his health by change of air and scene, by accepting an invitation to Oxford from his friend Dr. Norris, President of Corpus Christi College. From the house of this gentleman, he thus writes:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
"April 19th, 1844.

"I seize the only moment I have had, since my arrival here, to tell you that I am much delighted to find myself able *to idle*, without the smallest regret. This is surely, as poor dear Wilkie used to say, 'a point gained!' I have been out with the President nearly the whole day; indeed, he is indefatigable

in his attentions to me. The house is splendid; we have company to dinner every day, or engagements out. I have been much amused and interested in all I see and hear in this place. I have seen two proctors made, and yesterday went to the trial of a candidate for 'B.D.' in the Divinity school, before the Regius Professor. The candidate was one of Newman's friends. His essay was masterly, devout, and, as I thought, unexceptionable. It belonged, however, to '*the Newman school;*' and poor Mr. Macmullen was rejected. He is to present another exercise to-day, at two o'clock. The case has produced the greatest sensation; it is quite on a par with the Pusey persecution. Of course I am as quiet as I can be; and not so much excited as I am sure you think I must have been. I get out in the beautiful gardens and walks of this charming place; and except the cold I brought with me, and which is not quite gone, I am doing vastly well. My heart troubles me very little, except joyously when I think of home, and of the increasing charms it has for me. We had a dinner-party here yesterday; and to-day and to-morrow I am obliged (I wish I were not) to dine out. I have done all I can to hint to my most worthy and excellent host, how much I prefer his company,—but I must submit.

"The sun is shining, as it has been every day since my arrival, and under its blessed patronage, I must take a stroll in our lovely garden before I go with the Doctor to the Divinity Hall. The subject of the

exercise, is 'The Danger of giving Tradition with Scripture.' This, and yesterday's, 'Upon the Consecration of the Elements in the Holy Sacrifice,' are subjects given by Dr. Hampden, to entrap the party, so much disliked by the steady-going jog-trots of this learned and powerful University.

"Yours ever,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

A few days before the opening of the Exhibition to the public, Mr. Collins returned to London. The following were the pictures he contributed to the Royal Academy: "The Catechist;" "Morning—Boulogne;" "Seaford—Sussex;" and "A Patriarch."

"The Catechist," was the Italian subject among my father's pictures of the year. The scene is in the interior of the Church of St. Onofrio, at Rome, celebrated as the burial-place of Tasso. In a side chapel sits a benevolent old monk, intent on catechising two little girls; whose mother is listening at a short distance. One of the children—a beautiful little creature, with long curling hair—is half-turned from the spectator, and is evidently puzzled to reply to some question, which it happens to be her turn to answer. Her companion's head, clothed with its Roman covering of folded white cloth, is so disposed that her front face appears: her eyes are turned upward on the old monk, with an arch intelligent expression, as if she longed to solve at once the difficulty that embarrasses her timid little sister. The

countenances of these children are treated with delightful purity and nature, and are finely opposed by the darker figures of the monk and the mother; and by the rich sombre light, pervading the interior of the chapel. The tone of colour in this work is deep and grand, and the finish of the different objects that it depicts, distinctive and careful in a high degree. It was painted for the late Sir Thomas Baring, and has since passed into the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.

"Boulogne," was a design drawn from the painter's portfolio of French coast studies, in 1829. The composition looks seaward from the Beach, not displaying the town of Boulogne, but including part of the harbour; occupied, as are also portions of the shore beyond, by picturesque fishing-boats. The figures disposed about the boats, and examining fish in the foreground, are painted with great depth and vigour; their solidity being enhanced by the pearly, delicate colour, and light aërial composition of the sky above. The picture was purchased by Mr. Hogarth.

The materials for the coast scene of "Seaford," were gathered from sketches made during Mr. Collins's stay there, in 1841. It is perhaps as strikingly original a work of its class, as he ever produced. A vast tract of beach, visible from high sand hills in the foreground, sweeps circularly through the middle distance of the picture: over this, and the clear green sea beyond it, fall the soft fleeting shadows—painted

with wonderful lightness, transparency, and Nature —of large clouds which are rolling through the sky above; and which are seen floating in sunny, delicate masses, over the light cliffs that bound the far horizon. Seated under the shelter of one of the high sand banks in the foreground, is a beautiful group of three children, brightly and powerfully painted, and represented engaged in making a boat. The effect of this picture, whether seen from a close or a distant position, is powerfully vivid and original. Its perfect aërial perspective, its tender clearness of atmosphere, its bright purity of tone, unite to give it that complete naturalness of aspect which at once delights the eye, and conceals from it the Art by which that delight is produced. The picture was purchased by Mr. Sheepshanks.

"The Patriarch," was an effort by the painter, in a branch of Art hitherto untried by him. It was a life-size study of the head, and part of the body of an old man; treated upon those principles of portraiture, which had so much impressed him in the works of the old masters. Painted upon this plan, the figure is designed with great vigour and singleness of effect: the tone of colour throughout the picture is deep, powerful, and subdued; and eloquently reminds the spectator of the high qualities of the school of Art that it follows. The oriental robe in which "The Patriarch" is dressed, was painted from one brought by Sir David Wilkie from the Holy Land, and presented to Mr. Collins by his

sister. The picture is in the possession of the painter's family.

Some reference to my father's health and employments, during and after the production of the above pictures, will be found in the following extracts from his Journal of 1844:

"May 8th, 1844.—From the 2nd of November, until the 4th of April, engaged more or less pretty regularly, upon various pictures; four of which I sent to the Exhibition of this year; viz., 'The Catechist;' 'Seaford—Sussex;' 'Boulogne;' and 'A Patriarch.' During this period, my health and strength have been by no means good. I trust I may in some measure attribute occasional discontents, to the defective state of my bodily health; otherwise I must be a most unthankful being; for the mercies of a condescending Providence have during this period, as well as during my whole life, been such as to call forth one stream of gratitude and holy fear.

"After the pictures were sent to the Royal Academy, I abstained from work; and spent a week with my kind friend Doctor Norris, in Corpus Christi College. Since my return, I have painted occasionally on my pictures, in their places at the Royal Academy; and attended the private view and the dinner, the day following: all of which, I find, have been too much for my strength. On Sunday, 5th instant, had a quiet day; heard an humbling

but consoling sermon from Archdeacon Manning; passing the rest of the day in perfect quietness, the house being without visitors. May 10th.—Went to Woolwich, to see some transparencies, painted by Stothard, for the fête in Hyde-park, in 1814, upon the visit of the foreign potentates to this country; dined afterwards at Mr. Jones Loyd's. 12th.—Very unwell—too ill to go to church; the society and excitement of the past month, have sadly affected me. May I be more able, from henceforth, to study to be quiet. 13th.—My dear boy Charles has, this day, gone to be confirmed by the Bishop of London. God be with him, on this, to us both, most important day; and renew a right spirit in me and my child; and have mercy upon us all, for Jesus Christ's sake."

* * * * * *

"June 4th.—Began a small picture of 'The Morning Bath,' as a commencement of regular work for the season. Ill-health and broken days must now be made up for. Dined at C——'s. Sat next to a gentleman, who seemed well informed on the '*wholesomes*.' He told me that a very clever medical man, assured him that cancer in the nose, was not unusually the consequence of taking snuff. He had been a snuff-taker till that moment, when he left it off entirely from his fears of the consequence. I have occasionally given way to this useless habit, but will never return to it again. On my other side sat H——, who took some highly-seasoned omelet. I

asked how he could venture on such stuff; he said he could not resist it, although he knew how much he should suffer from it. He took a great deal of wine, to overcome the effects of the omelet; and assured me he should be ill for four days after such a dinner; and that he always suffered in the same way, after dining with C——! How absurd such weakness appears; and yet how common it is! I was comparatively careful, avoiding all stimulating dishes and taking very little wine; and yet I was fevered at night. Dr. Bullar is quite right in persisting in the necessity of my giving up wine altogether; and avoiding dining out, as well as the stimulus of company and hot rooms—'studying to be quiet,' being, as he says, in my case, absolutely necessary, in my present state of health. 5th.—In my painting-room, hoping to be circumspect——."

The frequent references, in the above passages of the painter's Journal, to the fluctuations in his health, and the precautions it was thought necessary that he should take to preserve it, proceeded from no hypochondriacal apprehensions of impending suffering, or decay. The spring of 1844, brought with it a more distressing symptom of his malady than had yet appeared, in the shape of a constant wearing cough, which resisted all remedies; and constantly interrupting his repose at night, soon weakened his strength in a palpable and serious degree. At the first appearance of this new form taken by his complaint,

he struggled against it with his usual fortitude; determining—to use his own expression—"not to sink into the mere invalid, as long as he could help it." But after dining out one evening early in July, his cough afterwards, during the night, became so violent and unintermitting, that the conviction of his unfitness for the excitement of society was at length forced upon him. "I have dined out for the last time," he remarked, the next morning; and he kept his word. All invitations to London society, however attractive, were from that time resolutely refused by him, on the plea of ill-health.

His next proceeding was to follow the advice of Doctor Chambers, (whom he had consulted on his case,) by trying the renovating effects of country air, and country tranquillity. For the first time in his life, he now prepared for an excursion from home; in which sketching from Nature, was not to be one of the directing principles of his journey. A few pencils and water-colours, were the only painting materials he took with him; his medical attendants being afraid that the effort and excitement of his usual and more arduous studies in oils, would neutralize the good effect, which change of air would have, it was hoped, upon his health. Under these changed circumstances he set forth, with Mrs. Collins, for the country, in July. Anglesey, near Portsmouth, on account of its dry mild air, was the first place he was recommended to try. In spite however of his anxiety to make the observation and

study of Nature subservient to the pursuit of health, during his excursion, he made but a short stay at Anglesey; the dull flat scenery there, soon becoming insupportable to his eye. His journey thence was to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Here, although he had firmly persuaded himself, on his arrival, that he should be able to idle about the beach, as systematically as had been recommended, he soon found that the habits of a forty years' pursuit of Art were not to be easily suspended, amid the beautiful coast scenery which now surrounded him; and that his hand as instinctively sought his sketch-book, whenever he beheld a fine point of view, as in his best days of vigour and youth. His little hoard of drawing materials, was accordingly soon unpacked; and his pencil once more turned assiduously to its accustomed use. This resumption of his old employments was in itself not to be regretted: his pursuit of his Art was so bound up with all his enjoyments, that its entire suspension would have irritated, rather than tranquillized his system; but, viewed in relation to the locality by which it was now called into action, its effect upon his health was somewhat to be dreaded. The hilly nature of the scenery around Ventnor, obliged him to use far more exertion in exploring it, with his sketch-book, than was compatible with his enfeebled strength: already, his cough had brought with it a difficulty of breathing, which, although slight as yet, was painfully felt by him in the slowest progress up an ascent. In spite however of

this new obstacle to sketching, he still proceeded, during a month's stay at Ventnor, in that study of Nature which made the intellectual gratification of his life; bringing away with him, at his departure, several beautiful water-colour drawings; from one of which, he produced a brilliant sea-piece for the next season's Exhibition.

From Ventnor he proceeded to Southampton, to spend a few days with his friends the Doctors Bullar, and to explore with them the fine scenery of the New Forest. While there, he was recommended to visit the little village of Shedfield, about twelve miles north of Southampton. On seeing this pretty, retired place, he was so pleased with it, that he bade farewell to his kind friends at Southampton, and determined to make some stay there. Though his sufferings from his cough still affected him as severely as ever, they could not debar him from the enjoyment of the quiet, fertile, inland scenery amid which he now resided. The bright glimpses of barn and homestead; the winding lanes, dappled with the pleasant sunlight shining through tree and hedgerow; the farmyard enclosures, with their toppling pigeon-houses, quaint old dog-kennels, and picturesque duck-ponds; the cottage gardens, bright with simple English flowers; the old cart-road over the common,—all these objects that were now spread around him, reminded him of his days of study that were passed for ever; of his early pleasures of painting that were now of the memory; of his rude,

boyish sketches of hedge and farm-house, laboured hard to deserve Morland's approbation; of all that he and his father and brother had joyfully drawn and admired together, when a few days' holiday had led them to the country and the fields. The sketches he now made from scenery thus eloquent of the occupations of his apprenticeship to Art, were among the finest and most finished water-colour drawings he ever produced, and were striking evidences of the mastery of a great painter over the slightest, as well as the most important branches, of his pursuit. These studies formed, unhappily, the only event of his stay at Shedfield on which he could congratulate himself; for when, towards the latter part of September, he left that place to pay a short visit to Sir Thomas Baring, he departed still but little, if at all, relieved from the fatal cough which he had brought with him on his arrival.

From Stratton Park, the country-seat of his kind host, the painter thus writes to Mrs. Collins, who had returned to London from the cottage at Shedfield:

"To Mrs. Collins.

"Stratton Park, Sept. 24th, 1844.

* * * "I met the carriage waiting for me at the station; Sir Thomas gave me a hearty welcome. At dinner, I found his son, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Wells and his wife, and some others whose names make no impression. To-day I have

been to my old haunts, and have returned for my sketching materials; and find, of course, that some important articles have been forgotten. They are, I doubt not, in your large basket; look for them, and send them immediately, addressed to me here.

"My movements are uncertain; Sir Thomas so kindly and heartily presses me to stay, that it may be Thursday, or even Friday, before I leave this place. The weather, which has hitherto been charming, suddenly changed this morning; and to-day, with its easterly wind and rain, reminds me of the necessity of returning to home,—a place, however attractive other places may be, having always a charm for me. I have not yet lost my cough, although it is decidedly better.

"Do not fail to send me a few lines by to-morrow's post, even if you should have written to-day. You know I like to talk with you thus on a Sunday, when we are separated. Praying God to bless you all,

"I am, yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

Shortly after quitting Sir Thomas Baring's, the painter visited his friend Mrs. Clarkson, at Amberley Vicarage; where he found the kindest attention unremittingly devoted to the care of his failing health. On his return to London, he wrote as follows to one of the members of the family, whose hospitality had so warmly welcomed him during his brief visit:

"To Miss F. Clarkson.

"1, Devonport-street, November 3rd, 1844.

"My dear Miss Fanny, — Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, I reached home perfectly dry; and certainly sustained no injury from the charming ride on the Brighton cliffs. I wish, indeed, most heartily, that I could have also enjoyed the 'sunny waves' on the following day.

"The magnificent present with which you have overwhelmed me I know not how to thank you for; the sight of it will not only scare away my cough, but constantly remind me of your kind commiseration. I should have had great satisfaction in wearing it to-day, but the weather with us, except for a short time in the early part of the day, has been by no means tempting. Yesterday I went out during the first part of a very fine day, and rather increased my malady; but by great prudence for a week or so, I hope to get rid of my troublesome companion.

"Mrs. Collins joins me in expressing a sincere hope that we may all meet in the spring, when we shall be most happy to give you at least a hearty welcome to such accommodation as our house will afford; and if anything should bring either your sister or yourself to London before that time, we shall be most truly glad to see you. Don't you think you could get your hair much better cut in London than at Brighton? Take my advice and try.

"In the course of next week I hope to send you a

few etchings which I did many years ago, but which were only published last year, as well as a print or two that may be useful to your sister in her studies; and although the etchings are trifles, I thought, as you told me you liked figure-drawings, you might, overlooking their defects in your kind way, give them a place on your table.

"It is now getting dark, so I must (with regret to myself, though with charity towards my reader,) send my scrawl to the post; hoping soon to see one of your family arrive to a warm dinner.

"I need, I trust, hardly say how much I should like to hear a good account of the inmates of Amberley Vicarage, when you can throw away a few minutes upon

"Your faithful and obliged friend,

"William Collins."

As the autumn advanced, the symptoms of Mr. Collins's disease became worse; spitting of blood was produced by the violence of his cough, and the traces of illness became now but too plainly discernible in his altered face and wasted frame. Still, however, his buoyant spirits and determined patience did not fail him; the resolution that poverty had never quelled in his youth, sickness was now as little able to subdue. His panacea for sleepless nights, and his refutation of the forebodings of all who saw him, lay in his painting-room. Into this he entered, ardent and cheerful as was his wont, to

prepare for the Exhibition,—sure that his Art was a solace that could not desert him, and satisfied in the conviction that the day had not yet come when his canvass should spread vacant before him, and his palette lie unbrightened by the presence of its old familiar hues.

CHAPTER III.

1844—1847.

Diary of 1844 continued—Pictures of 1845 — Remarks on the Painter's return to English subjects—Extract from Diary of 1845—Continued Illness — Departure from Town — Letter to Dr. Joseph Bullar—Stay at Torquay—Letter to Mr. Richardson—Serious Increase of Illness—Return to London—Perseverance in Painting under severe Suffering—Journal of 1846—Pictures of 1846—Last Expedition to the Country—Stay at Iver —The last Consolations of Art—Increasing Illness and Return to London—Letter to Mr. Reinagle, R.A.—Final Meeting with his brother Academicians—His last Sketch—Fatal progress of malady, on the opening of the year 1847—Fortitude and Hopefulness during his last Sufferings—His Death, on the 17th of February—Post-mortem examination of his Heart—His Funeral and Grave.

As the new year approached, a slight but encouraging improvement became manifest in my father's health, which is thus noticed in the following occasional passages of his journal for the latter part of 1844 and the beginning of 1845:

"1844, Christmas-day—I have been much out of health these many weeks. Mr. Richardson, the doctor, was sent for two months since, having, on the 24th of October, begun to try the various remedies his ingenuity could suggest. These were not very successful; the case is indeed a very complicated one. Doctor Chambers is puzzled too, evidently.

"My journal is sadly behindhand, and contains few

of the recollections and memoranda I had intended to enter in it; but as it has pleased the merciful Giver of all good to restore to me so much of my former strength and spirits, I trust I may be more diligent for the future.

"This great day ought to be held in remembrance as the fountain of that 'peace and good-will toward men,' which ought to cheer us and enable us to 'rejoice evermore'—living a life of faith; recollecting that 'whatever is not of faith is of sin.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"28th December.—Contriving future pictures. 29th.—Composing a picture from a sketch of a scene at Ventnor, Isle of Wight. 31st.—Began a picture of this subject, wrote letters, and altogether worked too much for my nerves this day. Sleep at night disturbed.

"1845, January 1st.—Being overdone yesterday, too irresolute to-day to do more than read and talk with a visitor or two. I find myself not fit, at present, for my usual work at this season. But, as it has pleased the Almighty in his mercy that I should so far recover from my late attack, I trust I may have strength given me to fulfil the duties of my stewardship; and having so much to be thankful for during the past year, (as well as every year of my successful life,) I look humbly and cheerfully forward."

The partial return to somewhat of his former

strength, noticed above, produced its most remarkable effect, in the number of new pictures which it enabled Mr. Collins to execute for the season of 1845. In the last year, he had painted four new works; in this—while the traces of his sufferings during the summer and autumn were yet recent—he completed five; one of which was in many respects the most amusing effort of pictorial comedy that he had ever produced. The close application which he necessarily accorded to these pictures, far from contributing to increase the physical weakness under which he still laboured, appeared to be the sole influence that frequently preserved him from the pressure of despondency and the chances of relapse.

On the opening of the Exhibition of 1845, my father's works appeared thus entitled in the Academy catalogue: "Fetching the Doctor;" "Undercliff, near Ventnor, Isle of Wight;" "Cromer Sands;" "Prawn Fishing—coast of Sussex;" "Antonio."

"Fetching the Doctor" illustrated no remarkable passage in the career of a celebrated physician, but represented that most ordinary grievance in the professional lives of all medical men, commonly denominated "being called up." It is a frosty, starlight, winter's night—no living figure is seen in the village street—snow lies thick on the ground, on the thatch of the closed cottages, on the tower of the old church. Everything is desolate, and everybody is asleep—everybody but the unhappy "Doctor Green," (his name is seen inscribed on his door,) who stands front-

ing the nipping cold, at his threshold, having just answered the bell to a boy muffled up in a "comforter," who has ridden to fetch the doctor from a distance which may be easily conjectured by the condition of the pony standing by his side, whose plump flanks are steaming in the sharp night air. Doctor Green stoops down to listen to the urchin's message, with no very amiable expression of countenance. He is deaf, and old, and ill-tempered, this Doctor Green. He has got out of bed in such a hurry that his night-cap is still on his head, and his stockings about his ankles. Whatever may be the necessity that requires him—whether it be to preside "obstetrically" over some "village Hampden's" first introduction into this world, or to smooth the exit of some elderly patient to the other—Doctor Green evidently and naturally curses his fate and his case, in the depths of his own bosom, while he listens to the tale of the boy, and forbodes, from the presence of the pony, the long night ride that is immediately in store for him.

The treatment of this picture is as original and true as its subject is natural and amusing. The painting of the snow, ruffled by the boy's feet and the pony's hoofs; the situation of the candle in the doctor's hand, placed partly behind the door-sill, to keep it from the wind; the position of his rumpled night-cap, shoved off both his deaf ears in the hurry of the moment, in order that he may understand what the boy is saying to him; are all remarkable evidences of minute and graphic observation of Nature. The

light and shade of the picture is exceedingly bold and grand; the large dark night shadows being finely opposed by the vivid, flaring light, thrown full on the doctor's figure, in the foreground. The expression and position of the village physician are characteristic and natural in an eminent degree. Both in his figure and in the boy's, the same comic truth and perfect freedom from caricature are immediately apparent. Nor should the pony be forgotten; he is both drawn and painted with no ordinary intelligence and skill. The work was universally popular and admired. It was painted for Mr. Gibbons; and was finely engraved in mezzotint, on a large scale.

The sea-piece of "Ventnor," was of the same bold, original order as the picture of "Seaford," of the last year. The cliffs and the distant wooded hills of the Isle of Wight almost filled the composition, the sea occupying only the left-hand corner. On the top of one of the cliffs in the foreground stands a boy, triumphing in having gained the summit before his companions, who are seen beneath, climbing to join him. The variety in the forms of the cliffs and hills, and the alternate vigour and delicacy in the painting of the foreground and background objects, give this picture a remarkable novelty, brightness, and purity of effect. It was commissioned by Mr. George Young, the possessor of the painter's "Skittle Players."

"Cromer," and "Prawn-fishing," were two smaller sea-pieces; the first pearly and delicate; the second clear and brilliant in effect; and both combining

those peculiar qualities of Nature and originality, which mark all Mr. Collins's works of this class; and to notice which more minutely would be but to repeat what has been often already remarked, in these and other pages, of his long and varied series of productions of the same order. Both these pictures were painted for Mr. Wethered.

"Antonio," was treated on the same principles and on the same scale, as "The Patriarch" of the year before—the figure, in this instance, being that of a young man, with dark hair and beard, clothed in the costume of the middle ages. In depth of colour, in dignity of treatment, and in force and firmness of drawing, this picture was as striking and successful an experiment in the manner of the old masters, as its predecessor, and was in every way as creditable to the painter's theory and practice of Art. It is now in the possession of Mr. Collins's family.

With the exception of the last of them, it will be observed that my father's works of this season were all illustrative of the early subjects of his pencil—no Italian scene being comprised in their number. This suspension of his efforts in his "new manner" was intimately connected with the serious illness under which he now laboured. As the symptoms of his malady almost daily increased in their adverse influence over the intellectual habits of his life, so did his hand and eye wander more and more frequently to his early sketches and his youthful designs; his mind being incited to revert in sickness to its most

familiar studies, by the power of long attachment, and the instinct of happy experience. Thus, the two pictures of English scenery first produced with his Italian subjects of 1842, increased with the progress of his malady, in 1845, to four—one of which, (the sea-piece of "Cromer,") was drawn from sources discovered during his visit to Norfolk in 1815, and produced under the influence of impressions which remained vivid and indestructible after a lapse of thirty years. Although, therefore, plans and purchasers for his Italian subjects were ready, whenever they should be resumed, his early sea-side studies now once more engaged his pencil, at the close as at the outset of his career; assuming to him, in his failing health, the aspect of old friends with whom he could communicate without effort—of studies which were too intimately connected with his mind, to cause him the anxiety of less familiar experiments—of those bright traces of the past, which most peacefully and gratefully influenced the dark shadows cast by suffering over the present.

The following fragmentary extracts from my father's Journal continue those personal details on the subject of his illness, which have been commenced in former passages; and which, monotonous though they may appear, must yet necessarily be inserted, as now mixing more and more determinately with the darkening current of his life; and as showing how constantly increasing were the obstacles under which his studies were still continued, and his pictures yet produced.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

"1845, April 27th, Sunday.—Intended to have gone to church, but prevented by fear of the weather. I have not entered a church for more than six months, owing to the state of my health. To-day, nervous and weak, having been too much excited, especially during the past week—even talking has a most injurious effect upon my nerves.

"May, 1845, Trinity Sunday.—Still prevented, by fear of the effect of the cold wind, from going to church this morning. From my visit to Dr. Chambers, I find—under the blessing of God—that more strictness of life may be beneficial to my health. Dr. Chambers thinks my complaint to be more a stomach disorder, than the heart disease to which most of the other medical men — especially Mr. Richardson—have attributed all my maladies. The difficulty of breathing and the constant liability to colds, he says, proceed from derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, he gave me more hope of recovery than any other doctor I have yet consulted; and he expressed an opinion that the heart has been in its present state for many years, without my being aware of it; and that malformation was quite possible in my case. By the help of God, I will be more careful for the future. Moderation, as a rule, has always been Dr. Chambers' advice, rather than to attempt a cure by any confinement to weight and measure of diet too exclusively.

"June 1st, Sunday.—Praised be God, I was en-

abled to go to-day, for the second time these more than seven months, to church—this time, to the Morning Service. Mr. Archdeacon Manning preached a most searching sermon from the message of our Lord to the Church of Ephesus, from the Revelation of St. John. Monday, June 2nd.—The blessing of returning fine weather is vouchsafed to us—the temperature this morning at 77° in the shade."

The subjoined letter by the painter was written in answer to an application for a sketch to serve the charitable purposes of a "Fancy Bazaar," in aid of the Southampton Infirmary, shortly after he had already executed one for the same object at the request of another friend:

"To Miss T——

"Devonport-street" (*no date*).

"My dear Miss T——, The note directed Devonshire-street, never reached me. Surely, however, it cannot be of any consequence who has suggested the gift of a sketch from me; if the object—that of assisting the cause of charity—be eventually effected.

"Should any visitor to the Bazaar, stimulated by the various attractions spread out by the cleverness of our modern modes of provoking to good deeds, be entrapped into helping forward the 'Infirmary' and patronising painting at one blow; and should the one sketch I have already made for Mrs. Bullar produce a fair price, rely upon it such a good work would not

be done, if by granting your request I became the means of producing *two* sketches, by the same painter, for sale. Getting something that your neighbour cannot, I know, from long experience, to be one of the strongest motives for the attainment of *bijouterie*, of all sorts.

"I think I hear you saying—how nicely my friend preaches, and yet, he encourages in his small way, the very system he denounces! I gave a sketch to the Bullars, in acknowledgment for great favours received from Mr. John Bullar, and much kindness from his brothers. They may do what they please with it, when it becomes theirs.

"Regretting that I am obliged to refuse you anything, and trusting that you will take in good part my explanation,

"Believe me, with great esteem,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

As the season advanced, finding no remedies of any permanent avail, the medical attendants of Mr. Collins again fixed their hopes for their patient upon change of air and country tranquillity—small as had been the influence of either during the last summer. Accordingly, early in June he left home, settling, after short visits to two other places, at Tonbridge Wells. Thence, however, he was obliged prematurely to depart. Highly as he enjoyed the beautiful scenery of his sojourn, the hilly nature of

the place made even the short walking excursions which he was now enabled to take, and which it was even yet impossible to induce him wholly to resign, an effort too oppressive for his weakened frame. He returned therefore to London, to consult his medical attendants afresh; having acquired nothing by his journey, but a few beautiful additions to his collection of water-colour sketches, and the bitter conviction that his malady already threatened to gain the victory over his Art, while his mental capacity for its practice remained as powerful and as industrious as ever.

The mild air of Devonshire was next recommended to my father. On his way thither he paid a visit to his friend Mr. John Bullar, who, with his family, was then staying at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. The pretty scenery of this place, combining sea-shore with lane and meadowland; the quiet retired life he led there; and the kind and unremitting attentions of his friends, soon acted most favourably upon his spirits. He recovered all his former cheerfulness, and gained a partial release from some of the more distressing symptoms of his disorder. His progress towards convalescence at Bembridge, will, however, be best related in the following letter to his friend Doctor Joseph Bullar:

"To Doctor Joseph Bullar.

"Bembridge, August 19th, 1845.

"Dear Bullar,—I am very sorry to find that you are not likely to join our pleasant party for some

time—indeed, I fear not until after our departure from this exceedingly pretty place, where we are enjoying ourselves very much. Until to-day, I have spent a large portion of every morning out of doors, with much profit to my health. The change, however, which took place last night, and the windy wintry aspect of this day, is a sore trial to my weakened frame.

"Since I saw you in London, I have been prevailed upon to see Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, after a very careful examination, (and without my giving him the smallest intimation of what had been pronounced as the state of the heart,) declared the lungs to be perfectly sound, and the state of the heart to be the cause of all the mischief. He thought that although the 'uvula' was relaxed, cutting it would give me unnecessary pain, and answer no good object. A gargle, which he wrote for, would answer the purpose quite as well. He seemed disposed to recommend bleeding by cupping, to obtain present relief; which I ventured to combat, from the lowering effects which I thought must follow that mode of treatment.

"When I had dressed, and could pluck up courage for the question, I begged he would candidly tell me whether he thought there was any danger from the state of the heart. He very sincerely gave me to understand that there was; and impressed upon me the necessity of the greatest attention to quiet, both of mind and body.

"Neither Sir Benjamin's matter nor manner, were calculated to produce at the moment much satisfaction; but I am now trying to make the most of his advice.

"My cough has not, since I have been here, proved so troublesome as in London—I get more sleep, and do not find it necessary to sit up in bed: I however feel extremely weak, and suffer from the cold weather. Everything that kindness and attention to my peculiarities of diet, etc. can do, is done to the utmost, by my most excellent host and hostess.

"One thing I want much to ask you about—If the lungs are sound, (I am not certain that you agree with Brodie that they are,) is Devonshire necessary? Or rather, is it not possible that the peculiar climate of that county might be too relaxing for my general health? When you are perfectly at leisure, pray do me the kindness to think of this matter, and favour me with a line on the subject.

"I shall not apologise for writing so much about myself, because I have already had such proofs of the kind interest which both your brother and yourself have taken in my case, and for which I feel truly grateful.

"With every wish for your comfort and happiness, in which Mrs. Collins most sincerely joins,

"Believe me, dear Bullar,

"Yours obliged and faithfully,

"William Collins."

Early in September my father proceeded from Bembridge to Torquay, with the intention of passing the winter there; but it was soon ascertained that the anticipations formed of the good influence of the air of this place would prove fallacious. The improvement that his sojourn in the Isle of Wight had effected in his health rapidly disappeared. Allured, however, by the beautiful coast scenery around Torquay, he determined to remain long enough to give the place a fair trial. During his residence there, he wrote the subjoined letter, on the subject of his health, to Mr. Richardson, who, it will be remembered, was described, in a former page, as the doctor who first discovered that he was labouring under disease of the heart:

"To William Richardson, Esq.

"3, Beacon-terrace, Torquay, Oct. 8th, 1845.

"Dear Richardson,—I have been away in the difficult pursuit of health for a sufficient time to enable me to give you some account of my progress,—or, rather, no progress,—since I saw you last, now eight weeks. During our stay at Bembridge for about three weeks, although the weather was cold for the season of the year, I certainly felt better: the cough almost gone, and my breathing less difficult, with very little headache, and the action of the heart much as usual. Anxious to get on to this place, so far-famed for the perfection of its climate, we crossed from the Isle of Wight to Southsea,

where we stayed a few days with our old friends, the Otters, and proceeded by night, in a capital vessel, to Torquay. I bore the voyage without the smallest inconvenience or injury to my health, and reached this place on a lovely morning; our friends here receiving us on the pier with a hearty welcome. We stayed under their hospitable roof a week, and then took very comfortable lodgings a few doors from their abode.

"Having been here nearly a month, I proceed to give you the result as regards my health. The cough is not quite so well as before my arrival; the action of the heart is certainly increased; the breathing is generally more difficult; on warm days I experience great lassitude and relaxation, accompanied by loss of flesh; and all this notwithstanding more than usual care in diet, and avoidance of causes of excitement as much as in me lies.

"I have taken some pains to describe, as accurately and as honestly as I can, the present aspect of my rickety case, in the hope that you will, with your usual kindness, give it your best consideration with a view to my future progress. Let me know whether, under the circumstances described, I had better return to Devonport-street, and live as quietly as I can, about the beginning of next month, (for I wish to give Torquay some weeks' further trial,) or what other course you would recommend. I feel certain that this place would do well for a consumptive case; but as the difficulty about my lungs seems to

arise, as Brodie and yourself, as well as Dr. Chambers, have said, from the action of the heart, 'the seat of all the mischief,' the moist climate of Torquay, as it appears to me, avails me little.

"I fear I have given you rather 'a long screed;' I trust, however, to your kindness for my excuse, and remain,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"William Collins."

At Torquay, as elsewhere, Mr. Collins's sketch-book continued to be employed as often as his fast-failing strength would permit him to use it. His studies of coast scenery thus produced were few in number, and more than usually careful and elaborate in finish,—one of them serving to originate the picture of "Mede-foot Bay," exhibited in the season of 1846. But a term was soon put to these sketching excursions; the imprudent over-exertion which they naturally produced, added to the relaxing effect of the air of Torquay, weakened him more and more as the autumn advanced, and impressed him, at length, with a melancholy conviction, that a further stay in Devonshire would be worse than useless. "This is not the place for me," he confessed reluctantly to his friends; "the sight of the lovely scenes that I cannot now walk through to sketch as I used, is too tantalising; I shall never remain here the winter!" The doctor he consulted, evidently feeling that his case was hopeless, confirmed him in his opinion of

the necessity of turning homewards; and at the end of October he came back to London, as he had come back the year before,—more shattered in frame and further advanced towards the grave than when he had left it.

On his return, to the astonishment of all who saw him, he again entered his painting-room, again ranged his sketches and canvasses round him, and again commenced the composition of new pictures as ambitiously and industriously as ever. Saving on those days when he was unable to leave his bed, or when utter exhaustion disabled him from moving hand or foot, he now sat regularly before his easel, eager and aspiring as in his student days. It was an impressive testimony to the superiority of mind over body, to watch him as he now worked. His heart was at this time fearfully deranged in its action, appearing not to beat, but to heave with a rushing, irregular, watery sound. His breathing was oppressed, as in the last stages of asthma, and prevented his ever attaining an entirely recumbent position for any length of time, night or day. His cough assailed him with paroxysms so violent and so constantly recurring, as to create apprehension that he might rupture a blood-vessel while under their influence. It was in spite of this combination of maladies, with all their accustomed consequences of sleepless nights, constant weakness, and nervous anxiety, that he disposed himself to labour in a pursuit exacting the most watchful and minute attention

of head and hand, and that he succeeded in successfully accomplishing everything that he set himself to do. Sometimes the brush dropped from his hand from sheer weakness; sometimes it was laid down while he gasped for breath like one half suffocated, or while a sudden attack of coughing disabled him from placing another touch upon the canvas; but these paroxysms subdued, his occupation was resolutely resumed. His mind revived, his eye brightened, his hand became steady again, as if by magic. Sky, ocean, earth, assumed on his canvas their beauties of hue and varieties of form, readily and truthfully as of old. No touch was omitted from the objects of the picture in detail, no harmony of tint forgotten in the rendering of the general effect. The strong mind bent the reluctant body triumphantly to its will, in every part of the pictures, on which, already a dying man, he now worked. They were the last he produced.

Thus, with study for the mind and suffering for the body, ended for my father "the old year." As the new one opened, another consequence of his complaint (secretly dreaded by all his medical attendants as the worst) gradually became apparent. This was the commencement of dropsical enlargement of the extremities. Under this fresh visitation of bodily calamity, the painter's fortitude did not forsake him. While every one around him now began to despair, he alone was still cheerful, still determined to hope. The tone of his mind at this trying period, the

chronicle of his painful but vigorous progress with his pictures, the readiness of his bright anticipations for the future, are all displayed with unwonted regularity and completeness in the pages of his last Journal, which it is now time to insert, and which will be found to present a more full and interesting record of his character than probably any of his former diaries have contained.

Journal of 1846.

"1846.—Pictures in hand:—No. 1. 'Early Morning—Cromer;' for Mr. Gillott. No. 2. 'Hall Sands—Devon;' for Mr. Sheepshanks. No. 3. 'Mede-foot Bay—Torquay;' for Mr. Ellison.

"January 6th.—Came down to my painting-room. Sat to Charley nearly all day, for a drawing of my head. 7th.—Endeavoured to make a beginning in earnest. Heaven grant me health to discharge the duties of my stewardship! Worked with many interruptions, this afternoon, upon a picture for Mr. Ellison; a scene in Mede-foot Bay, near Torquay, Devon. I had worked upon this picture about three short days, a month or so ago, when it was begun. 8th.—Sat to Charley, etc., read the paper, and went to work—not much in the humour for it—for about an hour in the afternoon, upon Hall Sands. 9th.—Worked for about two hours, upon Hall Sands and Mede-foot, in the way of preparation for something, I hope in earnest. 10th.—Did not succeed in getting to work until one o'clock, not having passed a good

night. Mr. —— staying late last night, till half-past eleven—too much excitement for my present weak state. Painted about a couple of hours, upon Mr. Ellison's picture. 11th.—Still too ill to venture out of doors; and, sad to say, still unable to go to church. Since October, at Torquay, I have never been inside a church. The Lord have mercy upon me! 12th.—Little work again to-day, too weak in body and mind to go to work, as Johnson says, 'doggedly.' Painted about two hours in the afternoon, upon Mr. Ellison's picture of Mede-foot. 13th.—In much pain and great oppression in breathing. Worked upon Mede-foot, rather more than three hours. 14th.—Painted upon Mede-foot, about three hours. Mr. Gibbons mentioned to me to-day a droll subject, and one very difficult to express, which Biard, the French artist, is painting for him. It is a blind fiddler, playing with all his energy to a parrot, whose voice he mistakes for that of a human being. His dog, better informed, is tugging at his master to get him away from such unprofitable labour. 15th.—Saw two very agreeable visitors, Mr. John Gibbons, and Dr. West. The former brought a most interesting picture, by the French painter, Biard, rather larger and more square than a 'kit-cat.' The subject is the youth-time of Linnæus. He is represented with a flower in his hand, from which he is raising his eyes to Heaven, in reverent admiration of the wonders of Creation. Beside him, is an elderly person, looking like his instructor,

examining a flower through a glass, intent upon his study. A tin case with gathered flowers, and the large leaves of the water-lily, are strewed on the ground, with various nets for moths, etc., forming the foreground objects. The scene, a solitary wood, with a brook and an unfrequented path, leading through it—the trees, as well as the figures, drawn with great excellence, taste, and truth—the hands, and all the accessories, most carefully and truthfully designed and executed. With all these great charms, the picture wants force and effect; the colour is clayey and cold; and all the objects, from the foreground to the extreme distance, are too much '*niggled*'—no subordination of parts, and no *chiaroscuro*—the consequence of which is, that the picture has nothing at a distance to entice the eye to look into its really beautiful details. It is by no means a *whole*. Its price is so small, that it is surprising how the painter lives by his pursuit. Only —— guineas to be paid for it by Mr. Gibbons.

"With these pleasant interruptions, and after a feverish night, I did not work quite two hours upon Mede-foot. Dr. West does not think me so well as when he last saw me. Passed a restless night, in great measure owing to the necessity of taking calomel; and this morning (16th) breakfasted in bed, dined before two, and found myself too much unhinged to paint at all—my breathing much distressed. 17th—Thank Heaven, a good night—my breathing still bad—about two hours' work upon Mr. Ellison's

picture. 19th.—'Out of sorts' is the best excuse, bad as it is, that I can offer for having spent the day in reading the paper, etc., and preparing and making experiments for taking up, with what vigour I have, the finishing of Mr. Ellison's picture. My breathing bad—the Doctor says my liver will not be right, till I can get out; and to get out, in my case, requires summer weather—Patience! Patience! 20th—A beautiful sunshiny day; a complete day's work perfectly uninterrupted—painted my sky in Mede-foot, at once—very close and hard day's work—about five hours—the whole time and attention devoted to the subject. 21st.—Feverish, bad night: got to work, notwithstanding, upon Mede-foot—worked very hard, for two hours and a half; did a great deal. 22nd.—Passed rather a better night—had great enjoyment in working with much vigour, and getting over a good deal of ground in two hours and a half, spent upon Mr. Ellison's picture. 23rd.—Mr. Gillott called —likes his picture much—worked about two hours and a half upon Mr. Ellison's picture. 24th.—Much jaded to-day, from a disturbed night, arising from the necessity of sitting up much in the night, owing to great difficulty in breathing. When I did get to work, interrupted by persons I was obliged to see. Only about one hour's work done to Mr. Ellison's picture. Yesterday and to-day, a letter each from Mr. Bullar and his son, Dr. Joseph Bullar, to Charley, with their most gratifying commendations upon the drawing of the three children of Mrs. John

Bullar. Their hopes respecting his moral and religious duties and privileges, I most sincerely thank them for. God grant he may always 'first seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness;' the rest, by God's blessing and gift, will surely follow. I most fully and sincerely believe that, if this boy does justice to the genius with which he is endowed, and with the blessing of health — which most fervently I pray the Giver of all good to bestow upon him—he will, with his tact and taste, produce most satisfactory and popular works. 25th. —Dear Charley's birth-day. God be praised for having brought him to this his eighteenth birth-day. I have only one thing to pray for, respecting him; that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will give him the true riches, preserving in him and daily renewing to him, that Holy Spirit bestowed upon him in his regeneration, at his baptism. Lord remember us, when thou comest in thy glory!

"26th.—Interrupted by various visitors, on business or otherwise; no painting done at all this day. 27th.—A very hard and very pleasant day's work upon Mr. Sheepshanks' picture of 'Hall Sands.' The sky and extreme distance finished—three hours' work. 28th.—Painted from a model, on the child in Mr. Ellison's picture—four hours; tired; ill. 29th.—Painted the old woman and part of the foreground, in Mr. Sheepshanks' picture—three hours and a-half. 30th.—Painted on 'Mede-foot' about four hours; some part of the time making sketches from the model,

for this and other pictures. 31st.—Completely done up by the time I went to bed. The impossibility of keeping off stragglers and kind friends, who are certain to come one after another, or at the same time, and who must be seen, is something that must be arranged in a better way, to keep me quiet. Wretched night, and to-day little better. Tried to paint, but interrupted; did not work half an hour. February 1st.—Poorly; lethargic. 2nd.—My breathing very bad during the night. So worn out during this day, my breathing continuing exceedingly difficult, that I was unfitted for work the whole day. 3rd.—Still bad nights, and difficult breathing. Painted from a boy, two studies for heads, in the pictures intended for this year's Exhibition. Worked about four hours. 4th.—Taken out in Mr. Richardson's carriage, for the first time since the beginning of December, a ride of nearly two hours; I think I am the better for it. Found bores, in the shape of morning callers, when I returned. How many idlers I know! Did no painting this day. 5th.—Restless night; breathing very heavy. Painted, notwithstanding, from a dog I had ordered, about three hours and a-half. Had he not been ordered to wait upon me, his portrait would have gone undone. Mr. Gillott called. 7th.—Painted about three hours on 'Hall Sands;' did a good deal in the time, as I generally do now I work so short a portion of the day. 9th.—Visitors, and the consequences—no work. Nerves cut to pieces; breathing

bad. 10th.—Last night a bad one, little sleep; great weakness; starved with cold, the thermometer being 29 deg. out of my dressing-room window. Painted rather more than three hours on the large picture of 'Cromer Sands.' 11th.—Little sleep, consequently worse this morning. Many people called; amongst them, Mr. Ellison, who expressed himself perfectly gratified to possess the picture I am painting for him. Painted on 'Early Morning' about two hours. Perfectly done up. 12th.—Bad night. Head bad when I got up; better about twelve. Consultation between Mr. Richardson and Dr. West; to be more physicked! Painted with vigour rather more than three hours, upon 'Early Morning,' Mr. Joseph Gillott's picture; nearly finished. 13th.—Bad night again. Painted on 'Early Morning' and on 'Hall Sands' together, about two hours and a half. 14th.—Passed one of the worst nights I have had for some time—perhaps not two hours' sleep *altogether;* nerves, especially of the stomach, apparently alive; breathing so difficult that I could not lie down five minutes together. I think the physic the principal cause: I have been drenched with drugs; they must be left off. I suppose I did not paint this day. The painting done from Monday to Thursday, owing to the state of my health, not much—principally, if not entirely, upon a picture begun many years since, of a scene at Boulogne, with a loitering Boy getting a Scolding. I have added a principal figure; but as I think I am not equal to finishing this picture, in addition to those in hand for

the ensuing Exhibition, I must be content to try a smaller one, should the three others be finished in time. 21st.—Legs much swelled; breathing very bad; painted, in consequence, only about two hours; intended to have had a good hard day's work. Painted upon 'Hall Sands,' and upon a little picture for Mr. Gillott, which, should I be enabled, I hope to get ready for the ensuing Exhibition. Mr. Sheepshanks called, and with his characteristic generosity and kindly feeling, brought his cheque-book, and tried hard to persuade me to allow him to pay me something (a hundred guineas) for the picture I am painting for him. I saw he thought it might be useful. 23rd.—Forgotten; but I think I painted two or three hours on 'Hall Sands.' 25th.—Bad night. Worked hard on the corner rocks of 'Mede-foot' three hours. 28th.—Notwithstanding an opiate, a most disturbed night; very ill to-day; went for a drive. Perfect summer weather. Painted with much inconvenience from distressed breathing, little more than an hour. Leslie called; the toned picture did not seem to impress him so much as the others. March 2nd.—Weak and drowsy. With many rests, painted about three hours and a half on 'Mede-foot.' 3rd.—Almost the worst night I have had; the breathing so difficult, that I was obliged to have the bed made on the sloping chair, at three o'clock in the morning. Nerves all alive. Wheezing all day. Painted with much effort on 'Mede-foot' for three hours. Doctor Chambers called last night; he does not think the heart worse:

agrees with Mr. Richardson's mode of treatment; wrote a prescription, and proposed calling again on Monday next, to see how things progress. 4th.—Bad night, as usual; almost worn out. Painted two hours on 'Hall Sands,' and one hour upon my new subject, 'Shrimpers hastening Home.' 5th.—I am so ill to-day, that Mr. Richardson says sleep *must* be had, if possible. I am to take a strong dose of Battley's Drops, with this view, to-night. Painted on 'The Shrimpers' about three hours; the sky entirely. 6th.—Took my dose of Battley, and, Heaven be praised, had a most excellent night, such an one as I have not had for many months; calm and collected all day, and feeling quite another person. Painted distant cliff and sea, as well as the Beach to the left of the figures—worked about three hours and a half. 7th.—Nearly as good a night as Thursday; but, having more cough, sleep not quite so sound. Painted the girl's face in 'The Shrimpers'—worked about two hours and a half. Much troubled by callers, in the middle of the day. After sending Harriet to keep off one, whom I knew to be a long sitter; another came, with whom I wished much to talk and explain a matter of business, but the long-winded one would not '*budge*,' as the Americans say: but literally saw the other to the door, fairly saw him out! and so spoiled the plan I had devised for seeing the person I wanted to see; and all this without, I do believe, ever thinking himself the least of a bore. 9th.—Suffering much from headache, general sense of fulness, and difficult

breathing, all day—much broken in upon, besides: to complete my misfortunes, no painting whatever done. Dr. Chambers came, as agreed, to-day—cheerful about my case; never very gloomy about the heart. 20th.— Pretty good night: headache came on early in the day, however—became very bad towards the latter part of the day; was obliged to give up painting, after about half an hours' work, on 'Mede-foot.' Mr. Ellison, with his friend Mr. Frankum, came to see his picture — seems more pleased, if possible, than before. 21st.—Altogether forgotten; very ill. 25th.—Better night; breathing still bad; cough almost all day: painted on 'Shrimpers,' about two hours; very unfit for painting—dead beat. 27th and 28th.—Not equal to do any painting—the little that remains to be done to the four pictures I am preparing for the Exhibition, must be done with more power than I happen just now to possess. My weakness, after my recent attack of influenza, added to my usual maladies, puts painting out of the question for a day or two, at the least. Mr. Gillott called to pay me for his two pictures, and expressed himself in high terms of both. Whilst he was here, Mr. Richard Ellison called, also, for the purpose of paying for his, and expressed himself quite as warmly in praise of the picture of 'Mede-foot,' as did Mr. Gillott for *his* pictures—so that the four works are all paid for, (Mr. Sheepshanks having insisted, a few days ago, upon paying for 'Hall Sands') before they are entirely finished. April 3rd.—Ex-

cept a very few touches yesterday, I have been too ill to paint since the last entry. My legs continue to be much swelled, no effect is produced by any medicine; I am indebted for what sleep I get, to Battley's Drops. I wait God's own good time, putting all my trust in that mercy which endureth for ever. April 4th and 6th.—The days appointed for my private view of my pictures (four) prepared for the Exhibition. They seem to have given much satisfaction; indeed surprise—considering the known bad condition of my health. Harriet, the boys, and Miss Musgrave, had the office of showing them, while I was shut up in the dining-room, seeing nobody.

"April 15th.—Since the pictures were removed to the Academy, until to-day, I have led a very uncomfortable and dronish life—almost sleepless nights, and sleepy days; no attempt at work, longing for weather fitting for going out. On Sunday, 13th, (Easter Sunday—blessed day, 'He is risen'!)—I made my first excursion, walking for about twenty minutes in the sun, on the Terrace. On Monday, 14th.—Easter Monday; intended to go to church —gave this up, fearing the weather; but this day, (15th,) blessed be God, was permitted to go to the eleven o'clock service—the Communion only; may this beginning be the earnest of good things, for Jesus Christ's sake!"

"May 15th.—From the above period, just one month to-day, I have been incapable of exerting myself sufficiently to paint, and have been kept back

in bodily health, by the state of the weather, (cold—generally easterly winds.) I have occasionally gone out in a carriage; contrived to go to the Royal Academy, to see, and, indeed in a small way, to touch upon two of my pictures. Although I suffer a good deal of general pain and restlessness, my breathing is easier, and a small quantity of Battley's Drops procures sleep; and, God be praised, I am better altogether. Richardson promises great things from fine weather. God's holy will be done."

With such pious resignation and cheerful hope, closes the final entry in Mr. Collins's last Journal; in which an opportunity has been afforded to the reader of appreciating, from the painter's own simple narrative of the sufferings that darkened his last days of study, under what combination of bodily obstacles he persevered in the practice of his Art. It is now necessary to turn our attention to the nature and merits of the works thus painfully and patiently produced.

"Early Morning," (painted for Mr. Gillott) was the largest of the four pictures exhibited by Mr. Collins, and connected remarkably his first and last successes, as the painter of the beauties of his native shores—for it was identical, in distribution of figures, local scenery, and general tendency of effect, with one of the first two sea-pieces exhibited by him, on his return from Hastings, in 1817; and then entitled, "Sunrise." In "Early Morning," were the same

two fisher boys in the foreground, brilliantly touched by the rays of the rising sun; the same sheltering hill to the left, terminating in the same long and lovely strip of distant sea; the same various bursts of growing light, which distinguished "Sunrise," and which will be found well noticed in the criticism on it by Mr. Carey, extracted in that former part of these pages, treating of the Exhibition of 1817. Beyond these points of general resemblance, however, it is probable that no more minute analogy could be found, could the pictures be seen together. The painter produced "Early Morning," from a former rough design for "Sunrise;" not only without seeing the picture of 1817, but without knowing into whose possession, in the lapse of time, it might have passed. The main features of his old design reproduced, his regulated fancy and reinforced experience were left, therefore, to supply all the details of the composition, without constraint. Never had his mastery over the minutest phenomena of cloud, sunlight, and atmosphere; his power of blending careful finish with brilliant effect; and his deep feeling for *chiaroscuro* and colour, been more admirably exhibited than in this picture. The wild, transitory, morning clouds; the bursting sunlight, flashing upon them from the horizon of the fresh, cold, green sea, warmed by one vivid streak of golden light; the shadowy beach, covered in places with the thin transparent flow of water, left by the retiring tide; the vigorous reality of the figures; the pure depth and brilliancy of the

whole composition, invested this work with a power and originality, which profoundly impressed all who beheld it. The critic in the "Art-Journal," writing of the picture—produced as it was, in the painting-room now become a sick-room as well, under all the adverse influences of a fatal disease—finds it difficult to believe that it was all executed within doors. "The picture," he observes, "has not the appearance of one that has been entirely wrought out in the studio, (although it may be so;) such is the entire absence of affectation, the genuine simplicity of every motive, that it looks like a locality and an effect painted faithfully and absolutely from the reality. When weary with the platitudes of every day affectation, it is refreshing to turn to Art like this. Mr. Collins was wedded to Nature, and the match has turned out a happy one."

The notice of this picture cannot be better concluded, than in the language of the eloquent author of "Modern Painters;" who, in the second volume of his work, thus writes of its leading characteristics: "One more picture I must mention, as a refreshing and earnest study of truth, yet unexhibited, but which will appear in the Royal Academy—a Sea-shore, by Collins; where the sun, just risen and struggling through gaps of threatening cloud, is answered by the green, dark, transparent sea, with a broad flake of expanding fire. I have never seen the oppression of sunlight in a clear, lurid, rainy atmosphere, more perfectly or faithfully rendered, and the various

portions of reflected and scattered light, are all studied with equal truth and solemn feeling."

"The second picture, "Mede-foot Bay," (painted for Mr. Ellison,) was a clear, tranquil representation of Devonshire coast scenery. An undulating rocky cliff, painted with extraordinary elaborateness and effect, occupies the greater part of the whole middle distance of the picture. At its base, reflecting its outermost rocks, lies the calm, waveless sea; rippling round the sandy rim of the beach at the foot of the cliff, as it curves gently onward to the rocky foreground. Here are placed some lovely children, grouped with all the painter's usual truth and felicity, and treated with remarkable brightness and purity of colour: the left-hand distance is all that is visible, and is closed by a bright glimpse of the Devonshire coast. The whole composition is tenderly and clearly lighted by a serene sky, over parts of which float light, still, summer clouds. The effect of this picture is surpassingly tranquil and airy: it is an epitome of the painter's best works, depicting the most delicate aspect of ocean scenery.

"Hall Sands," (painted for Mr. Sheepshanks) was another recollection of the Devonshire coast. In this picture, a cottage on the Beach; a little stream crossed by a bridge, with an old woman leading a horse, about to pass over it; a long expause of distant sands, ending in a light green strip of sea, overhung at the horizon by delicate showery vapours,

formed the simple materials of a composition, whose purity and truth of effect, once seen, could not be easily forgotten. As an union of delicacy of execution, transparency of tone, and breadth of effect, it is one of the painter's most successful works.

The small upright picture, called "Shrimpers hastening Home," was one of those brilliant, sunny glimpses of the seashore in which Mr. Collins delighted. Of the Shrimp-boy on the Beach in the foreground, wending gladly homewards, and of the little child that he holds by the hand, it is enough to say that they were as bright, as natural, and as simple in treatment, as any of the long series of the painter's other seashore figures, which year after year had received the same welcome from all lovers of Art; from the time when they first appeared on his canvas. This little picture was painted for Mr. Gillott, the possessor of "Early Morning."

Such were the four pictures—all painted from the sources of his early subjects—which closed Mr. Collins's career in the Art, after it had honourably extended to nearly forty years. It would be perhaps impossible to find in the same number of any of his other sea-pieces, could they be produced together, four works so perfectly comprising in themselves all the various characteristics of this most popular branch of his Art, as the four last he produced. Within the limits of these, he summed up every quality that had hitherto been spread over a larger surface: they

were at once the index to his style, the evidence of his knowledge, the assertion of his genius, as the most varied and original painter of English coast scenery, that this country ever produced.

Whatever hopes my father's medical attendants now entertained of successfully combatting his disease, still centred in a change to country air. A cottage was engaged for him, in the little village of Iver, in Buckinghamshire; and thither he departed, hopeful even yet for himself, in the month of June. A place better adapted for him could not have been chosen: the village was quiet and retired, the country presented a pretty combination of lane and heath scenery —of those winding level paths, smooth fertile meadow-lands, clear brooks, and open commons, which had so often employed his pencil, and which were so thoroughly in harmony with all his earliest studies in Nature and experiments in Art—good and careful medical advice was always close at hand, kind friends lived in the immediate neighbourhood—there was nothing that could be desired for him, that Iver did not afford; but his disease was already beyond the pale of any ordinary influences: week after week, it now gained perceptibly upon his frame. Rarely and more rarely, were his sketching materials employed; (although when they were used, they were as powerful in his hands as ever) less and less frequently was he able to walk, even in the little garden of his cottage. It was evident to every one who saw him, that the pure air, the warm sunlight,

and the easy tranquillity of his country sojourn, were as powerless over his complaint, as the best efforts of medical skill had proved before them.

Still however, though less and less competent for any bodily exertion, the resources of his Art did not fail him. As he drove through the pretty inland scenery of Iver—now hardly ever able to study it, as had been his wont—he acquired the habit of imprinting the different objects he beheld on his memory, with extraordinary vividness and tenacity. The irregular outlines of old cottages; and the soft lights and shadows on distant woods; the broad glow of the undulating field; the smooth dock-leaves, speckling the banks, and the tangled weeds festooning the marshy hollows of the road-side ditch; the passing shadow of a showery cloud; and the penetrating radiance of the summer sunlight—all objects that caught his eye, whether ample or minute; were now stored up in his mind, as they had formerly been collected in his sketch-book. When night came, and whenever the complication of his sufferings from his complaint defied even the power of opiates to procure him sleep, it was his sole and constant solace during the weary hours of darkness, to make his recollection yield up all the new impressions of natural scenery, garnered there during the day; and from these visionary materials to compose new pictures, arranging their colour, their light and shade, their effect, incident and detail, before his "mind's eye," as he was used to arrange them on his canvas,

in happier days. By this occupation, he declared that he robbed his wakeful hours of half their monotony and pain; preserved his mind from dwelling too exclusively on his malady; and fortified his hopes for an ultimate recovery and a return to his old pursuits. Such is the Art to a painter who serves it with the devotion which is its due; thus, not failing with failing strength, does it remain to him the solace of sickness, after it has ceased to exist as the charm of health.

After upwards of three months' stay at Iver, when all that could be done for my father's case had been done, and without effect, it was thought expedient by his medical attendants that he should return to London while he was yet able to accomplish the journey. On the 23rd of September he bade farewell (a final farewell, as it afterwards proved,) to country scenes.

Within a month from the time of his return, his increasing debility confined him entirely to his bedroom. After this period, to dwell more particularly upon any of the more personal passages in his life would be but to weary the reader with an unvaried detail of monotonous suffering and unavailing fortitude. It will be more fitting to pass to the few remaining acts of his career, which are of general importance enough to be here noticed. Among these was a letter dictated by him in the month of November, which may be perused with interest, as being the last communication of the kind which he was

enabled to make to any of his friends, and as exhibiting a pleasing testimony of his regard for the high character of a brother painter, now, like himself, numbered among the dead. The "proposition" referred to in the letter, was communicated to him by Mr. Reinagle. It stated the propriety of inviting the late Mr. Howard, R.A., then Secretary of the Royal Academy, to retire from his arduous duties (on full-pay) in consideration of his failing health:

"To R. R. Reinagle, Esq., R.A.

"Devonport-street, Nov. 4th, 1846.

Dear Reinagle,—I do indeed most sincerely and most heartily concur in the proposition which your note this day conveys to me, and which can never fail to be unanimous. There can be no question that the genius and talent displayed by Mr. Howard for so many years on the walls of the Royal Academy, in the best days of that Institution, have had a very large share in procuring for our country a lasting name in Art. Mr. Howard, too, in the discharge of his duties as Secretary, has been in every way worthy of that character for integrity and Christian-like moderation, which are, I must say, the certain consequences of so happily constituted a mind and temperament as his.

"Under the pressure of a long and very distressing state of ill-health, I am obliged to abstain from any further attempt to express my sentiments, and from making this letter any longer than is absolutely

necessary. I shall therefore only add that I cordially agree in the proposition, that 'Mr. Howard be invited to retire on full-pay.'

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM COLLINS."

The above letter marks the termination of Mr. Collins's connection with Academic affairs; to which he ever devoted himself with readiness and zeal. His last interview with his brother Academicians on the common scene of their labours for the public eye, had happened some months prior to the date of this communication, a short time before the opening of the Exhibition of 1846. On one of the days set apart for the members to varnish and touch upon their pictures in their places on the Academy walls, he with some difficulty collected strength enough to join them. As soon as he was discerned slowly and feebly entering the rooms, all his old friends and fellow-students left their labours, and approached him with the kindest expressions of sympathy and welcome, and the most fervent congratulations upon the works that he had produced. Deeply affected—more deeply than he dared to show—at the warm greeting that he received from every one, and at the cordial hopes for his recovery expressed on all sides, he unwillingly left his friends after a passing glance at their pictures and his own. They never again met him within the Academy walls.

Shortly after the date of his letter to Mr. Rein-

agle, my father made a last attempt to recur to the practice of his Art; which, slight and humble though it was, is deserving of a passing mention, as the closing effort in those pictorial labours, to chronicle which from their beginning has been the object of these pages. Happening—through much the same caprice of imagination which often disposes the eye to see old crags and castles imaged in the embers of a smouldering fire—to observe in the accidental arrangement of some writing and drawing materials placed in and about a small wooden tray at the foot of his bed, certain shades and outlines which resolved themselves to his fancy into the representation of an old ferry-boat lying at a deserted quay, he asked for some drawing-materials, and being propped up with pillows, proceeded to make a small water-colour sketch of the objects which his caprice of thought had called up before him in the manner described. The weary head drooped, and the weak hand flagged often at its old familiar task, as he slowly pursued his occupation; but the sketch was steadily continued. Slight as it was, perhaps comprehensible to the eye of a painter alone, it displayed in its narrow limits his wonted mastery over colour, and light and shade. With its conclusion, his long and happy labours in the Art ceased; from that moment, his pencil, which had never been raised but usefully to instruct, and innocently to amuse, was laid aside for ever!

His medical attendants, finding the dropsy rapidly

gaining upon the vital parts, the pulse progressively intermittent, and the action of the heart more and more fatally deranged, believed it to be impossible as the year advanced that he could live to see the end of it. His robust constitution, however, falsified their forebodings. The January of 1847 approached, and he still existed. In this month he was induced by the earnest entreaties of his friends, and through his own continued hopefulness on the subject of his case, to seek the advice of a new doctor. But his disease was now far beyond any human interference. The fresh remedies that were tried, proved too powerful for his weakened frame. Still patient and self-collected, he sunk gradually until the 8th of February; when his intellect—for the first time, during his long and severe sufferings—began to give way. His last moments of mental consciousness, were occupied by him (as if he foreboded the approaching exhaustion of his faculties) in pronouncing an eloquent eulogium upon the Christian faith, and impressing the advantages of its constant practice upon his family, as the best legacy of consolation and hope, that he could leave to them upon his death-bed. After this, though he still recognised those around him, his thoughts wandered. He spoke of his perfect freedom from pain, of his conviction that he was fast recovering, of the number of new pictures that he intended to paint, of the country scenes that he soon proposed to go and sketch. For eight days he remained thus happily unconscious of the awful change that awaited

him—but on the morning of the 17th of February, nature suddenly gave way: and in the presence of his family he breathed his last at ten o'clock, quietly and painlessly; the peaceful influences of his religion seeming to preside over his death as gently as over his life.

It had been his desire, even in the earlier stages of his illness, that when he died his body should be examined, in order that a correct estimate of the real condition of his heart should be formed. This was done by four of his medical attendants. Their examination justified the view taken of his complaint by the doctor who had first discovered it—Mr Richardson. His heart was found to be in a state of disease which, in some respects, exceeded anything in the experience of the four gentlemen who examined it. It was a matter of astonishment to them that his vital energies had lasted so long as they did.

His funeral was private. It was attended by his brother Academicians, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Uwins, by his friend and executor, Mr. John Bullar, by his medical attendant, Mr. Richardson, and by his two sons.

He is buried with his mother and brother, in the cemetery of the Church of St. Mary, Paddington. The grave is marked by a marble cross, erected to his memory by his widow and his sons.

CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion.

Examination of Mr. Collins's genius as a Painter—His Originality—His Versatility—Reflections on his Journey to Italy—General Characteristics of his Qualifications for his Pursuit—His Observation—His Taste and Judgment—Examples—His Imagination—His Capacity as a Colourist—Examination in detail of "Happy as a King"—*Chiaroscuro*, Drawing, Composition, etc., etc.—General Remarks—Various Illustrations of Mr. Collins's personal Character—Conclusion.

Such a narrative of the events of my father's life, and the progress of his works as my materials and my capacity have enabled me to furnish, has here arrived at a close. It is now necessary, before taking leave of the subject, to notice generally those productions of his intellect which remain for the observation of others, and which are therefore of sufficient importance to demand a separate and consecutive examination.

Mr. Collins's genius as a painter was essentially original. Whatever opinions may be held on the faults or beauties of his pictures, on the rank they may deserve as intellectual efforts, or the evidences they may display of technical knowledge; no doubts can be entertained that they are formed in a style wholly and entirely his own. They present themselves as undeniably impressed with a thoroughly

distinctive character,—as the offspring of a mind working out its genuine conceptions direct from Nature, and producing works which occupy their own separate position among the original contributions to contemporary Art.

To estimate Mr. Collins's genius in connection with any one branch of painting, would be to estimate it unfairly. The efforts of his pencil were diffused over a wide field of Art, and attained to a marked variety of production. The list of his works displays him as a painter of the coast and cottage life and scenery of England, — of the people and landscape of Italy,—of Scripture subjects,—and of portraits. Of the results of these labours, thus completely differing in character, none were deemed unimportant: all were purchased by patrons of Art; and such specimens from each class of subject as were resold at public auction during his lifetime, realized as large, and in most cases a larger sum than he had originally demanded for them. It was thus his privilege, while devoting his faculties to varying labours in his pursuit, to encounter failure in none.

Of the prominent share in the production of this versatility of his capacities as a painter, attributable to his journey to Italy, the reader has had opportunities of judging in a former part of these pages. That he should ever have relinquished his first popular range of subjects, was regretted with little justice and less cause by some connoisseurs in the world of Art. Both in motive and result, his departure for

Italy was, in reference to his practice as a painter, a most creditable event in his career. Setting forth to study for improvement in the school of Raphael and Michael Angelo, he palpably gained the improvement that he sought,—not only in the Italian works which he produced, but also in his grander treatment of his own peculiar subjects, when they once again engaged his pencil. Ambitious to vary his capacity of pleasing by his pursuit, he fulfilled that ambition by the production of pictures which represented the Divine subjects of Scripture, or illustrated the beauties of the magic soil whence the master-minds of painting derived their inspiration and their birth—pictures which it is to be remembered, now rank among the treasured possessions of many of the most distinguished and discriminating of the patrons of modern Art.

In Mr. Collins's case, however, as in that of others, where many branches of attainment are followed, one will most generally be found to be practised with superior success, and while estimating his Italian pictures as equal, and in some qualities superior in intrinsic merit to any of his former works, it is necessary to give due importance to those productions of his pencil by which he first won his reputation, and by which he will in future years be longest recollected and best known. His representations of the coast and cottage life and scenery of his native land, were formed in their very nature to appeal to the liveliest sympathies of his countrymen, were asso-

ciated in the public mind with the longest series of his successes in the Art, and, as most directly and universally connected with his name, must be ranked —however equalled in actual pictorial value by his works on other subjects—as first in asserting his claim to be remembered as one of the eminent painters of the eminent English school.

In reviewing the general characteristics of his genius, his power of observation may not unworthily first fall under remark. This faculty, which is more or less requisite to all practice of Art, was to him, as a painter of rustic character and native scenery, one of the most practically important among the qualifications necessary to success. What he naturally possessed of this capacity he improved by constant use and daily discipline; and thus regulated, it was seldom that the smallest object worthy of remark escaped its vigilance. It descended to the minutest particulars as readily as it paused over the most striking generalities: it noted the patches in the cottage-boy's ragged waistcoat, and the disposition of the nets that hung on the walls of the fisherman's hut, as carefully and spontaneously as the hues on the distant woodland, and the sweep of the curving beach; all the stores of material for illustration which it thus collected, it treasured up clearly, correctly, practically. It was one main cause of his success in the Art, for it gave to his pictures one of the most striking and admired of their peculiarities —their inflexible adherence to Nature and truth.

There were, however, two guiding faculties which accompanied his observation, and without which the materials which it had acquired for his Art, must have presented themselves but confusedly and ungracefully, whenever they were called forth. These faculties were taste and judgment;—they directed his observation, and selected harmoniously from all that it preserved. His taste, while it was perfectly catholic in its appreciation of the works of others—finding beauties in all schools of painting, and nurs-ing prejudices in none—was nevertheless exclusive as regarded his choice of subject for himself. It led him intuitively to the contemplation of all in Nature that was pure, tranquil, tender, harmonious; and to the rejection of all that was coarse, violent, revolting, fearful. Throughout every variety of his efforts in Art, this predisposition of his mind is apparent. No hurricanes, thunder-storms, or shipwrecks, are to be found in the whole range of his sea-pieces; they uniformly express those infinitely more difficult subjects of effect, presented by the glow of a fine summer evening; by the gradual departure of the tempest of night, before the calm of morning; by the waves dancing beneath the spring breezes; by the shadows of soft autumn clouds, gliding over the mirror of the sandy beach. The same peculiarity of feeling is observable in his rustic scenes: no representations of the fierce miseries, or the coarse contentions which form the darker tragedy of humble life, occur among them. When his pencil was not occupied with light-

hearted little cottagers, swinging on an old gate—as in "Happy as a King"—or shyly hospitable to the wayfarer at the house door—as in "Rustic Hospitality"—it reverted only to scenes of quiet pathos; to children taking leave of their favourite, in "The Sale of the Pet-lamb;" or tearfully making its grave, as in "The Burial-place of a Favourite Bird;" to "The Mariner's Widow," sorrowfully indicating to her kind-hearted companions the spot where her husband was drowned; to the fisherman's wife, anxiously watching with her children for her husband's safe return, on "The Morning after a Storm." Thus again, in his Italian scenes, it was not to the midnight assassination, or the death-bed confession, but to the gay Lazzaroni, lounging happily in the street; to the good monk, reconciling the profligate husband to the deserving wife, that he gave the preference on his canvas, in such pictures as "Lazzaroni," and "The Peace-maker." In his Scripture subjects also, it was to the wisdom of the youthful Saviour among the doctors; to the Virgin's meditation of piety and love over her sleeping Son, that he directed his Art; and not to the Agony in the Garden, or the pangs of the cross of Calvary. In *him*, taste was essentially a happy and a kindly gift; for it made him especially the painter for the young, the innocent and the gentle. Throughout the whole series of his works, they could look on none that would cause them a thrill of horror, or a thought of shame.

Thus directing him in choice of subject, his taste

united itself to his judgment in presiding over his treatment of that which he selected to paint. Guided by both faculties, he was enabled to preserve a just and distinctive character in the productions of his Art. They instructed him, in landscape, to avoid the coarseness of mere view-painting, but to preserve, while he strove to elevate Nature, by distinguishing those harmonies in a scene which were to be retained, from those discords which were to be rejected—to acquire an original and striking manner of representing natural objects, from close study of the objects themselves, and not from the eccentricities of his own imagination, or from accidental experiments on the practical capabilities of Art,—in short, to endeavour to make his pictures a representation of all that was most beautiful in Nature, expressed through the medium of all that was most real in form.

In the treatment of his figure subjects, whatever the position in which his imagination might place the agents of a scene, his taste and judgment led him always to preserve the true action and the native peculiarities of character, as the firm basis of whatever he attempted. He perceived and felt that the pathetic was natural, and the joyful unaffected, in the rustic life that he studied—that action was to be indicated by expression, as well as attitude; and that simplicity was to be learnt from Nature, and not elaborated by Art. Upon these principles his cottage and coast-scenes were produced; and under their influence they acquired an all-important ingredient of their value

as illustrations of character that were interesting as well as true. It was thus his privilege to be able to avoid what was gross or common, without falling into the opposite extremes of false refinement, or unnatural elevation. Throughout the whole range of his cottage and coast subjects, while there is no taint of vulgarity, there is no want of Nature. He saw what was permanently dignified, graceful, or pure, in rustic life, apart from its incidental and passing degradations; and as he saw, so he represented it. His villagers and fishermen are not fine ladies and gentlemen, masquerading in humble attire; but genuine poor people in every line of their countenances, every action of their forms, and every patch in their garments; characters, stamped with the thorough nationality of their class, whether they be viewed on his canvas, as the combined exponents of a rustic story, or as the individual types of a marked and interesting race.

An equally refined adherence to truth and nature distinguished his representations of Italian subjects. They present no false images of romantic beauty in the figures, or of more than oriental brightness in the landscape; but display the real characteristics of the peasantry, and the natural hues of the scenery, under the best aspect of each, as in his English works.

The capacity for preserving the realities with the refinements of Nature, produced by the healthy constitution of Mr. Collins's taste and judgment,

conferred another power upon his Art—this was the gift of rendering the general sentiment of a picture eloquent without affectation, and simple without effort. As instances among his landscape works; in the sea-pieces respectively entitled "Sorrento," and "Seaford," it is no artificial contrast of light and shade, no prismatic eccentricity of colour, which produces the effect of magic stillness in the first picture, and of airy buoyancy in the second; but the simple truth with which the pure repose of sky and sea is delineated in the one, and the refined skill with which the shadows of driving clouds, floating over a vast expanse of sandy beach, are caught direct from Nature in the other. The same principle applies to his figure subjects. The fine sentiment of religious tranquillity pervading the departure of the villagers for church, in "Sunday Morning;" the poetic elevation of feeling in the girl singing the evening service to the Virgin, in "Ave Maria;" the genuine humour of the testy old doctor called up suddenly to practise his profession at midnight, in "Fetching the Doctor;" the quaint gaiety of the little Neapolitan ragamuffins amusing themselves with their ball and ring on the beach, in "The Game of Arravoglio," results, in each picture, from the unaffected discriminating truth of character and incident observed throughout, which at once impresses the mind as forcibly and convincingly as it attracts the eye.

Though practising a branch of painting in which

correctness of observation was a main agent, Mr. Collins's pictures will not be found deficient in such qualities of imagination as were necessary to their completeness as works of Art. Evidences of this will be found in all his works. In "Rustic Civility," the indication of the approach of the horseman who is about to ride through the gate opened for him by the cottagers, by the pourtrayal of his shadow alone, thrown on the foreground as preceding him, is one among many other examples which might be quoted, were it not sufficient for the purpose of the present remarks, slightly to indicate, instead of regularly to enumerate them.

It was however in the Scripture subjects which Mr. Collins produced after his journey to Italy, that the powers of his imagination were fairly developed. They were then called forth to reflect the sentiment of inspired writings, and to deal with the glory of Divine events; and their resources did not fail them. In "Christ among the Doctors;" in "The Disciples at Emmaus;" in "The Virgin and Child," that elevated order of imagination presents itself, which avoids violent extremes, which moves in harmony with its subject, and which, appealing by its vigour to the eye, fails not to penetrate by its refinement to the heart.

Among Mr. Collins's qualifications for those practical acquirements in Art, on which the ideas of a painter depend for expression to others, his powers as a colourist must be ranked first; in this vitally-

important ingredient of pictorial success, he was unsurpassed by any contemporary painter. His intense feeling for the individual beauties and harmonies of hue, was present in everything that he touched—in the rough road-side sketch, as in the elaborately finished picture. Let it not, however, be imagined that he was wholly indebted to Nature for this gift, or that his facility in using it was acquired without attention and anxiety. Although, undoubtedly, an eye for colour, like an ear for music, is a natural faculty, which forms the sole basis on which the superstructure of future practical eminence can be founded; it is, nevertheless, equally certain, that such a superstructure is not to be raised, strengthened, and completed, by an act of the will; but by an exertion of the energies. Between the feeling for colour and the art of colouring, as between the feeling for poetry and the art of writing good verses, "there is a great gulf fixed," which is only to be bridged and passed over, laboriously, anxiously, perseveringly; Mr. Collins's own works exemplify this. If any of his early pictures, at the time when he first began to exhibit, be examined, though they present nothing discordant, or false in their colour, they will be found wanting in that fine harmony, that powerful combination, that mingled richness, delicacy, and purity of effect, which afterwards distinguished his works, and which arrived at its highest perfection, after his return from Italy. At the outset of his career, he felt that his powers as a colourist were, as yet, hardly disciplined, that his

capacity to arrange the general tone of his works into one correct, impressive whole, was undetermined. The predisposition to colour well was apparent in all his pictures; but the ability to make that predisposition practice, throughout, was still wanting. This deficiency he determined to supply. His unremitting diligence in gaining knowledge direct from Nature, by making sketches of the relative arrangement of tints, both with their accompanying forms and without; and his rightly-constituted reverence for the old masters, which led him to consult them, not for purposes of superficial imitation, but with the object of inferring from their works, *their* methods of study, as the guide to *his*, soon produced —aided by his natural capabilities—a striking improvement in his capacity as a colourist. As early as the year 1814, in a little picture called "Blackberry-gatherers," his truth and grace of colour were remarkably exhibited. Year by year afterwards, in his early sea-pieces, and in the landscape and cottage scenes which accompanied them, his power as a colourist increased; and his pictures acquired—independently of any other merits of subject and composition which they might possess—an individuality and an attraction, in tone and tint, which had no small influence in raising them to a high station among the productions of modern Art.

To estimate the distinguishing characteristics of his style of colour, either correctly or comprehensively, is difficult, perhaps impossible, so remarkably is it distinguished by the absence of any noticeable

extreme of affectation or trickery, and by that adherence to correctness of effect and simple unity of purpose, which is to be appreciated rather than described. It betrays no evidence of the elaborate care, the intricate Art that produced it, but strikes the eye at once as easy, inartificial, spontaneous. It displays no dull monotony of character, for it varies with the varieties of the subject that it expresses. Exhibiting no glaring brightness in one place, or gloomy obscurity in another, it is original in its very freedom from eccentricity or pretence; eloquent in its very absence of any artifice of appeal; direct in its influence over the humblest and most uucultivated admirer of Nature, because it does not perplex him with any visible display of the mysteries of Art.

Particular examples of Mr. Collins's knowledge of colour cannot advantageously be produced out of the large mass of his works; for it is hardly possible to distinguish with justice one of his pictures as more deserving of attention for its qualities of tone and tint than another. His English and French sea-pieces, his rustic scenes, his Scripture and Italian subjects, his later landscape and coast scenes, display such varying characteristics of fine colour, as to demand to be noticed consecutively, if noticed at all; a process for which there is no space, and, inasmuch as it would be wearisome to the reader, no necessity. There are three of his pictures, however, which, as forming part of Mr. Vernon's collection, may be considered exceptions to the diffi-

culty of selection felt in reference to his other works: for through the munificence of their possessor they have now become National property, to be inspected by every one; and occupy, in consequence, a position of peculiar importance. Some notice in detail of the arrangement of colour in the principal picture of the three, may not therefore be misplaced;—every reader will be able to test its correctness for himself.

The work which it is intended to review with the above object, is the well-known rustic scene, called, "Happy as a King." The manner in which the separate hues in this picture are united to form a harmonious whole is especially worthy of consideration. The light, airy tints of the trees, and the glimpse of sunny sky in the left-hand distance of the landscape background, terminate in the more decided green, and the shadowed hues of the thicker foliage and the strip of meadow to the right. The contrast between the dark on this side of the composition and the light on the other, is prevented from becoming too violent by the winding road running down the centre of the picture, which, alternately shadowed and lightened, blends together the opposite characteristics of the landscape on either side of it. Thus managed, the variously tinted details of the background and middle distance produce the necessary singleness and simplicity of effect. The same principle presides over the treatment of the figures in the foreground. The purplish petticoat of the child

who has fallen down, brings the dark colour of the right-hand middle distance over to the left-hand foreground, and contrasts at the same time with the light grass beneath it. The flannel jacket of the boy pushing the gate catches up the lights; while his velveteen under-clothing continues the darks, and leads on to his shadow, falling before him. The reddish-purple gown of the girl next him, on the lower rail of the gate, carries on the colour of the fallen child's petticoat, and her light blue apron answers the tone of the boy's flannel jacket. The darks are again taken up by the patched brown breeches of the urchin on the top of the gate; the green tints throughout the landscape behind him, are contrasted, brightened, and enforced by his red waistcoat; and every light in the picture is caught up and centralized by the ragged white shirt sleeves which clothe his arms, as he flings them exultingly above his head. The different but harmonizing tints thus carried up into the picture, are directed out of it downwards, towards the right, by the boy on the second rail of the gate, with his back turned towards the spectator; his blue cap and breeches, and shadowed jacket carrying lights and darks soberly downward together, until they meet the gate-posts and dock-leaves which terminate the right-hand extremity of the whole composition. Thus coloured in its parts, the picture, whatever the distance it may be seen from, displays, as a whole, no undue preponderance of individual tints, but is powerful and

general in effect, while it is careful and particular in detail.

The few remarks made upon "Happy as a King" apply equally to Mr. Collins's other works. They may be considered unnecessarily minute; but let those who may see the picture to which they refer, or any others by the painter's hand, imagine a change in the hue of any particular tint among the many before them, or hide it from the eye altogether, and they will then find that the rich, harmonious effect of the whole work is intimately dependent upon the true and subtle arrangements of its minutest parts; that the most apparently accidental touches of colour have been laid on with a deep purpose and an original skill, and that it is as difficult to omit or alter the position or hue of any one of the individual tints in the picture without deteriorating its effect, as to strike a single epithet out of a finely constructed sentence, without damaging its melody or endangering its sense.

The estimate that has been formed of the merits of the colouring in Mr. Collins's pictures, must also be considered as embracing their characteristics of light and shade; for the latter of these qualities being one great result, which all real excellence in the former tends to produce: both must necessarily be discussed together. Nothing in Mr. Collins's pictures more thoroughly testified to his study of Nature, and his observation of the principles of the old masters, than the broad, significant disposition of

light and shade which they present to the eye, and which produces in them much of the vigour of effect they may possess when seen from a distance. Neither their darks nor lights appear, when thus viewed, as isolated, ungraceful patches; but assume, on the contrary, the appearance of a varied, harmonious whole, one shadow leading smoothly on to the next, and one light answered at intervals by another. As a test of the power and correctness of his *chiaroscuro*, let any of his pictures, with the exception of his earliest and immature efforts, be looked at under a dim light, when none of their individual qualities of form and colour can be plainly discerned, and it will be found that the general disposition of light and shade which is then alone visible in them, never assumes a disagreeably scattered, or disjointed aspect, but preserves a grace and balance, a vastness and harmony in its vague shapes, which attracts the eye, even in the absence of any definite object that it can observe. In those cases where his pictures are not within reach, any of the prints from "The Fisherman's Departure," "Fishermen on the Look Out," "Rustic Hospitality," "Fetching the Doctor," "The Stray Kitten," or "Feeding the Rabbits," will be found to produce, though in an inferior degree, the same result. As regards the value of this test of the correctness and feeling of an artist's *chiaroscuro*, its propriety must be apparent to any one who has observed the remarkable coherence and harmony of light and shade on natural objects when they are

fading in the twilight, and who considers that all Art is excellent or faulty, in proportion as it gains or loses on being referred directly to Nature.

In drawing and composition, Mr. Collins's pictures will be found well worthy of the careful attention of the spectator. His industry and correctness in the study of the antique and living models, when he drew in the schools of the Royal Academy, was generally noticed among his fellow-students, and is thus referred to by his old and valued friend, Mr. Etty, R.A., who favoured me with a letter relative to the subject of the present work:—"Your father and myself started as 'probationers' at the Royal Academy in the same week; he drew the 'Laocoon,' and I the 'Torso.' His drawings were remarked for their careful execution and good effect." The qualities thus noticed as distinguishing Mr. Collins's practice of that branch of the Art on which the first and main foundation of excellence depends, remained with him throughout his career. The very faults of slight restraint and timidity, which were considered by some critics to appear in his early efforts, were the faults of too great an anxiety to draw correctly, —an anxiety which, as his grace and freedom in the expression of form increased with his general advance in his pursuit, assured to him that accompanying exactness in whatever he attempted, on which he could always depend, as a means of enhancing the value and securing the precision of his most elaborate studies and most ambitious ideas. Pursued honestly,

steadily, and correctly throughout his works, his power of drawing acquired a final completeness from that contemplation of new forms in Nature and new merits in Art, which his journey to Italy enabled him to enjoy. His drawing of the figure in his pictures is characterised by an anatomical knowledge of form which never obtrudes itself in exaggeration of attitude, but which is apparent in correctness of proportion, in ability in rightly conveying the appearance of action in the clothed body, and in attention to the finish and completeness of the extremities. His landscapes also are drawn with a vigour which displays itself in general flow and decision of line, in the various and powerful modelling of his foliage and his skies, in the space and freedom of form in his distances, and in the firmness and clearness of shape in his minute foreground objects. In that arrangement of groups which it is one important labour of drawing eloquently to exhibit and enforce, and which is termed "composition," his pictures present in a pre-eminent degree the qualities of simplicity and grace. The general dispositions of his figures, and of the landscape objects surrounding them, are always in harmony; the composition of one part of his pictures being never neglected for the sake of another. Directness of motive is always combined with novelty in his arrangement of objects; and while his study of the old masters enabled him to avoid mistaking eccentricity for originality, his observation of Nature taught him to attain simplicity

without sacrificing grace. In his more extended efforts, where complex or difficult groupings presented themselves, as in "The Skittle-players," "Christ among the Doctors," and other pictures, he preserved with great success the clearness and balance of his composition; impressing on it its due beauty and completeness as a whole, and maintaining the variety and subordination, the successive gradations of division proper to its parts. It is, however, unnecessary further to enlarge upon this portion of his qualifications for his Art; for the propriety and eloquence of his composition may be easily estimated by the reader; not only in all his pictures, but in the prints from his pictures as well.

The characteristics of his style of "execution" have already been referred to in a former page of these Memoirs. To what has been previously observed on the subject, it may be further added, that it would be difficult for those not practically connected with Art to form an estimate of the anxious labour and refined skill by which the truthful and various aspect of the surface in his pictures was gained. The objects in them appear as if abandoned by the labour of the brush exactly at the right moment; no traces of mannerism or monotony being observable in the purity of quality and correctness of gradation which distinguishes what may be termed the manipulation of his tints. If recourse be had, in examining his pictures, to the application of the magnifying-glass, it will then be seen by what con-

scientious, reiterated labour the surfaces of the objects in them were produced; tint will appear amalgamated with tint, alternately heightened and deepened, touched and retouched, with an almost imperceptible minuteness of handling. And yet, with all this elaboration, the general aspect of his "execution" is pre-eminently simple; it is not the less broad and comprehensive in effect, because it is in a high degree careful and finished in detail.

Such, briefly and imperfectly examined, were the more remarkable of Mr. Collins's qualifications for his Art. If it be imagined that too much has been in any respect claimed for the merits of his works, it is to be remembered that those works remain to be examined, to confute whatever may be erroneous in what has been remarked of them; or, far more probably, to prove that their evidences of genius are beyond, instead of below, the estimate that has been attempted in these pages.

Of the future position which Mr. Collins's works will occupy in general estimation, it may safely be predicted that it will be a high and a permanent one. He was essentially a painter for all classes: his pictures were produced upon the principle that what is most universally pleasing or instructive, is what is most undeniably good in all intellectual efforts; and they appeal, therefore, to the uneducated, as well as to the informed, in Art. While the critic and the connoisseur will find them interesting as studies; while the student will perceive in them the safe and

comprehensive teaching which their clear, conscientious, practical construction is so thoroughly calculated to afford—the general spectator will not behold them with indifference, or quit them unimproved. Identified, as the greater part of them are, with English people and English scenery, they will guide his taste pleasantly and securely in the observation of Nature in his own land; they will refine and enlarge his appreciation of its bright places and happy objects; under their influence on his recollection, the sports of children at the cottage door may assume a new attraction for his eye, and beach and ocean in their summer's day repose, grow gentler and lovelier in their tranquil ascendancy over his heart. Such were the objects with which the pictures described in this narrative were composed; for such was the mission which it was the life's anxiety of their originator that his Art should fulfil.

Of Mr. Collins's personal character, a few concluding particulars may be communicated, as not, it is hoped, inaptly closing this narrative of his life and works:

The conviction that his success as a painter was not only an incentive to constant exertion to sustain and increase his reputation, but also a means of enabling him to assist those who occupied an inferior station in his profession, was a guiding motive of his conduct throughout life. No poor and deserving artists ever applied to him for assistance in

vain; his purse and his influence were always ready to relieve and to aid them. Upon the same principle, his advice was willingly and gently given to all students who consulted him. His constant readiness in applying his own knowledge of painting to aid others, made him an invaluable adviser in the difficulties of his younger brethren in the profession. His assistance was often applied for by young men, in that most frequent difficulty of early practice in Art—combining the different parts of a composition, so as to give the due importance to its general effect. His intuitive penetration in immediately detecting the weak point of a picture, and his kind and scrupulous sincerity in using it for the benefit of others, were then remarkably displayed. Finding the student, as he usually did, sitting before his canvas in utter despair; bitterly conscious that, after all his hard labour on individual objects, he was incompetent to combine them into the necessary singleness of effect, Mr. Collins never depressed him further by immediately exposing his incapacity. Examining the picture with the utmost care, he would first praise whatever it possessed of excellence in its parts—now commending the drawing of a figure, and now the skilful arrangement of an object. Then, giving further encouragement to perseverance and hope, by the relation of the difficulties he had himself experienced in the study of Art, he would take up the first piece of chalk that lay in the room, and by merely marking with it on the picture, would place

its proper effect, its necessary distribution of light and shade, before the young painter's eye, in five minutes; leaving him, with much cordial encouragement to persevere, equally surprised and delighted at the easy extrication from his difficulty, accomplished by his adviser's skill. It was by such services as these, always cheerfully rendered when required, that Mr. Collins endeared himself to the younger members of his profession; by whom the loss of his counsel and encouragement still continues to be experienced with sincere and natural regret.

His method of enforcing his advice on others, lay almost entirely in practical illustrations, similar to that above mentioned; long practice, deep study, and natural capability, having made his knowledge of the Art so intuitive, that no other manner of explaining it ever served him to his own satisfaction. In reference to his opinions and practice in painting, and especially in that branch of it which comprises general effect, some brief, but interesting particulars, have been communicated to me by his friend Dr. Joseph Bullar, who writes thus:—"I happened to recollect just now a conversation of your father's, which, if new to you, may be of use. He was finishing a picture in his painting-room, and he said that the real genius of his Art lay not so much in painting each part, as in harmonizing the parts into one whole, after having painted them. How he did this, he could not *say*. He did not know that he had any rules for it: he went over the whole, and gave it

its finishing completeness, instinctively as it were. * * * I also recollect distinctly, his great anxiety that your brother, in his studies at the Royal Academy, should not exchange the antique, too soon, for the living model."

Mr. Collins's firmness in adhering to that which he had satisfied himself was right in his practice in Art was unwavering. Though ready and anxious to take the advice of others, as long as he was undecided on the treatment of any part of a picture, when his resolution was once settled, no considerations of personal ease or interest ever induced him to alter it. As an instance of this, may be quoted his uniform determination not to heighten the cool gray lights of his pictures, which he knew were caught directly from Nature, for the sake of making them artificially prominent amid the glare of the large surrounding mass of works, at the Exhibition. He preferred to risk the superficial accusation of feebleness, rather than to change what he knew was true, to suit passing circumstances or to procure temporary applause.

The pliability with which his disposition adapted itself to the different requirements of his Art, was another distinguishing feature in his character. To those who witnessed his high flow of spirits in society, his genuine, and almost boyish enjoyment of the varying recreations of his leisure hours, it was a matter of astonishment to see how instinctively and completely, whenever he began to paint, or occupied

himself in sketching from Nature, he changed from the easy pleasure-companion, to the earnest, industrious, plodding workman, resolute at all sacrifices in elaborating and completing whatever he had determined to perform. Although many instances of his firm perseverance, even at an early age, in overcoming difficulties of all kinds in his Art by his own energy and patience have been already related in these Memoirs, the following additional anecdote may be presented to the reader, without, it is hoped, involving any tedious repetition of the same subject:

His father found him, one morning, when he was quite a lad, sitting before a little picture on which he had been engaged for some time, weeping over his inability to paint some tangled grass and weeds occupying the foreground of his composition, and only wanting to complete it. Effort after effort had been made, each less successful than the other, until at length he had abandoned his work in a fit of temporary despair. His father, with his usual kindness, took up the palette, and endeavoured to give some assistance; but with so little felicity, that the unfortunate piece of foreground looked worse than ever, under the treatment of the new hand; and as a last resource, he recommended his son to change the refractory object into a sand-bank, or a ditch, or a heap of old timber. The young student was not, however, of a disposition to retreat from a difficulty thus: he started up, dried his eyes, took his sketch-book, and left the house; returning in the evening

with a drawing from Nature of a patch of grass, in which the position of every blade was separately copied. The next day he painted the foreground object he had designed with complete success, in a few hours; telling his father, when he showed him the finished picture, that he had been to Hampstead to make a study for his foreground, because he was determined never to strike out what he *wanted* to do, in his work, for the sake of putting in what he *could* do; and because he was ashamed to call himself a painter, as long as he was unable to paint grass as he ought.

His estimate of his own position and power in his pursuit was always free from the slightest influence of self-assumption; and his appreciation of the productions, and satisfaction at the success, of his contemporaries, was in all instances thoroughly generous and spontaneous. His presence — welcome everywhere—was particularly valued by the members of his profession; for they knew that his praise was disinterested, and his advice sincere. His grateful sense of the attention shown to his works was unalloyed by any passing feeling of discontent: he always believed that they had been duly appreciated both by the public and the patrons. To the general correctness of the settled judgment of the former, even where it might hardly agree with his own sentiments, he rarely demurred; and to the justice and liberality of the latter, he ever bore willing testimony. One of his greatest anxieties—as the reader already

knows, from the perusal of his Journal for 1844—was, that if ever his biography was written, one of its main objects should be the refutation, from his own case, of the thoughtless charges of neglect to contemporary native talent, too frequently preferred against the patrons of English Art.

His talents for society were varied and attractive in an uncommon degree. His rich vein of humour and anecdote, and his faculty of leading others imperceptibly to discuss the subjects which most interested them, fitted him to be the companion of men of widely differing mental peculiarities. His intellectual sympathies moved as harmoniously with the deliberative observation of Wilkie, as with the sensitive imagination of Allston. On one day the profound and philosophic Coleridge would sit by his easel, and pour forth mystic speculations to his attentive ear,—on another the happy retort or the brilliant jest was addressed to him, as to a congenial spirit, from the mirthful imagination of James Smith. Though much of his power of thus easily adapting his mind to the minds of others, and of attracting and preserving the steady friendship of men of opposite intellectual characters was attributable to his natural pliability of disposition, much must also be ascribed to his stores of information on general topics, by which he became fitted for the observation and discussion of other subjects besides his Art. His anxiety for knowledge, and his wish to contribute, as far as his own example would go, to maintain in the world a high

character for his profession, led him at an early age to adopt such a judicious system of reading as should enable him to appear in society not only as an eminent painter, but also as an educated man.

Of other additional features in his social character which may require notice, a just estimate is formed in a paragraph of the "Art-Union Journal" for April, 1847, (inserted by another hand, to conclude a short memoir of his life, furnished by the writer of these pages,) which is well worthy of insertion, as displaying some evidence of the influence of his character on those whose personal intercourse with him gave them the capacity to judge it aright. The passage referred to is as follows:

"In common with all who personally knew Mr. Collins, we feel that we have lost a friend. His merits as an artist have been universally appreciated; but his intimate acquaintances only could rightly estimate the high qualities of his mind and heart; generous and encouraging to young talent, he was always eager to accord praise; neither jealousy nor envy ever gave the remotest taint to his character. Men of note in all professions were proud to be his associates, for he was fitted to take his place among the best of them: his gracious manner and most gentlemanly bearing, no less than his cultivated understanding, exciting the esteem and respect of all with whom he came in contact. It is not always that a public loss is a private affliction,—in that of Mr. Collins it is eminently so: for while no artist of our age and country

has more largely contributed to uphold the importance and augment the dignity of the profession, no man was more thoroughly imbued with the gentle and kindly, yet manly, attributes which excite affection. In the Royal Academy, his absence will, we are sure, be keenly felt; for a nature such as his was peculiarly calculated to disarm animosity, soften down asperity, and carry conviction that measures which appear unwise, arbitrary, and selfish, were in reality designed to advance the general good."

Of the measure in which the subject of this Memoir was possessed of that higher and nobler part of personal character, which religious principle and domestic affection compose; and to which it may appear, in conclusion, a duty to advert, it is above the province of the Author of this narrative to inquire or to judge. The numerous passages in the Journals and Letters that have been inserted in these pages, as displaying how invariably their writer guided the course of all his most cherished mortal hopes by the light of his religion; and how intimately the happiness of his social life was dependent on the influences of his home, afford the best, because the truest, criterion of his character. By their testimony, his religious convictions and his moral disposition stand displayed—through any other medium they could only be described.

Here, though more may yet remain to be told, the further progress of this work must cease; for if the

purpose of its contents is to be answered at all, it is to be answered by what they already present. Whether the design in which these Memoirs originated, and by which they have been introduced to the reader, has been duly fulfilled; and whether, should such be the case, it can be hoped, that in these times of fierce political contention, and absorbing political anxiety, they should be important enough to awaken the attention, or even to amuse the leisure of others, are doubts which cannot now be resolved; and which, could they be penetrated, I should at this stage of my undertaking be little willing to approach. In proportion as this work may contain what is valuable or true, will be its chance that what is imperfect in it may be forgotten, for the sake of what is useful that may be retained. I can therefore only conclude my undertaking with the hope that I have not so miscalculated my power of turning to some worthy account a daily observation of the intellectual habits, and an intimate connection with the social life of an eminent Painter, as not to have produced something that may be encouraging and instructive, as an example to the student of Art; and interesting, perhaps new, as the narrative of a pictorial career, to the general reader. My labours are closed.

APPENDIX.

PICTURES

PAINTED BY WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

The following enumeration of Mr. Collins's works has been carefully compiled from his own private lists, compared with the Catalogues of the Royal Academy and the British Institution. It has been so arranged, as to present to the reader, in addition to the title of each picture, the date and place of its exhibition; the name of the individual for whom it was painted, or by whom, in the first instance, it was purchased; and the price received for it by the artist. Many of the pictures thus enumerated, through the deaths of their original possessors, and other causes, have changed owners. Wherever it has been possible to obtain information of the collections into which they have passed, (and the Author has gained much in his inquiries of this nature, from the kind assistance of Mr. Hogarth, and Mr. Colls,) such information will be found attached to the title of the work to which it refers.

Although many of Mr. Collins's unexhibited pictures have been added to the catalogue of those exhibited, the list, thus arranged, by no means includes all the works that he produced —his studies and sketches from Nature, some of his earlier and less important experiments in Art, and his water-colour drawings, being too numerous for regular enumeration in this place. Some idea of the extent of his miscellaneous works of this order may be gained, when it is stated, that out of the contents of his portfolios, those selected from the mass to be sold by auction,

amounted, alone, to between seven and eight hundred; all of which were disposed of at Messrs. Christie and Manson's Rooms, with the exception of a few specimens reserved for private sale by his family.

At the commencement of the list of Mr. Collins's works, the names of the purchasers, and the statement of the prices received for a few of his earlier pictures will be found wanting; information on these heads not being regularly afforded in the opening entries in his account and commission-books. These omissions, however, do not occur after the dates of his first works (which were small in size, and sold at distant and irregular periods); the names of the possessors of all his more important and matured productions, with the prices received for them being mentioned in his books, and consequently presented in the list subjoined.

A catalogue of the engravings from Mr. Collins's pictures is attached to the catalogue of the pictures themselves. It is hoped that both will be found compendious and correct.

In conclusion, a few words on the subject of the illustrations to these Memoirs may not inappropriately be introduced in this place. The portrait—from which Mr. H. Robinson has produced the faithful and spirited engraving presented to the reader—exhibits Mr. Collins in his more reflective moods, pourtraying the expression assumed by his countenance when he might be mentally arranging the composition of a new picture, or pondering over any recent impressions that he had derived from Art. It is considered to be a most characteristic likeness by all who were personally acquainted with him. Of the two vignette engravings, that in the first volume is executed from one of Mr. Collins's designs for an intended picture; and that in the second, from one of his sketches from Nature. Both speak for themselves, as examples of the most popular branches of his Art; and in both, the vigour and freshness of the original drawings have been preserved with remarkable fidelity and success, under the graver of Mr. Hinchcliffe.

PICTURES PAINTED BY WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1807	Morning—a View near Millbank	Royal Academy.		
	A Scene near Millbank	Ditto		
1808	View of Castlebridge, Surrey—effect of a Shower	British Institution		
	A Coming Storm	Ditto.		
	Study from Nature on the Thames	Ditto		4 gs.
	Second View of Castlebridge, Surrey	Ditto.		
	Study from Nature on Hampstead-heath	Ditto.		
	Boats at Low-water	Not exhibited		£3 16s.
	A Candle-light Scene	Ditto		8 gs.
	Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Hare	Ditto	The Honourable Mrs. Hare	30 gs.
	Portrait of Mr. A. Lee	Ditto		15 gs.
1809	A Boy at Breakfast	Royal Academy.		
	Boys with a Bird's-nest	Ditto	T. Lister Parker, Esq.	25 gs.
	Portrait of Master Lee—as he spoke the Prologue at the Haymarket Theatre	Ditto.		
	A Green-stall—a Night Scene—(now in the possession of Mr. Criswick)	British Institution.		
	A Woody Scene—View in Surrey	Ditto.		
	Sea Shore—a Cloudy Day	Ditto.		
	Morning	Ditto		£9 12s. 6d.
	Evening—a View on the Thames	Ditto.		
	Portraits of the Children of Mr. Campbell	Not exhibited		40 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1810	Cottage Children blowing Bubbles	Royal Academy .	P. H. Rogers, Esq.	35 gs.
	Boys Bathing—a Morning Scene	Ditto	. . . . .	25 gs.
	Children Fishing	British Institution	Rev. E. Balme	60 gs.
1811	A Country Kitchen—(now in the possession of J. Sheepshanks, Esq.)	Royal Academy .	. . . . .	25 gs.
	The Weary Trumpeter, or, Juvenile Mischief .	Ditto	W. Mills, Esq	50 gs.
	The Young Fifer	British Institution	The Marquis of Stafford . . .	80 gs.
	The Tempting Moment	Ditto	— Leeds, Esq.	80 gs.
	Two Portraits of Mrs. Hand	Not exhibited . .	Mrs. Hand	35 gs.
	A Public house Door	Ditto	. . . . .	12 gs.
	Portrait of Mrs. Chapman	Ditto	Lord Eardley	35 gs.
1812	Children Playing with Puppies	Royal Academy .	Sir T. H. Heathcote, Bart. . .	80 gs.
	May Day	British Institution	The Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart.	150 gs.
1813	The Disposal of a Favourite Lamb—(Afterwards entitled, "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," and now in the possession of Alaric A. Watts, Esq.)	Royal Academy .	William Ogden, Esq.	140 gs.
	Portrait of a Gentleman	Ditto	James Campbell, Esq.	37 gs.
	The Burial-place of a Favourite Bird	British Institution	T. C. Higgins, Esq.	120 gs.
	The Birdcatcher outwitted	Ditto	Mrs. Hand	100 gs.
	A Study of Partridges	Ditto.		
	Small repetition of The Sale of the Pet Lamb .	Not exhibited . .	James Reed, Esq.	70 gs.
	The Bird's Nest	Ditto	. . . . .	70 gs.
1814	Blackberry Gatherers—(now in the possession of S. Rucker, Esq.)	Royal Academy .	Mrs. Hand	80 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1814	Birdcatchers—Morning	Royal Academy	The Marquis of Lansdowne	100 gs.
	The Town Miss Visiting her Country Relations	British Institution	Lady Lucas	70 gs.
	Forenoon	Ditto	T. C. Higgins, Esq.	100 gs.
	Portraits of the Children of the Honourable Levison Gower, M.P.	Not exhibited	The Hon. Levison Gower, M.P.	100 gs.
1815	The Reluctant Departure	Royal Academy	J. Carpenter, Esq.	£48 15s.
	A Harvest Shower	Ditto	Isaac Currie, Esq.	100 gs.
	Half-holiday Muster	Ditto	Lady Lucas	100 gs.
	Cottage Child at Breakfast	British Institution	Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.	£38.
	Reapers	Ditto		£15.
1816	Shrimp Boys at Cromer	Royal Academy	Sir T. H. Heathcote, Bart.	120 gs.
	An Argument at the Spring	Ditto	R. Williams, Esq.	100 gs.
	Portraits of Two Ladies	Ditto.		
	Portrait of a Lady	Ditto		
	Going to Market	Not exhibited	Mrs. Hand	50 gs.
	Fisherman's Cottage at Eton	Ditto	Mrs. Hand	15 gs.
1817	Sunrise	Royal Academy	Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart. (afterwards Lord de Tabley)	150 gs.
	Fishermen coming Ashore before Sunrise	Ditto	Mrs. Hand	120 gs.
	The Kitten Deceived	Ditto	Sir T. F. Heathcote, Bart.	80 gs.
	Portraits of Master and Miss Martin, and Miss Meyer, Playing at Cards—(Sold at the Sale of the Painter's works for £21).	Ditto.		
	Portrait of M. Stark, Esq.	Ditto	M. Stark, Esq.	

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1817	The Young Cottager's First Purchase	British Institution	W. Danby, Esq.	45 gs.
	Preparing for a Voyage	Ditto	E. Ludlow, Esq.	40 gs.
	View on the River at Windsor	Not exhibited . .	Mrs. Hand	£15.
1818	Scene on the Coast of Norfolk	Royal Academy .	His Majesty George IV. . . .	150 gs.
	Departure of the Diligence from Rouen . . .	Ditto	Sir George Beaumont, Bart. . .	200 gs.
	Scene on the Boulevards, Paris	British Institution	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	100 gs.
	The Bird's Nest	Ditto	The Countess de Grey	45 gs.
	Portrait of the Earl of Lincoln	Not exhibited . .	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	30 gs.
1819	Fishermen on the Look-out	Royal Academy .	The Earl of Liverpool	150 gs.
	Portraits of Lords Charles and Thomas Pelham Clinton	Ditto	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	55 gs.
	A Mill in Cumberland	Not exhibited . .	Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart. (afterwards Lord de Tabley) . .	250 gs.
	Portrait of Mrs. Gurney—the figure from a picture by Zoffany	Ditto	Daniel Gurney, Esq.	45 gs.
	South-east View of Clumber Park	Ditto	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	50 gs.
	Portrait of the Duchess of Newcastle	Ditto	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	60 gs.
	Large View of Clumber Park	Ditto	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	80 gs.
	The Ferry	Ditto	W. Danby, Esq.	45 gs.
1820	Capstern at work, drawing up Fishing-boats . .	Royal Academy .	Sir. T. F. Heathcote, Bart. . .	150 gs.
	River Scene—Cottage Girl buying Fish . . .	Ditto	Mrs. Hand	150 gs.
	Portraits of Master Cecil and Miss Fanny Boothby	Ditto	Earl of Liverpool	70 gs.
	West View of Clumber Park	Not exhibited . .	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	50 gs.
	View of Windsor Castle	Ditto	Mrs. Hand	£25

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1820	Boys watching a Bite	Not exhibited . .	Presented to the Royal Academy, as the "Diploma Picture."	
	Moonlight at Walmer Castle	Ditto	Presented to the Countess of Liverpool.	
1821	Scene in Borrowdale, Cumberland	Royal Academy .	William Marshall, Esq. . . .	100 gs.
	Dartmouth, Devon	Ditto	Phillimore Hicks, Esq. . . .	150 gs.
	Morning on the Coast of Kent	Ditto	J. Watts Russell, Esq.	200 gs.
	The Bird-trap	British Institution		
1822	Scene near Chichester	Royal Academy .	Isaac Currie, Esq.	100 gs.
	Clovelly, North Devon	Ditto	Sir George Philips, Bart. . . .	200 gs.
	Woodcutters—Buckland on the Moor	Ditto	J. G. Lambton, Esq., M P.—(afterwards Lord Durham) .	250 gs.
	View of Bayham Abbey	Ditto	The Marquis of Camden . . .	110 gs.
	Scene on the Brent, Hendon	Not exhibited . .	W. Danby, Esq.	50 gs.
	Portrait of the Duke of Newcastle	Ditto	The Duke of Newcastle . . .	20 gs.
1823	A Fish Auction on the South Coast of Devonshire	Royal Academy .	The Earl of Essex	250 gs.
	Scene in Borrowdale, Cumberland	Ditto	F. Ripley, Esq.	150 gs.
	Walmer Castle	Ditto	The Earl of Liverpool	120 gs.
	Small repetition of Walmer Castle	Not exhibited . .	The Duchess of Devonshire . .	25 gs.
	Sea-coast Scene	Ditto	E. Lechmere, Esq.	40 gs.
	Scene at Hampstead	Ditto	W. Ryder, Esq.	40 gs.
	View on the Decoy Pond, Hendon	Ditto	W. Wells, Esq.	45 gs.
	Small Sketch on the Brent	Ditto	W. Woodburn, Esq.	
1824	Stirling Castle	Royal Academy .	C. Cope, Esq.	130 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1824	The Cherry Seller—Scene at Turvey, Bedfordshire	Royal Academy	T. C. Higgins, Esq.	200 gs
	Buckland, on the River Dart	Ditto	E. P. Bastard, Esq., M.P.	120 gs.
	Portraits of the Children of Henry Rice, Esq.	Ditto	Henry Rice, Esq.	70 gs.
	The Bird-Nesters	Not exhibited	John Higgins, Esq.	£50.
	A Study of "Old Odell" as the Cherry Seller	Ditto	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	60 gs.
	View of Hastings	Ditto	W. Wingfield, Esq.	£15.
	Repetition of The Cherry Seller	Ditto	John Marshall, Esq.	150 gs.
1825	Buying Fish on the Beach	Royal Academy	Duke of Bedford	250 gs.
	Fishermen getting out their Nets	Ditto	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	150 gs.
	Kitley, Devon	Ditto	E. P. Bastard, Esq.	150 gs.
	Prawn Fishers at Hastings	Not exhibited	His Majesty George IV.	300 gs.
	Boy at Turvey	Ditto	T. C. Higgins, Esq.	£35.
	Cottage-door Scene	Ditto	W. Wingfield, Esq.	£14.
1826	Fishermen leaving Home for the Night—(afterwards entitled "The Fisherman's Departure.")	Royal Academy	J. Morrison, Esq.	350 gs.
	Children picking Hops	Ditto	W. Wells, Esq.	150 gs.
	The Young Shrimp Catchers	Ditto	E. Lechmere, Esq.	30 gs.
1827	A Frost Scene	Ditto	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	500 gs.
	Buying Fish—(now in the possession of E. Bicknell, Esq.)	Ditto	Lord Northwicke	300 gs.
	Searching the Net	Ditto	Si A braham Hume, Bart.	60 gs.
1828	Doubtful Weather	Ditto	T. C. Higgins, Esq.	200 gs.
	Taking out a Thorn	Ditto	J. Delafield, Esq.	250 gs.
	Scene in Freshwater Bay	Ditto	The Duke of Norfolk	150 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted. or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1828	Scene at Folkestone	Royal Academy	Lord Charles Townshend	£156.
	Repetition of The Fisherman's Departure	Not exhibited	W. Chamberlayne, Esq.	350 gs.
	Beach Scene—Sunset	Ditto	T. Garle, Esq.	40 gs.
	River Scene, near Norwich	Ditto	The Rev. R. A. Thorpe	20 gs.
	Sketch in Oil	Ditto	The Rev. R. A. Thorpe	15 gs.
1829	Scene in a Kentish Hop-garden	Royal Academy	Duke of Norfolk	150 gs.
	The Morning after a Storm	Ditto	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	400 gs.
	Summer Moonlight	Ditto	The Rev. R. A. Thorpe	250 gs.
	Prawn Fishing	Ditto	Sir Francis Freeling, Bart.	153 gs.
	Fisher Children—the centre figure a Portrait of the Son of the Hon. G. A. Ellis	Ditto	The Hon. G. A. Ellis	80 gs.
	Scene on the Coast of Kent	British Institution	W. Wells, Esq.	200 gs.
1830	Les Causeuses	Royal Academy	E. R. Tunno, Esq.	250 gs.
	Muscle Gatherers—Coast of France	Ditto	Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.	400 gs.
	Waiting the arrival of Fishing-boats—Coast of France—(now in the possession of A. Colvin, Esq.)	Ditto	J. P. Ord, Esq.	
1831	Shrimpers—Evening	Ditto	Robert Vernon, Esq.	£200.
	The Morning Bath	Ditto	Henry M'Connel, Esq.	200 gs.
	The Venturesome Robin	Ditto	J. P. Ord, Esq.	
	The Old Boat-builder	British Institution	The Hon. General Phipps	60 gs.
	A Nutting Party	Ditto	The Rev. R. A. Thorpe	150 gs.
1832	Skittle Players	Royal Academy	George Young, Esq.	400 gs.
	Rustic Civility	Ditto	The Duke of Devonshire	250 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1832	Fisher Boys	Royal Academy	Burton Philips, Esq.	130 gs.
	Repetition of the same	Not exhibited	John Marshall, Esq.	60 gs.
	Cumberland Milk Girls, and other Sketches	Ditto	George Smith, Esq.	£68 10s.
1833	Returning from the haunts of the Sea Fowl—(now in the possession of Charles Birch, Esq.)	Royal Academy	— Bryant, Esq.	250 gs.
	The Stray Kitten	Ditto	E. Holden, Esq.	£180.
	Scene on the Coast of France	Ditto	John Fairlie, Esq.	£136.
	Small repetition of the upper part of "Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-fowl"	Not exhibited	Alaric. A. Watts, Esq.	35 gs.
	Smaller repetition of the same	Ditto	Rev. E. Coleridge	30 gs.
	Sketch in Cumberland	Ditto	Jacob Bell, Esq.	15 gs.
1834	Rustic Hospitality	Royal Academy	John Marshall, Esq.	200 gs.
	The Morning Lesson	Ditto	Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia	120 gs.
	Repetition of Rustic Civility	Not exhibited	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.	150 gs.
	Repetition of The Stray Kitten	Ditto	Sir F. Shuckburgh, Bart.	80 gs.
	Coast Scene	Ditto	The Rev. Dr. Norris	50 gs.
1835	The Mariner's Widow	Royal Academy	Robert Vernon, Esq.	200 gs.
	Welsh Peasants crossing the Sands to Market	Ditto	R. Colls, Esq.	115 gs.
	Children launching a Boat	Ditto	The Hon. General Phipps	80 gs.
	Cromer, on the Coast of Norfolk	Ditto	Jacob Bell, Esq.	100 gs.
	Third repetition of The Stray Kitten	Not exhibited	John Sheepshanks, Esq.	150 gs.
	Coast Scene	Ditto	Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.	25 gs.
1836	Sunday Morning. (Now in the possession of George Bacon, Esq.)	Royal Academy	George Knott, Esq.	200 gs.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1836	Happy as a King. (Now in the possession of J. Clough, Esq.)	Royal Academy	Messrs. W. and E. Finden	275 gs.
	Leaving Home	Ditto	Jacob Bell, Esq.	200 gs.
	Repetition of Happy as a King. (Now in the Vernon Gallery)	Not exhibited	George Knott, Esq.	150 gs.
	Bayham Abbey	Ditto	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.	35 gs.
	Portraits of the Three Daughters of Sir George Philips, Bart.	Ditto	Sir George Philips, Bart.	200 gs.
	Portrait of Bishop Chase	Ditto	Presented to Rev. W. Dodsworth	
1837				
1838				
Absent in Italy				
1839	Scene near Subiaco	Royal Academy	Sir F. Shuckburgh, Bart.	250 gs.
	Naples.—Young Lazzaroni playing the game of Arravoglio	Ditto	John Baring, Esq.	200 gs.
	Poor Travellers at the Door of a Capuchin Convent—Vico, Bay of Naples	Ditto	John Marshall, Esq.	200 gs.
1840	Our Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple	Ditto	The Marquis of Lansdowne	200 gs.
	Ave Maria—Scene near Tivoli	Ditto	Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.	150 gs.
	The Passing Welcome	Ditto	John Marshall, Esq.	150 gs.
1841	The Two Disciples at Emmaus	Ditto	George Knott, Esq.	150 gs.
	Scene from the Caves of Ulysses at Sorrento—Bay of Naples	Ditto	John Gibbons, Esq.	£200.

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1841	The Peace-Maker	Royal Academy	George Knott, Esq.	200 gs.
	Lazzaroni	Ditto	James Marshall, Esq.	150 gs.
	Ischia—Bay of Naples	Ditto	C. S. Dickins, Esq.	£100.
	The Woodcutter's Repast	Not exhibited	R. Colls, Esq.	45 gs.
1842	Prayer—A Family about to leave their Native Shores imploring Divine protection	Royal Academy	The Marquis of Lansdowne	300 gs.
	Welsh Guides—Llanberris, North Wales. (Now in the possession of J. Gillott, Esq.)	Ditto	R. Colls, Esq.	£200.
	Scene at Aberystwith — Cardigan Bay; with Portraits of the three children of E. Antrobus, Esq.	Ditto	E. Antrobus, Esq.	200 gs.
	Sorrento—Bay of Naples	Ditto	John Sheepshanks, Esq.	50 gs.
	Villa d'Esté—Tivoli	Ditto	John Sheepshanks, Esq.	50 gs.
	Dominican Monks returning to the Convent. (Now in the possession of H. A. J. Munro, Esq.)	Ditto	R. Colls, Esq.	£100.
	Residence of the late Sir David Wilkie, at Kensington—the last he inhabited before his fatal journey to Jerusalem	Ditto	Presented to Mrs. Hunter.	
	Sketch in Cumberland	Not exhibited	R. Colls, Esq.	£35.
	Hampstead Heath	Ditto	Mr. Hogarth	£30.
1843	The World or the Cloister? (Now in the possession of — Wass, Esq.)	Royal Academy	R. Colls, Esq.	170 gs.
	The Virgin and Child. (In the possession of the painter's family)	Ditto.		

Date.	Title of the Work.	Where exhibited.	For whom painted, or by whom purchased.	Sum received.
1843	A Windy Day—Sussex	Royal Academy	J. Hippesley, Esq.	£175.
	A Sultry Day—Naples. (Now in the possession of George Oddie, Esq.)	Ditto	R. Colls, Esq.	£162 10.
	Girl at Sorrento, spinning	Ditto	The Rev. S. W. Russell	130 gs.
	Sorrento	Not exhibited	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.	70 gs.
	Barmouth Sands—North Wales	Ditto	Mr. Hogarth	£35.
1844	The Catechist—Church of S. Onofrio, Rome. (Now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster)	Royal Academy	Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.	200 gs.
	Seaford—Sussex	Ditto	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.	170 gs.
	Morning—Boulogne	Ditto	Mr. Hogarth	£150.
	A Patriarch. (In the possession of the painter's family)	Ditto.		
	Small repetition of "The World or the Cloister." (Now in the possession of Charles Meigh, Esq.)	Not exhibited	Mr. Hogarth	£45.
	Repetition of "Rustic Hospitality"	Ditto	Mr. Hogarth	£150.
1845	Fetching the Doctor	Royal Academy	J Gibbons, Esq.	120 gs.
	Undercliff—near Ventnor, Isle of Wight	Ditto	George Young, Esq.	170 gs.
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